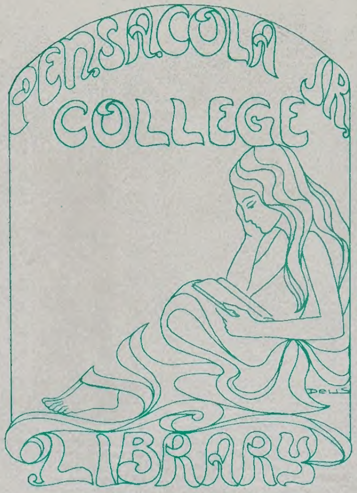

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GRAND SIÉCLE EDITION

THE MASTERPIECES

AND THE

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

ANALYSIS, CRITICISM, CHARACTER AND INCIDENT

EDITED BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
JOHN PORTER LAMBERTON OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

FORTY PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME X

NEW YORK CHICAGO

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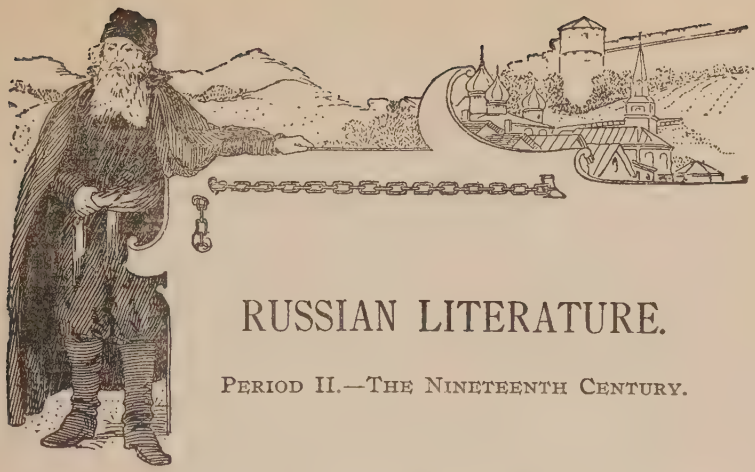

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD II.—THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IMITATION of French models was the basis of Russian literature until the excesses of the opening of the French Revolution startled the Czarina Catherine II.* Then she prohibited the publication of French books in her dominions. But even aside from politics, the French artificial style had begun to pall on the Russians. Von Visin in his comedy, "The Brigadier," had derided those whose only reading was French romances; and Kropotof, in his "Funeral Oration of Balabas, My Dog," congratulated that animal on never having read Voltaire! With the Napoleonic invasion the national spirit burst forth in the most bitter and violent odes and writings of a "patriot war." In tragedy, Ozerof wrote "Dmitri Donskoi," recalling the struggles of Russia against the Tartars. Krioukovski wrote the tragedy of "Pojarski," the hero of 1612. The poet Zhukovski sang the exploits of the Russians against Napoleon and stirred all anti-Napoleonic Europe with his "Bard in the Camp of the Russian Warriors." Even the childlike Kriloff satirized the French fashions of the Russian court in "The School for Young Ladies" and "The Milliner's Shop."

The great literary event of the reign (1801–25) of Alexander I. was, however, the "History of Russia" by Nikolai Mikhailovitch Karamsin. Before Karamsin there was no inspiring picture of Russia's past. Nestor had brought his crude annals down to Alexis Mikhailovitch, father of Peter the Great. Patistcheff, his successor, was rough in style. Faithful pictures of the old barbaric Russia had been given in the "Russkaia Pravda" (code) of Yaroslaff—the Russia of Ivan the Terrible, after the lifting of the Mongolian yoke (1238–1462); in Monk Sylvester's "Domostroi" (Household Instruction), before the Mongols; and in Vladimir Monomakh's "Pouchenie" (Instruction), a quaint picture of the daily life of an ancient Slavonic prince. But these bald records of barbarism were not attractive. It needed the pen of Karamsin to cast a halo about the old Slav warriors. He admired Ivan the Terrible. After the fashion of Scott he put a romantic gloss over the real coarseness. He stirred the imagination and the patriotism of his countrymen. Kollar sounded the slogan of Panslavism. Pushkin became the laureate of Nicholas and Russia's greatest poet; Gogol mirrored in his Cossack tales the life of Little Russia; and Ivan Turgenieff revealed the misery and despair of the serf, and caught the rising mutterings of Nihilism. Ivan Kriloff, the Russian Lafontaine, supplied his countrymen with distinctively national fables, abounding in vigorous pictures of Russian life.

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* For Early Russian Literature, see Volume III., pp. 386–400.

Pushkin was succeeded by Mikhail Yurevitch Lermontoff, known as the poet of the Caucasus, and by Nicholas Nekrasoff. Lermontoff's first noteworthy ode was an appeal to Russia to avenge the killing of Pushkin in a duel, lest she receive no more poets. His lyrics are wild and varied and beautiful as the scenery of the Caucasus and Georgia. Nekrasoff's realistic poems present the melancholy feature of Russian life. It would not be right to forget Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of Little Russia, whose grave near Kanioff on the Dnieper has been marked with a cairn and cross and has become a patriotic shrine for all the Ukraine. Shevchenko, born a serf, but bought and set free by the poet Zhukovski, not only sang the old days of the Ukraine, but became the voice of the Haidamaks in their national struggle against the Tsar. Gogol probably had Shevchenko in mind in naming his great Cossack hero Taras Bulba, for Taras is just such a hero as Little Russia's poet loved to celebrate in song. Shevchenko died in 1861.

The novel, now regarded as the chief form of Russian literature, was first cultivated by Zagoskin and Lazhechnikoff under the Scott-like influence of Karamsin. It has since reached its height of unforgiving and terrible realism in the minutely psychological and morbid stories of Dostoievski, whose "Crime and Punishment" is his masterpiece, and Count Lyof Tolstoi, whose greatest works are "War and Peace," a tale of the Napoleonic War, and "Anna Karénina," an impressive picture of erring womanhood. His "Kreutzer Sonata" was a sensational attack on marriage. In other works he has advocated a return to primitive Christianity and an extreme literal observance of the precepts of Jesus. Nihilism has had its most famous novelist in Stepniak, who lived in exile in England until his death in 1896. Two young Russian women, Marie Bashkirtseff and Sonya Kovalevsky, have attracted attention by their startling revelations of an inner soul life which mirrors the extreme yearnings and woes of modern womanhood.

N. M. KARAMSIN.

THE poet Pushkin declared that Karamsin had discovered ancient Russia no less than Columbus discovered America, since he gave the empire its first great history. His European travels, while saturating his literary spirit with the sentimentalism of the English Sterne and Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," convinced him that his countrymen could "in Russia alone become good Russians." He struck the keynote of Slavophilism, which Turgenieff was to oppose later, just as Pushkin was to rise from Karamsin's sentimentalism into a grander romanticism. This sentimentalism was reflected in Karamsin's treatment of his country's history. He idealized Ivan the Terrible as a kind-hearted autocrat. His panegyrical history has been styled "the Epic of Despotism." Choosing Ivan III. and Ivan the Terrible, instead of Peter the Great, as the real founders of Russia's greatness, he pictured the mediæval, barbarous Russia in a falsely-enchanting light. In his tale of "Martha, the Mayor's Daughter," he had declared: "Political order can exist only where absolute power has been established." As Pushkin once wrote, only to have it blotted out by the censor, Karamsin "admired absolutism and the charms of the knout" (introduced by Ivan). Karamsin divided Russian history arbitrarily, to fit his own conception, into three epochs: Rurik to Ivan III., representing the principle of division; Ivan to Peter the Great, representing unity; Peter to Alexander I., representing regeneration of social life. But though utterly wrong in his philosophy of history, he painted its external aspects with an eloquent pencil. His portraits of the old Russians are magnificent, and his battle-pictures—such as the Field of Koulikovo, and the Taking of Kazan—are thrilling.

Nikolai Mikhailovich Karamsin was born in 1766, and lived from the first years of Catherine's reign to the death of his patron, Alexander I. He died in the imperial palace, having brought the eleventh volume of his History down to the accession of Michael Romanoff, in 1613. Muravieff had made him Court historigrapher. His melodramatic History has been since displaced by the greater works of more scientific historians.

I. A. KRILOFF.

To Ivan Andreevitch Kriloff properly belongs the surname of the Russian Lafontaine. Not only was he a born fabulist, whose fables are on every Russian's lips, but he was strangely like Lafontaine in his simple-hearted nature, his careless life, and his uncouth personality. A tutor to the children of Prince Galitzin, and under that noble's protection in the middle part of his life, he was, in his childhood, the care of a poor, illiterate widow, whose father had fought against the Cossack Pougatcheff. During these early days the young Ivan was always strolling about the wharves, among the markets, and through the streets of his native Moscow, and on these roamings he stored his mind with the familiar idioms, the humorous scenes, the Russian spirit, all of which is so strikingly conspicuous in his fables. Poverty drove him to journalism and dramatic writing, but in 1809, when he was forty-five years old, he published his first "Fables," twenty-three in number. His very first—"The Oak and the Reed"—was a translation from Lafontaine. Before his death he had written one hundred and ninety-eight, of which one hundred and sixty-one were of his own invention. In 1838, a jubilee festival was celebrated in his honor, and after his death, in 1844, a statue was raised to his memory in the Summer Garden.

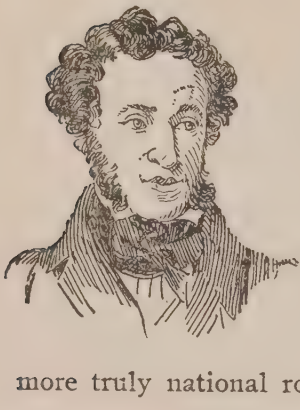
The Monarch Cahib.

Cahib was a mighty sovereign, and of course renowned for his wisdom, though he never read nor consulted a book, since books are seldom written by caliphs, and it would have been beneath his dignity to learn from any of lower rank than himself. He patronized literature and science, but in a judicious way; for, by occasionally hanging a few of the learned men of his country, he took care that their number should never become dangerously great: "since they are like candles: let a moderate number burn, and a pleasant light is provided, but have too many, and there is danger of a fire." His palace was furnished with every luxury, and amongst other curiosities could boast of a small but unique collection of apes, which had been trained to bow and grimace with such elegance, that many of the nobility, in their eagerness to learn graceful manners, did their best to imitate these clever animals, and succeeded so well that it was difficult to decide which made the best courtiers, they or the apes.

Naturally Cahib had in his retinue paid poets, who never failed to turn their verses to good account. One of them, indeed, once wrote a glowing ode in honor of a certain vizier, but, when he came to present his poetical tribute of homage, was informed that the minister had been beheaded early that morning, whereupon he immediately changed the title, and dedicated it to his late patron's enemy and successor; "for odes," as he slily remarked to a friend, "are like silk stockings, and can be stretched to fit any foot." When Cahib's poets did not write odes, they indulged in idyllic descriptions of the innocence and charms of shepherd life, and so excited the caliph's curiosity that he resolved with his own eyes to enjoy the sight of rustic felicity. Accordingly one day he set forth, accompanied by two or three wise viziers, and in truth found a shepherd sitting beneath a hedge, though he was not playing on an oaten reed, but crunching a morsel of stale bread; and when the monarch, surprised that he was not being cheered by the company of his sweet Lesbia, inquired where the shepherdess was, he was told that "she had gone to town to sell a load of wood and their last fowl in order to buy some food."

There is abundant evidence that in every respect Cahib was the happiest of rulers, and no sovereign could boast of ministers more devoted, or less disposed to question the wisdom of his decisions, or contravene any of his fancies or caprices. And the means by which he contrived to surround himself with such pliant and faithful servants were as simple as they were effectual. He did not fail to assemble them on stated occasions in solemn council, and invariably commenced their deliberations by informing them what line of policy he wished to pursue, and then solicited their advice by addressing them in a speech to the following purport: "Gentlemen, if any one of you desires to express his views on the matter, he is at liberty to speak freely and without restraint, having first received fifty stripes, after which we shall be most happy to listen to what he has to say." In this way the wise Cahib escaped an immense amount of palaver, secured the unanimity of his ministers, and never experienced the annoyance of hearing opinions that were contrary to his own.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN



PRINCE of Russian poets was Alexander Pushkin, the laureate of Czar Nicholas. Zhukovski was really the originator of the new Romantic school in poetry, twenty years before this overshadowing disciple of Byron stepped in and bore off all the laurels. But it needed the giant genius of Pushkin to transform the sickly sentimentality of the Russia of the end of the eighteenth century into a more vigorous and more truly national romanticism. He was descended from an Abyssinian negro, a slave in the seraglio at Constantinople, who had been stolen and brought to Russia by a corsair, and then not only adopted, but ennobled by Peter the Great. Pushkin was really proud of his thick lips and crisp curly hair. He was "a drop of Afric blood on Arctic snows." Perhaps this same blood kept him from becoming truly Russian as Gogol, Turgenieff, and Tolstoi were, just after him. One has only to compare Pushkin's "Songs of Western Slavs" with Tolstoi's "Cossacks" to appreciate the essential difference of spirit. Pushkin, admired by Prosper Merimée, did not venture far from the Byronic manner. He had, however, just found his path when he was killed in a self-provoked duel, in the zenith of his fame, at the age of thirty-eight (1837). He may be said to have inspired Gogol and paved the way for him.

Pushkin was but twenty-one years old when he published his romantic poem "Ruslan and Liudmila," the scene of which was laid at Kieff, and the story of which has been beautifully rendered in opera by Glinka. Vladimir, the "Bright Sun" of the old legends, shines again. Then, banished, because of a daring "Ode to Liberty," to the sea regions of the Danube and the Crimea, Pushkin sang of the "Fountain of Bakhchisarai," the old palace of khans. In "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" he glorifies the love of a Circassian girl for a captive Russian officer (Pushkin was a general of dragoons himself). He sang gipsy (Tzigani) songs of love and vengeance. On leaving Odessa he wrote a Byronic "Ode to the Sea." In 1825 he gave the Russian stage its first play in Shakespearean style in his tragedy of "Boris Godunoff," the great usurper who ranks with the Pretender Dmitri as a dramatic figure. Mazeppa's treachery is lashed in his "Poltava," a narrative poem in which the battle scene of Pultowa is described in glowing colors. He also undertook a history of Pougatcheff's revolt against Catherine, left unfinished, and wrote some prose tales, such as "The Captain's Daughter." But his masterpiece was "Eugene Oneguin" (1837), who was an incarnation of the purposeless, restless Russian nobleman of that day. The hero of the poem flies the court to escape ennui, rejects the passionate love of the countryfied Natalia, and only learns to love her when she becomes a social queen and it is too late. An "Ode to Napoleon" by Pushkin is inferior to a similar ode by Lermontoff, his natural successor, whose poem of "The Demon" is noteworthy.

TATIANA'S RETROSPECT.

(From "Eugene Oneguin.")

I WAS younger, then, Oneguin,
And it seems to me, I was better then,
And I loved you,—and what was my reward?
What did I find in your heart?
What response? Naught but coldness.
Is it not true that for you
A simple maiden's love was no novelty?
And now—God!—my blood runs cold
Even at the bare remembrance of that icy look,
And the homily you read me. But do not think,
I blame you. In that awful hour
You acted well and honorably;
You were right in all you said and did;
And I thank you with all my heart.
But to me, Oneguin, this worldly glare,
This tinsel blaze of an empty life,
My triumphs and successes in the world,
My fashionable home and gay evenings;
What are these to me? This minute I'd gladly
exchange
All this masquerading frippery,
All this noisy, vaporish pomp,
For the old shelf of books, the wild garden,
The poor, humble village home,
The spot where first I saw you, Oneguin,
Or for the quiet churchyard,
Where now a cross and the shade of cypress-tree
Mark the grave of poor old nurse.
For happiness was so conceivably possible,
So nearly within our grasp. But my fate
Is now decided. Inconsiderately,
It may be, I acted:
But with tears and conjuring prayers

My mother entreated me, and for poor Tatiana
All sacrifices were alike . . . .
I married, and now you must,—
I implore you,—you must now leave me.
I know that in your heart you own
The stern claims of pride and honor.
I love you, why seek to play the hypocrite?
But I am given to another,
And will forever remain true to him.

THE LOT OF MAN.

THE common lot of men awaited him;
The years of youth would quickly pass,
The glow of fancy growing cold within him,
Till in all he would be changed,
Bid adieu to poetry, and take a wife,
Live a country life, contented and a cuckold,
Wear all day his loose striped dressing-gown,
And come to know the frets and woes of life:
From his fortieth year feel the twinging pangs
  of gout;
Eat, drink, mope, grow fat and weak,
Till last scene of all, he dies quietly in his bed.
Tended by his wife and children,
The village leech and whining nurse.

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

VAIN gift,—gift of chance,
O life, why wert thou granted me?
Or why, by fate's mysterious decree,
Wert thou foredoomed to sorrow?

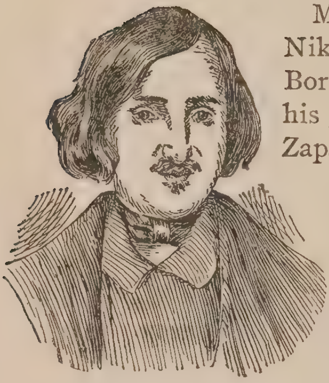
What god, with unfriendly power,
Called me forth from nothingness,
Filled my soul with passion,
And troubled my mind with torturing doubt?

An aimless future lies before me,
My heart is dry, my mind is void,
My soul is dulled and blighted
By the monotony of life's riot.

My Monument.

I have reared to myself a monument not made with hands,
And the feet of many pilgrims shall tread the path to it all smooth,
Where, with proud unbending head, it shall tower
Higher than Napoleon's column.
No! I shall not wholly die, the soul that inspires my sacred muse
Shall outlive my dust, and shall defy corruption;
And I shall be glorious, whilst in our sublunary sphere
Breathes a single poet to chant his lays.

NIKOLAI GOGOL.



Modern Russian realism is traced to Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol (1809-1852). Born in the government of Poltava, his grandfather had been one of those Zaparog-Cossacks whose heroic exploits Gogol was to celebrate in his great epopee of "Taras Bulba." His childhood was fed on the legends of the Malo-Russians, and in later life he ransacked the memories of all his relatives and friends for these old traditions. Naturally his initial apprenticeship to the romantic phase of Pushkin lasted but a brief time and was quickly cured by the ridicule which greeted his weak German idyll, Hans Knechel Garten, In 1830 appeared the first story of his Cossack series, "Evenings at the Farm," purporting to be narrated by Rudui Panko (Sandy the little nobleman). This work has been well described as being "at once modern and archaic, learned and enthusiastic, mystic and refined—in a word, Russian." The tales are divided into two parts named respectively after the two towns of Didanka and Mirgorod. The former contains the story of "The Fair at Sorotchinsui," of which the devil is hero. Another is a witch tale. The latter included "Old-Time Proprietors" (a delightful provincial picture which somewhat foreshadowed Turgenieff's "Virgin Soil"), and "Taras Bulba," the germ soon after expanded into a wonderful romance. "When Gogol set the colossal Taras on his feet," declared Turgenieff, "he revealed genius." The expanded tale is a grand masterpiece of Cossack color, spirit and lore. It deals with the Atamán Taras Bulba and his two sons, whom he takes to the Setch camp of the Zaporozhtsui on an island in the Dnieper to make them warriors. Andre deserts to the Poles through love of a Polish sweetheart, meets his father face to face in battle, and is executed by the stern parent. The rigor of these primitive times is stirringly reproduced. The success of this masterpiece led Gogol to plan a History of Little Russia, but he was to be inspired to a greater work. From a comedy, "The Revizor" (Inspector-General), in which he satirized official cupidity, arrogance and corruption, he rose to a powerful satire on all Russia in his weirdly-named romance, "Dead Souls." The hero, Tchitchikof, is an impecunious adventurer who buys the dead and runaway slaves since the last Russian census, intending to raise a large loan by mortgaging these imaginary human chattels. He journeys from estate to estate in his leather-flapped britchka, accompanied by his stupid lackey Petrushka and his talkative coachman Selifan. Every small proprietor is described in a vivid portrait. The strokes are cruel, but just. There are such psychological and picturesque types as Plushkin, the miser, which stamp themselves indelibly on the memory. Not only are the repellent traits of the owners of serfs portrayed, but the cruelty of the subaltern burmistrs and the corruption of the Russian Tchinoviks. Terrible was the picture Gogol drew of the Russia of his day. He looked to Tzar Nicholas, who had issued a ukaze abolishing serfdom and then had cancelled it under pressure from the nobility, to remedy this grievous situation. But Gogol failed to paint the woes of the serf himself and his innate human nature. Emancipation waited, therefore, for the pen of revelation of Ivan Turgenieff. As for poor Gogol, who had passed from fantasy and imagination to satire and then to mysticism, his brain finally broke down, and, after burning many pages of his "Dead Souls," he died insane in Italy in 1852. His earlier tales are full of the beauty of the great Russian steppes and the Ukraine nights. There is an appreciable element of savagery in Gogol, relishable to the Russian. His characters are the half-barbarous peasants and Cossack lads of the hamlets bordering on the infinite steppes.

THE COSSACK MOTHER.

(From "Taras Bulba.")

BULBA was soon snoring, and all in the courtyard followed his example. All who were lying stretched in its different corners began to slumber and snore. The first to fall asleep was the watchman, for he had drunk more than the rest in honor of his master's arrival. The poor mother alone could not sleep. She hung over the pillow of her dear sons, who were lying side by side. She gently smoothed their young dishevelled locks and moistened them with her tears. She watched them long and eagerly, gazing on them with all her soul, yet, though her whole being was absorbed in sight, she could not gaze enough. With her own breast she had nourished them; she had lovingly tended them and watched their youth; and now she has them near her, but only for a moment. 'Sons, my dear sons, what fate is in store for you? If I could have you with me but for a little week.' And tears fell down on the wrinkles that disfigured her once handsome face. . . . In truth, she was to be pitied, as was every woman in those early times. She would see her husband for two or three days in a year, and then for years together would see and hear nothing of him. And when they did meet, and when they did live together, what kind of life was it that she led? Then she had to endure insults and even blows; no kindness, save a few formal caresses, did she receive; she had, as it were, no home, and was out of her place in the rough camp of unwedded warriors. She had seen her youth glide by without enjoyment, and her fresh cheeks grew wrinkled before their time. All her love, all her desire, all that is tender and passionate in woman, all was now concentrated in one feeling, that of a mother. And like a bird of the steppe, she feverishly, passionately, tearfully hovered over her children. Her sons, her darling sons, are to be taken away from her, and it may be she will never see them again. Who can tell, but that in the first battle some Tartar may cut off their heads, and she not even know where to find their corpses, and those dear bodies, for each morsel of which, for each drop of whose blood she would gladly give the world in exchange, be cast away for wild ravenous birds to tear in pieces? Sobbingly she looked on them, while heavy sleep began to weigh down their eyes, and she thought, 'Ah, perchance, Bulba, when he awakes, will delay his departure for a day or so, and it may be that it was only in his drink he thought to set out so quickly.'

The moon had risen in the heavens, shining down on the yard covered with sleeping Cossacks, on the thick sallows, and on the high grass which had overgrown the palisade that surrounded the court. But the mother still sat beside her dear sons, not once taking her eyes off them, never thinking of sleep. Already the horses, scenting the dawn, had lain down on the grass and ceased to feed; the upper leaves of the sallow began to wave gently, and the wind's murmuring breath softly touched the branches beneath. But the mother still sat watching till dawn; she felt no weariness; she only prayed that the night might not come to an end. The shrill neighing of steeds was to be heard from the steppe, and the red streaks of the rising sun brightly illumined the sky.

Bulba was the first to awake and spring to his feet. He well remembered all that he had ordered the evening before. 'Now, lads, no more sleep: it is time to get up and feed the horses. Where is the old woman? Quick, old woman, get us something to eat, but quick, for we have a long march before us.' Three saddled horses stood before the door of the hut. The Cossacks leaped on their steeds, but when the mother saw that her sons had also mounted, she rushed to the younger, whose traits wore a somewhat tenderer expression, caught his stirrup, clung to his saddle, and with despair in her every feature, refused to free him from her clasp. Two strong Cossacks gently loosened her hold, and carried her into the hut. But when they had passed under the gateway, in spite of her age, she flew across the yard swifter than a wild goat, and with the incredible strength of madness stopped the horse, and clasped her son with a wild rapturous embrace. And once more they carried her into the tent.

THE COSSACK FATHER.

ANDRE saw before him nothing, nothing but the terrible figure of his father. "Well, what are we to do now?" said Taras, looking him full in the face. But Andre could find nothing to answer, and remained silent, his eyes cast down to the ground. "To betray thy faith, to betray thy brothers. Dismount from thy horse, traitor." Obedient as a child, he dismounted, and unconscious of what he did remained standing before Taras. "Stand, do not move," cried Taras: "I gave thee life; I slay thee." And falling back a step, he took his gun from his shoulder. Andre was deadly pale; his lips moved slowly as he muttered some name; but it was not the name of his mother, his country, or kin; it was the name of the beautiful Polish girl. Taras fired. The young man drooped his head, and fell heavily to the ground without uttering a word. The slayer of his son stood and gazed long upon the breathless corpse. His manly face, but now full of power and a fascination no woman could resist, still retained its marvellous beauty; and his black eyebrows seemed to heighten the pallor of his features. "What a Cossack he might have been," murmured Taras: "so tall his stature, so black his eyebrows, with the countenance of a noble, and an arm strong in battle."

Not long after Taras had thus sternly vindicated the honor of his race, he and Ostap are waylaid and surrounded by a body of Poles. Long and desperately they fight, stubbornly they dispute each inch of ground, to the last they refuse to yield; but what can two effect against a score? Taras is struck senseless to the earth, and Ostap is taken prisoner and carried off. The bereaved father awakes only to discover his heavy and irreparable loss; the days henceforth pass wearily, and he no longer finds pleasure in battle or in warlike sports.

He went into the fields and across the steppes as if to hunt, but his gun hung idly on his shoulder, or with a sorrowful heart he laid it down and sat by the seashore. There with his head sunk low he would remain for hours, moaning all the while, 'Oh, my son, Ostap. Oh, Ostap, my son.' Bright and wide rolled the Black Sea at his feet, the gulls shrieked in the distant reeds, his white hairs glistened like silver, and the large round tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

But this agony of uncertainty is too great to bear; at all cost he will seek out his son, weep for him if dead, embrace him if living. With the assistance of a Jewish spy, named Yankel, he makes his way in disguise to Warsaw, where they arrive only to learn that on the evening of the same day his brave boy is to suffer an ignominious death. He proceeds to the place of execution, takes up his stand in the midst of the crowd, and watches in silence the hideous formalities by which the sharpness of death is made more bitter.

Ostap looked wearily around him. Gracious God, not one kindly look on the upturned faces of that heaving crowd. Had there been but one of his kin there to encourage him. No weak mother with her wailings and lamentations; no sobbing wife, beating her bosom and tearing her hair; but a brave man, whose wise word might give him fresh strength and solace. And as he thus thought, his courage failed him, and he cried out, 'Father, where art thou? Dost thou not hear me?' 'I hear, my son,' resounded through the dead silence, and all the thousands of people shuddered at that voice. A party of calvary rode hurriedly about, searching among the crowd that surrounded the scaffold. Yankel turned pale as death, and when the soldiers had riden past, looked furtively to where Taras had been standing, but Taras was no longer there; no trace of him was left.

APOSTROPHE TO RUSSIA.

RUSSIA, Russia! My thoughts turn to thee from my wondrous beautiful foreign home, and I seem to see thee once more. Nature has not been lavish in her gifts to thee. No grand views to cheer the eye or inspire the soul with awe; no glorious works of art, no many-windowed cities, with their lofty palaces, no castles planted on some precipice, embowered in groves and ivy that clings to the walls, amidst the eternal roar and foam of waterfalls. No traveler turns back to gaze on high masses of mountain granite, that tower in endless succession above and around him. No distant, far-stretching lines of lofty hills ranging upwards to the bright blue heavens, and of which we catch faint glimpses through dim arches entwined with vine branches, ivy, and myriads of wild roses. All with thee is level, open and monotonous. Thy low-built cities are like tiny dots that indistinctly mark the centre of some vast plain, nor is there aught to win and delight the eye. And yet, what is this inconceivable force that attracts me to thee? Why do I seem to hear again, and why are my ears filled with the sounds of thy sad songs, as they are wafted along thy valleys and huge plains, and are carried hither from sea to sea? What is there in that song, which, as it calls and wails, seizes on the heart? What are those melancholy notes that lull but pierce the heart and enslave the soul? Russia, what is it thou wouldst with me? What mysterious bond draws me towards thee? Why gazest thou thus, and why does all that is of thee turn those wistful eyes to me? And all the while I stand in doubt, and above me is cast a shadow of a laboring cloud, all heavy with thunder and rain, and I feel my thoughts benumbed and mute in presence of thy vast expanse. What does that indefinable, unbounded expanse foretell? Are not schemes to be born as boundless as thyself, who art without limit? Are not deeds of heroism to be achieved, where all is ready, open to receive the hero? And threateningly the mighty expanse surrounds me, reflecting its terrible strength within my soul of souls, and illumining sight with unearthly power. What a bright, marvellous, weird expanse!

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.

In that region of Russian fiction which Gogol opened, Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenieff achieved a marvellous success, which resulted in a social revolution. He was born near Orel, November 9, 1818, only nine years after the birth of Gogol. He not only took up the new type of fiction, but achieved the preliminary work for the emancipation of the serf in which Gogol had only half succeeded. While Gogol stopped short with his terribly realistic revelation of what the owners of the serfs were, Turgenieff forced the gaze of all Russia to the wretched and cruelly oppressed serfs themselves. His "Annals of a Sportsman," which appeared in 1846, may be regarded as having been the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Russia. It undoubtedly contributed much to Alexander II.'s decree (1861), abolishing serfdom.

This curse of serfdom dated from the sixteenth century, and had become consecrated as a legal institution in 1609. Denis von Visin had in "Nedorosl" (The Minor) touched upon the ill-treatment of the serfs; but the condition of the French peasant in his day was even more terrible. It was by a strange decree of fate that Turgenieff came into such appreciative contact with the Russians of the yoke. His grandmother was just such a choleric *baruina* of the old school as he afterwards painted in his story, "Punin and Baburin." Her cruel treatment of her serfs was extreme. As might be expected of such an old-style Russian lady, she forbade her grandson the study of the native Russian tongue. It was only spoken by her servants. The young Ivan was not to be hindered, however, in his childish thirst, and he learned not only the old Russian legends, but the Russian speech from one of his grandam's serfs. In later years his memory returned to one of these unfortunates when he drew the character of the dumb giant porter, Mumu. Turgenieff's grandmother never forgave him for adopting the degrading vocation of literature—he, a son of an heiress of the Litvinoffs! Perhaps it was the contrast of the innate human virtues of the serfs with this cruel nature of his ancestress that quickened Turgenieff's appreciation of the real humanity of these chattels of the Russian estates.

He conceived a profound affection for the *muzhik*, or peasant. As he afterward declared, he "swore a Hannibal's oath" never to compromise with the barbarous system of serfdom, but to fight it even to the death. And he accomplished his lofty purpose by opening the eyes of the Russian court, as his own eyes had early been unveiled, to the true

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inherent worth of the despised serf. In 1846 the first story of his "Annals of a Sportsman" appeared, under the title of "Khor and Kalinuitch." These characters represented two types of serf: Khor, the cautious and practical creature, Kalinuitch, the dreamy enthusiast; but in both he revealed the essential human nature. These and the succeeding pictures of Russia's wretched serfs really effected a revolution in the aristocratic mind, and hastened the ukaze of enfranchised Russia. When Turgenieff himself sought for a term of praise for Alexander II., the highest he could find was to call him "the Emperor of Muzhiks."

But while Turgenieff was thus striking the blow that was to shatter the shackles on the wrists of millions of his enslaved brother men, he was not so absorbed in the serf that he did not behold the dawning of a new Russia. In the character of "Dmitri Rudin," in "On the Eve," he drew a youth of 1840, such an epoch as Pisemsky has pictured in his "People of the Forties." This youth was cast in a generous but passive mold. His defect was revealed by the restless Lavretsky, of "The Nest of Nobles" (1859), whose propaganda to the youth of Russia was "You must act." Lavretsky was the herald: the apostle came in Bazarof, the hero of "Fathers and Sons" (1862), and his new gospel proved to be "Nihilism." In a famous passage Turgenieff coined this new word which has traveled over the world. Turgenieff has characterized Bazarof as "that quick spirit, that harbinger type." His creed was not based on any of the old worn-out ones: it was to tear down, to clear the ground, to build an entirely new social fabric. The vague feeling, the still nebulous faith of the new generation, was crystallized at last around a definite nucleus. The new era of Russian socialism found its voice in the word, "Nihilism." The government and the agitators against the government both accepted the term. Fathers and sons began to be divided, in truth. Despite his half wolfish, half pessimistic spirit, the young medical student Bazarof typified the Russian soul with its aspiration towards progress. However Turgenieff may have felt towards the radically developed Nihilism of a later day, he certainly put his whole heart into Bazarof. Nevertheless he was destined to be soon disillusionized of many of his dreams of a better Russia. His intercourse with boastful Russians at Baden Baden soon led him to discover that many of the new ideals were mere chimeras. His disappointment found expression (in 1867) in the romance "Smoke." His faith in Russia's future was not crushed, but he idealized in Litvinof her gloomy and painful destiny, since amply fulfilled.

For ten years Turgenieff then held his peace while bitterly assailed by Liberals and Nihilists alike as a renegade. But in 1877, on the eve of the great Nihilist suit against the One Hundred and Ninety-Three, he broke his silence with his grand masterpiece, "Virgin Soil." In this novel the theoretical Nihilism of his "Fathers and Sons" and "Smoke" is beheld in action. Neshdanof, the hero, represents the new type of Nihilistic propagandist. So true was the portrait that, while it was attacked at the outset, Turgenieff was soon accused of having been paid 50,000 rubles by the Russian government thus to popularize its case. In Neshdanof the Nihilist is still the dreamer, unable to interest the masses or to achieve his revolution. Still it cannot be said that Turgenieff does not, after all, sympathize with Neshdanof. His character possesses an inalienable nobility. Nihilists have ground to claim, as they continue to do, that Turgenieff's heart was really with them to the last. An exile from Russia through troubles with the censorship (due to an article on Gogol), his declining years were embittered by the attacks on him from all sides. This bitterness is revealed in his farewell poems, "Senilia." He died in Paris on September 3, 1883, still true to the Russian people, even if warning them against Slavophilism and advising them to profit by European civilization.

THE NIHILIST.

"WHERE is your new friend?" he asked Arkadi.

"He has gone out already. He generally gets up very early and makes some excursion. But I must tell you, once for all, that you need not take any notice of him; he does not care for conventionalities."

"Yes, so I perceive."

Paul Petrovitch began slowly to spread butter on his bread.

"Will he remain here any length of time?"

"That depends. He will go from here to his father's."

"And where does his father live?"

"In our district; eighty versts from here. He has a little estate there. He used to be the regimental doctor."

"Ta-ta, ta-ta! I have been continually asking myself, where could I have heard that name before? Bazarof, Bazarof! Nicholas, do you not remember that in our father's division there was a Dr. Bazarof?"

"I seem to remember something of the sort."

"Yes, it is right enough. So this doctor is his father —hm!"

Paul Petrovitch twisted his moustache.

"Well, and what is Mr. Bazarof junior?" asked he slowly.

"What is Bazarof?" Arkadi smiled. "Shall I tell you, uncle, what he really is?"

"Do me that favor, my dear nephew."

"He is a Nihilist."

"What?" asked Nicholas Petrovitch.

As for Paul Petrovitch, he suddenly raised the knife, on whose point was a little piece of butter, and remained motionless.

"He is a Nihilist," repeated Arkadi.

"Nihilist!" said Nicholas Petrovitch. "The word comes from the Latin *nihil*, nothing, as far as I can tell, and therefore designates a person who acknowledges nothing."

"Or rather, who respects nothing," said Paul Petrovitch, who recommenced buttering his bread.

"Or rather, who regards everything from a critical point of view," remarked Arkadi.

"Does not that come to the same thing?" asked Paul Petrovitch.

"No, by no means. A Nihilist is a man who bows to no authority, who accepts no principles on faith alone, however high may be the regard in which this principle is held in human opinion."

"And do you consider that right?" asked Paul Petrovitch.

"That depends on the point of view, uncle; some think it right, while others consider it quite wrong."

"Indeed. Well, I see it is not *our* point of view. We of the old school are of opinion that without principles, that are received on faith alone, as you express it, the world could not exist. But *vouz avez changé tout cela.* Well, may God give you good health and the rank of general; as for us, we will be content with admiring you, you—what do you call yourselves?"

"Nihilists," said Arkadi, accenting each syllable.

"Yes. We used to have Hegelists, now we have Nihilists. We shall see how you manage to exist in the nothing, the vacuum, as under an air-pump. And now, brother Nicholas, be so good as to ring; I should like to drink my cocoa."

The combat took place the same evening at tea. Paul had come down into the drawing-room in a state of irritation, and ready for the fight. He only awaited an opportunity to throw himself on the enemy; but he had long to wait. Bazarof never spoke much before the "two old fellows," as he called the two brothers; besides, he did not feel very well this evening, and swallowed one cup of tea after another in silence. Paul was devoured by impatience: at length he found the opportunity he had been seeking.

The conversation turned on one of the neighboring landholders.

"He is a simpleton, a bad aristocrat," said Bazarof, who had known him at St. Petersburg.

"Permit me to ask you," said Paul, with trembling lips, "whether the words 'simpleton' and 'aristocrat' are in your opinion synonymous?"

"I said 'bad aristocrat,'" replied Bazarof carelessly, sipping his tea.

"That is true; but I assume that you rank aristocrats and bad aristocrats in the same category. I think it right to inform you that such is not my opinion. I venture to say that I am generally considered a liberal man and lover of progress; but it is just on that account that I respect the aristocrats, the true aristocrats. Consider, my dear sir"—Bazarof fixed his eyes on Paul—"my dear sir," continued he, with dignity, "consider the English nobility: they do not give up one iota of their rights, and yet they respect the rights of others just as much; they demand what is due to them, and yet they are always careful to render their due to others. It is the nobility that has given England its liberty, and that is its strongest support."

"That is an old song we have often heard," replied Bazarof; "but what do you mean by it?"

"I mean to prove by it, my dear sir, that without the consciousness of one's own dignity, without self-respect—and all these sentiments prevail among the aristocracy—there can be no solid foundation for the commonwealth, for the edifice of the State. The individual, the personality, my dear sir—that is the essential; a man's personality must stand firm as a rock, for everything rests on this basis. I know quite well that you think my manners, my dress, even my habit of cleanliness, absurd; but all this springs from self-respect, from a feeling of duty—yes, yes, sir, from a feeling of duty. I live in an out-of-the-way corner of the province; but I do not neglect my person on that account—in my own person I respect the man."

"Excuse me, Paul Petrovitch," replied Bazarof; "you say that you respect yourself, and you sit there with your arms crossed. What advantage can that be to the commonwealth? If you did not respect yourself you would not act differently."

Paul Petrovitch turned pale.

"That is quite another matter," replied he. "I have no intention of telling you why I stay with my arms crossed, as you are pleased to call it. I merely wished to tell you that aristocracy depends upon principle; and it is only immoral or worthless men who can live nowadays without principles. I said so to Arkadi the day after his arrival; and I am merely repeating it to you to-day. Is it not the case, Nicholas Petrovitch?"

Nicholas Petrovitch nodded assent.

"Aristocracy, liberalism, principles, progress," repeated Bazarof—"all are words quite foreign to our language, and perfectly useless. A true Russian need not use them."

"What does he need, then, in your opinion? According

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to you, we are outside the limits of humanity, outside its laws. That is going rather too far; the logic of history requires—"

"What do you need that logic for? We can do very well without it.

"How?"

"I will give an example. I fancy that you do not need the aid of logic in carrying a piece of bread to your mouth when you are hungry. What is the use of all these abstractions?"

Paul lifted up his hands.

"I no longer understand you," said he. "You insult the Russian people. I do not understand how it is possible not to acknowledge principles—rules! What have you, then, to guide you through life?"

"I have told you before, uncle," interposed Arkadi, "that we do not acknowledge any authorities."

"We act according as anything seems useful to us," added Bazarof; "to-day it seems to us useful to deny, and we do deny."

"Everything?"

"Absolutely everything."

"What? Not only art, poetry, but even—I hesitate to say it."

"Everything," repeated Bazarof, with most indomitable calm.

Paul looked at him fixedly. He had not expected this answer. Arkadi blushed with pleasure.

"Excuse me," said Nicholas, "you deny everything, or, to speak more correctly, you destroy everything; but you must also rebuild."

"That does not concern us. First of all, we must clear the ground."

"The present state of the people requires it," added Arkadi seriously. "We must fulfill this duty; we have no right to abandon ourselves to the satisfaction of our personal vanity."

This last speech did not please Bazarof. It smacked of philosophy, that is, of romanticism; for he gave this name even to philosophy. But he did not think this a fitting moment to contradict his young pupil.

"No, no!" exclaimed Paul, with sudden emotion. "I will not believe that you gentlemen have a right idea of the Russian people, and that you express its real wants, its surest wishes. No, the Russian people is not what you represent it. It has a reverent respect for tradition; it is patriarchal; it cannot live without faith."

"I shall not attempt to contradict you," replied Bazarof. "I am even ready to admit that this once you are right."

"But if I am right?"

"That proves nothing whatever."

"Nothing whatever," repeated Arkadi, with the assurance of an experienced chess-player, who, having foreseen a move that his opponent considers dangerous, does not seem in the least disconcerted by it.

"How can you say that proves nothing?" said Paul, stupefied. "Do you then separate yourself from your people?"

"And what if I did? The people believe that when it thunders, the prophet Elijah is riding over the heavens in his chariot. Well, must I share its opinion in this matter? You think you will confound me by telling me that the people is Russian. Well, am not I Russian, too?"

"No; after all that you have just said, you are not. I will no longer acknowledge you to be Russian."

"My grandfather followed the plough," replied Bazarof, with lofty pride. "Ask any one of your peasants which of us two—you or me—he is readiest to acknowledge as his fellow-citizen. You cannot even talk to him."

"And you, who can talk to him, you despise him."

"Why not, if he deserves it? You condemn the tendency of my ideas; but how do you know that it is accidental, that it is not rather determined by the universal spirit of the people whom you defend so well?"

"Come, the Nihilists are very useful."

"Whether they are or not is not for us to decide. Do not you also think that you are good for something?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, no personalities," exclaimed Nicholas, rising.

Paul smiled, and placing his hand on his brother's shoulder, forced him to sit down again.

"Set your mind at rest," said he; "I shall not forget myself, if only because of that feeling of dignity of which this gentleman speaks so scornfully. Excuse me," continued he, once more addressing Bazarof; "you probably think that your mode of looking at things is a new one; that is a mistake on your part. The materialism you profess has been held in honor more than once, and has always proved itself insufficient."

"Another foreign word!" replied Bazarof. He was beginning to become bitter, and the complexion of his face was assuming an unpleasant yellow. "In the first place, let me tell you that we do not preach; that is not one of our habits."

"What do you do, then?"

"I will tell you. We have begun by calling attention to the extortionate officials, the need of roads, the absence of trade, the manner of executing justice."

"Yes, yes; you are informers, *divulgators*, that is the name given to you, if I am not much mistaken. I agree with you in many of your criticisms; but—"

"Then we soon discovered that it was not enough to talk about the wounds to which we are succumbing, that all this only tended to platitudes and dogmatism. We perceived that our advanced men, our *divulgators*, were worth nothing whatever; that we were taking up our time with follies, such as art for art's sake, creative power which does not know itself, the parliamentary system, the need of lawyers, and a thousand other foolish tales; while we ought to have been thinking of our daily bread; while we were overwhelmed by the grossest superstition; while all our joint-stock companies were becoming bankrupt. All this is only because there is a dearth of honest men; while even the liberation of the serfs, with which Government is much occupied, will produce no good effects, because our peasants are themselves ready to steal, so that they may go and drink poisonous drugs in the taverns."

"Good," replied Paul, "very good. You have discovered all that, and all the same you are determined to undertake nothing serious?"

"Yes, we are determined!" repeated Bazarof, somewhat sharply.

Suddenly he began to reproach himself for having said so much before this gentleman.

"And you confine yourself to abuse?"

"We abuse, if necessary."

"And that is what is called Nihilism?"

"That is what is called Nihilism!" repeated Bazarof, this time in a particularly irritating tone.

Paul winced a little.

"Good!" said he, with forced calm and constrained manner. "The mission of Nihilism is to remedy all things, and you are our saviours and our heroes. Excellent! But why do you abuse the others so much, and call them chatterboxes? Do you not chatter as much as the rest?"

"Come, if there is anything we have to reproach ourselves with, it is certainly not this," muttered Bazarof between his teeth.

"What! can you say that you act, or even prepare for action?"

Bazarof remained silent. Paul trembled, but he restrained his anger.

"Then act, destroy," continued he; "but how dare you destroy without ever knowing why you destroy?"

"We destroy because we are a force," said Arkadi, gravely.

Paul looked at his nephew and smiled.

"Yes, force is responsible to no one," continued Arkadi, drawing himself up.

"Wretched man," exclaimed Paul Petrovitch, no longer able to contain himself, "if you would but consider what you assert of Russia alone, with your absurd phrases! No, it would require an angel's patience to endure that force! The Mongol and the savage Kalmuk have force, too. But how can this force help us? What ought to be dear to us is civilization; yes, yes, my dear sirs, the fruits of civilization. And do not tell me that these fruits are worthless; the merest dauber of signboards, the most wretched fiddler, who, for five kopecks an evening, plays polkas and mazurkas, are more useful than you, because they are representatives of civilization, and not of the Mongolian brute force! You consider yourselves advanced, and your proper place would be in a Kalmuk kibitka. Force! Consider one moment, you strong gentlemen, that at most there are only a few dozen of you, while the others may be counted by millions, and that they will not allow you to tread under foot their most sacred traditions; no, they will tear you to pieces."

"If they tear us to pieces, we must put up with it," replied Bazarof. "But you are quite out in your reckoning. We are not so few as you suppose."

"What! You seriously believe that you will be able to bring the whole people into your ranks?"

"Do you not know that a kopeck candle is enough to set the whole city of Moscow on fire?" answered Bazarof.

"Excellent! First, almost Satanic pride, and then irony, which reveals your bad taste. This is how youth is carried away; this is how the inexperienced hearts of these boys are seduced. Look! there is one of them by your side; he almost worships you." Arkadi turned away, frowning. "And this contagion has already spread. I have been told that at Rome our painters no longer set foot into the Vatican; they call Raphael a bungler, because, as they say, he is considered an authority—and those who say this are themselves incapacity personified; their imagination cannot soar beyond the 'Girl at the Well;' however they may try, they cannot attain anything better! And how ugly is this 'Girl at the Well!' I suppose you have the highest opinion of these fellows, have you not?"

"As far as I am concerned," replied Bazarof, "I would not give twopence for Raphael, and I do not suppose that the others are worth much more."

"Bravo, bravo! Do you hear, Arkadi? That is how young people should express themselves now! O, I can quite understand why they follow in your footsteps! Formerly they used to feel the need of learning something. As they did not wish to be considered ignorant, they were forced to work. But now they need only say, 'There is nothing but folly and rubbish in the world;' and there is an end to everything. The students may well rejoice. Formerly they were only foolish boys—behold them suddenly transformed into Nihilists!"

"It appears to me that you are forgetting the sentiment of personal dignity, on which you laid so much stress just now," remarked Bazarof phlegmatically, while Arkadi's face flushed with indignation, and his eyes flashed. "Our dispute has led us too far. I think we should do well to stop here. Yet," added he, rising, "I should agree with you if you could name to me a single institution of our social, civil, or family life, which does not deserve to be swept away without mercy."

"I could name a million such," exclaimed Paul Petrovitch, "a million! Take, for instance, the commune."

A cold smile passed over Bazarof's lips.

"As for the commune," said he, "you had better talk to your brother about that. I suppose he must know by this time what to think of the commune, the solidarity of the peasants, their temperance, and similar jokes."

"And the family, the family, such as we still find it among our peasants!" exclaimed Paul Petrovitch.

"In my opinion that is another question that you would do well not to examine too closely. Come, take my advice, Paul Petrovitch, and take two days to consider the matter. Nothing else will occur to you just at present; consider all our institutions one after another, and contemplate them carefully. Meantime Arkadi and I will—"

"Turn everything to ridicule," interrupted Paul Petrovitch.

"No; dissect frogs. Come, Arkadi. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

The two friends went out. The brothers remained alone together, and for some time could only look at each other in silence.

"So that is the youth of to-day," began Paul Petrovitch at length; "those are our successors!"

FEODOR M. DOSTOIEVSKY.

YOUNGER than Turgenieff by three years, Feodor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky died three years before that great novelist. He was born at Moscow in 1821 and died February 9, 1881. He did not accept exile, as did Turgenieff, but remained in Russia, became implicated in the Petrashevsky Society conspiracy, and tasted the bitterness of Siberia. His life seems, indeed, to have been destined to gloom from the start. The child of a hospital surgeon, he first opened his eyes in a charity hospital. Throughout his life he was a victim of hallucinations. No wonder he was moved to become the psychological analyst of morbid and diseased characters. At first, however, he was drawn by pity to write a heart-stirring revelation of the miseries of the poor of St. Petersburg. His "Poor People," published while he was only twenty-three years old, won for him the title of "the new Gogol." Extreme wretchedness was shown in the catastrophe of the love idyl of the poor clerk Drevushkin, who loses the solace of his poverty in the marriage of his poor girl companion to a rich merchant. But the story-teller himself was to experience an even more cruel fate. Implicated indirectly in the plot against Emperor Nicholas, he was cast into prison,and condemned to death. On the morning of the day of doom he made his toilet, donned the white shirt, kissed the cross, and had the sabre broken over his head. At the last moment, however, a messenger arrived from the Czar. Dostoievsky was transported to Siberia. Being a sub-lieutenant of St. Petersburg School of Military Engineering, he was put to work in the mines. Religion alone upheld him during these terrible four years (1849–54). His memories of that burial alive were soon after given to the world in his vivid "Recollections of a Dead House," which moved all Russia. But his morbid tendencies gained the upper hand in his later novels. "Heavens!" exclaimed Turgenieff, after reading one story by this doctor's son, "what a sour smell! What a vile hospital odor! What idle scandal! What a psychological mole-hole!" The pathological phase of his romances renders them truly unwholesome, although in "Crime and Punishment" he has made an overwhelmingly impressive study of a brain diseased. Raskolnikoff, the weak hero, plans a deliberate murder and robbery through merely accidental suggestion. Ultimately he breaks through the moral fog enshrouding him, and by the sympathetic self-sacrifice of the fallen Sonia, the heroine, starts for Siberia to spend the rest of his life in repentance. Other novels by Dostoievsky are "Idiots" and "Devils," two social satires, and "The Degraded."

THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION TO SONIA.

(From "Crime and Punishment.")

RASKOLNIKOFF wished to smile, but, do what he would, his countenance retained its sorrow-stricken look. He lowered his head, covering his face with his hands. All at once, he fancied that he was beginning to hate Sonia. Surprised, frightened even, at so strange a discovery, he suddenly raised his head and attentively considered the girl, who, in her turn, fixed on him a look of anxious love. Hatred fled from Raskolnikoff's heart. It was not that; he had only mistaken the nature of the sentiment he experienced. It signified that the fatal moment had come. Once more he hid his face in his hands and bowed his head. Suddenly he grew pale, rose, and, after looking at Sonia, he mechanically went and sat on her bed, without uttering a single word. Raskolnikoff's impression was the very same he had experienced when standing behind the old woman—he had loosened the hatchet from the loop, and said to himself: "There is not a moment to be lost!"

"What is the matter?" asked Sonia, in bewilderment.

No reply. Raskolnikoff had relied on making explanations under quite different conditions, and did not himself understand what was now at work within him. She gently approached him, sat on the bed by his side, and waited, without taking her eyes from his face. Her heart beat as if it would break. The situation was becoming unbearable; he turned towards the girl his lividly-pale face, his lips twitched with an effort to speak. Fear had seized upon Sonia.

"What is the matter with you?" she repeated, moving slightly away from him.

"Nothing, Sonia; don't be afraid. It is not worth while; it is all nonsense!" he murmured, like a man absent in mind. "Only, why can I have come to torment you?" added he all at once, looking at his interlocutress. "Yes, why? I keep on asking myself this question, Sonia."

Perhaps he had done so a quarter of an hour before, but at this moment his weakness was such that he scarcely retained consciousness; a continued trembling shook his whole frame.

"Oh! how you suffer!" said she, in a voice full of emotion, whilst looking at him.

"It is nothing! But this is the matter in question, Sonia." (For a moment or so, a pale smile hovered on his lips.) "You remember what I wished to tell you yesterday?" Sonia waited anxiously. "I told you, on parting, that I was, perhaps, bidding you farewell for ever, but that if I should come to-day, I would tell you who it was that killed Elizabeth." She began to tremble in every limb. "Well, then, that is why I have come."

"I know you told me that yesterday," she went on in a shaky voice. "How do you know that?" she added vivaciously. Sonia breathed with an effort. Her face grew more and more pale.

"I know it."

"Has *he* been discovered? she asked, timidly, after a moment's silence.

"No, *he* has not been discovered."

For another moment she remained silent. "Then how do you know it?" she at length asked, in an almost unintelligible voice.

He turned towards the girl, and looked at her with a singular rigidity, whilst a feeble smile fluttered on his lips. "Guess!" he said.

Sonia felt on the point of being seized with convulsions. "But you—why frighten me like this?" she asked, with a childlike smile.

"I know it, because I am very intimate with *him!*" went on Raskolnikoff, whose look remained fixed on her, as if he had not strength to turn his eyes aside. "Elizabeth—he had no wish to murder her—he killed her without premeditation. He only intended to kill the old woman, when he should find her alone. He went to her house—but at the very moment Elizabeth came in—he was there—and he killed her."

A painful silence followed upon those words. For a moment both continued to look at one another. "And so you can't guess?" he asked abruptly, feeling like a man on the point of throwing himself from the top of a steeple.

"No," stammered Sonia, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Try again."

At the moment he pronounced these words, Raskolnikoff experienced afresh, in his heart-of-hearts, that feeling of chilliness he knew so well. He looked at Sonia, and suddenly read on her face the same expression as on that of Elizabeth, when the wretched woman recoiled from the murderer advancing towards her, hatchet in hand. In that supreme moment Elizabeth had raised her arm, as children do when they begin to be afraid, and ready to weep, fix a glaring immovable glance on the object which frightens them. In the same way Sonia's face expressed indescribable fear. She also raised her arm, and gently pushed Raskolnikoff aside, whilst touching his breast with her hand, and then gradually drew back without ceasing to look hard at him. Her fear affected the young man, who, for his part, began to gaze on her with a scared expression.

"Have you guessed?" he murmured at last.

"My God!" exclaimed Sonia.

Then she sank exhausted on the bed, and buried her face in the pillows; a moment after, however, she rose with a rapid movement, approached him, and, seizing him by both hands, which her slender fingers clutched like nippers, she fixed on him a long look. Had he made a mistake? She hoped so, but she had no sooner cast a look on Raskolnikoff's face than the suspicion which had flashed on her mind became certainty.

"Enough, Sonia! enough! Spare me!" he implored in a plaintive voice. The event upset all his calculations, for it certainly was not *thus* that he had intended to confess his crime.

Sonia seemed beside herself; she jumped from her bed, went to the middle of the room wringing her hands, she then quickly returned in the same way, sat once more by the young man's side, almost touching him with her shoulder. Suddenly she shivered, uttered a cry, and, without knowing why, fell on her knees before Raskolnikoff. "You are lost!" she exclaimed, with an accent of despair. And, rising suddenly, she threw herself on his neck, and kissed him, whilst lavishing on him tokens of tenderness.

Raskolnikoff broke away, and, with a sad smile, looked at the girl: "I do not understand you, Sonia. You kiss me after I told you *that*—. You cannot be conscious of what you are doing."

She did not hear the remark. "No, at this moment there cannot be a more wretched man on earth than you are!" she exclaimed with a transport of passion, whilst bursting into sobs.

Raskolnikoff felt his heart grow soft under the influence of a sentiment which for some time past he had not felt. He did not try to fight against the feeling; two tears spurted from his eyes and remained on the lashes. "Then you will not forsake me, Sonia?" said he with an almost suppliant look.

"No, no; never, nowhere!" she cried, "I shall follow you, shall follow you everywhere! Heaven! Wretch that I am! And why have I not known you sooner? Why did you not come before? Heaven!"

"You see I have come."

"Now? What is to be done now? Together, together" she went on, with a kind of exaltation, and once more she kissed the young man. "Yes, I will go with you to the galleys!"

These words caused Raskolnikoff a painful feeling; a bitter and almost haughty smile appeared on his lips. "Perhaps I may not yet wish to go to the galleys, Sonia," said he.

The girl rapidly turned her eyes on him. She had up to the present experienced no more than immense pity for an unhappy man. This statement, and the tone of voice in which it was pronounced, suddenly recalled to the girl that the wretched man was an assassin. She cast on him an astonished look. As yet, she did not know how nor why he had become a criminal. At this moment, these questions suggested themselves to her, and, once more doubting, she asked herself: "He, he a murderer? Is such a thing possible? But no, it cannot be true! Where am I?" she asked herself, as if she could have believed herself the sport of a dream. "How is it possible that you, being what you are, can have thought of such a thing? Oh! why?"

"To steal, if you wish to know. Cease, Sonia!" he replied in wearied and rather vexed accents.

Sonia remained stupefied; suddenly a cry escaped her: "Were you hungry? Did you do so to help your mother? Speak!"

"No, Sonia! no!" he stammered, drooping his head. "I was not so poor as all that. It is true I wanted to help my mother, but that was not the real reason.—Do not torment me, Sonia!"

The girl beat her hands together. "Is it possible that such a thing can be real? Heaven! is it possible? How can I believe such a thing? You say you killed to rob; you, who deprive yourself of all for the sake of others! Ah!" she cried suddenly. "That money you gave to Catherine Ivanovna!—that money! Heavens! can it be that?"

"No, Sonia!" he interrupted somewhat sharply. "This money comes from another source, I assure you. It was my mother who sent it to me during my sickness, through the intervention of a merchant, and I had just received it when I gave it. Razoumikin saw it himself, he even went so far as to receive it for me. The money was really my own property." Sonia listened in perplexity, and strove to understand. "As for the old woman's money, to tell the truth, I really do not know whether there was any money at all," he went on hesitatingly. "I took from her neck a well-filled chamois-leather purse. But I never examined the contents, probably because I had no time to do so. I took different things, sleeve-links, watch-chains. These things I hid, in the same way as the purse, on the following day, under a large stone in a yard which looks out on the V—— Prospect. Everything is still there."

Sonia listened with avidity. "But why did you take nothing, since, as you tell me, you committed murder to steal?" she went on, clinging to a last and very vague hope.

"I don't know—as yet I am undecided whether to take this money or not," replied Raskolnikoff in the same hesitating voice; then he smiled. "What silly tale have I been telling you?"

"Can he be mad?" Sonia asked herself, but she soon dispelled such an idea; no, it was something else, which she most certainly did not understand.

"Do you know what I am going to tell you, Sonia?" he went on in a convinced tone: "If nothing but need had urged me to commit a murder," laying stress on every word, and his look, although frank, was more or less puzzling, "I should now be *happy!* Let me tell you that! And what can the motive be to you, since I told you just now that I had acted badly?" he cried despairingly, a moment afterwards. "What was the good of this foolish triumph over myself? Ah! Sonia, was it for that I came to you?" She once more wished to speak, but remained silent. "Yesterday, I made a proposal to you that we should both of us depart together, because you are all that is left to me."

"Why did you wish me to accompany you?" asked the girl timidly.

"Not to rob or to kill, I assure you," answered Raskolnikoff, with a caustic smile. "We are not of the same way of thinking. And—do you know, Sonia?—it is only of late that I have known why I asked you yesterday to accompany me. When I asked you to do so, I did not as yet know what it would lead to. I see it now. I have but one wish—it is that you should not leave me. You will not do so, will you, Sonia?" She clasped his hand. "And why have I told her this? Why make such a confession?" he exclaimed, a moment afterwards. He looked at her with infinite compassion, whilst his voice expressed the most profound despair. "I see, Sonia, that you are waiting for some kind of explanation, but what am I to say? You understand nothing about the matter, and I should only be causing you additional pain. I see you are once more commencing to weep and to embrace me. Why do so at all? Because, failing in courage to bear my own burden, I have imposed it on another—because I seek in the anguish of others some mitigation for my own. And you can love a coward like that?"

"But you are likewise suffering!" exclaimed Sonia.

For a moment he experienced a new feeling of tenderness. "Sonia, my disposition is a bad one, and that can explain much. I have come because I am bad. Some would not have done so. But I am an infamous coward. Why, once more, have I come? I shall never forgive myself for that!"

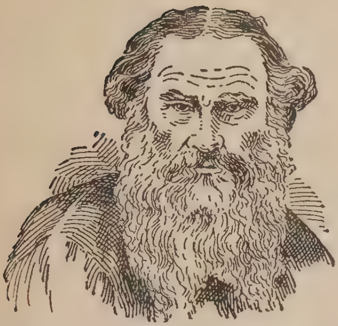
"No, no!—on the contrary, you have done well to come," cried Sonia; "it is better, much better, I should know all!"

Raskolnikoff looked at her with sorrowful eye. "I was ambitious to become another Napoleon; that was why I committed a murder. Can you understand it now?"

"No," answered Sonia, naïvely and in a timid voice. "But speak! speak!—I shall understand all!"

"You will, say you? Good! we shall see!" For some time Raskolnikoff collected his ideas. "The fact is that, one day, I asked myself the following question: 'Supposing Napoleon to have been in my place, supposing that to commence his career he had neither had Toulon, nor Egypt, nor the crossing of Mont Blanc, but, in lieu of all these brilliant exploits, he was on the point of committing a murder with a view to secure his future, would he have recoiled at the idea of killing an old woman, and of robbing her of three thousand roubles? Would he have agreed that such a deed was too much wanting in prestige and much too—criminal a one?' For a long time I have split my head on that question, and could not help experiencing a feeling of shame when I finally came to the conclusion that he not only would not have hesitated, but that he would not have understood the possibility of such a thing. Every other expedient being out of his reach, he would not have flinched, he would have done so without the smallest scruple. Hence, I ought not to hesitate—being justified on the authority of Napoleon!"

COUNT L. N. TOLSTOI.



THE greatest Russian figure in the world of thought at the close of the nineteenth century is Count Lyof Nikolaivitch Tolstoi, who is in many respects the most remarkable literary product of the vast empire of the Czars. He has become one of the oracles of the modern civilized world. When he speaks all Europe, and even the New World, turns to listen. He has come to be the prophet of a new religion, rather than a new literature; indeed, he has denounced all fiction as licentious; and yet his development has been steadily mirrored in his literary work, and he is, after all, a great literary influence rather than a great social factor. What he has done for Russian literature may be epitomized in a brief sentence: he has painted her aristocratic classes, as Gogol painted her small-property classes, and as Turgenieff painted her peasants and Nihilists. For Europe Tolstoi has pictured the horrors of war, not simply its dangers and bloodshed, but its saddening effects on the lives and characters of the soldiers, the monotony of the siege, the curious spirit of patriotism behind the moving armies. For the world he has preached a powerful, even if strange, sermon on the unhappiness of marriages, the real social sin behind the sins of adultery, the divine necessity for forgiveness, the crime of divorce. His doctrines have led him to a variously interpreted mysticism, but he has written at least one great Russian work, "The Cossacks," and two great world-books, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina."

Born on August 28, 1828, at Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, a descendant of Peter the Great's honored Count Piota Tolstoi, young Lyof (Leo) had the training of a noble. The university could not hold his attention, however; he broke from his studies against the earnest exhortations of his professors, and retired to the paternal estate. In those days he was sowing his wild oats. He nearly came to disgrace through an inordinate passion for gambling: the character of the ruined gamester in his "Recollections of a Scorer" being partly autobiographic. At that time, too, Tolstoi's ideal was force. He admired all the manifestations of individual force, such as ambition, cupidity, lust, pride, wrath and vengeance. "In reality," he has confessed, "I loved only force, and when I found it without alloy of folly, I took it for truth." It was only natural, therefore, that one day he should have started for the Caucasus, where his elder brother, Nikolai, was serving as captain. Lyof Tolstoi took part in guerrilla warfare in Circassia and was shut up in Sebastopol. At the age of twenty-six he left the army, but published a record of his impressions and recollections in his "Military Sketches" (collected in 1856), which describe the siege rather than the battles of the English and French invasion. The realism of these sketches at once attracted attention. In St. Petersburg he became interested in the "mission of the men of thought." He wrote "Childhood and Youth," a study of Russian family life. He became an educationalist, and, to quote his own words, "got upon stilts to satisfy his desire for teaching."

But sickened by the immorality of the educated class, Tolstoi's mind reverted to the more natural, even if animal-like, life of the steppe. "I went forth," he has declared, "among the *bashkirs* to breathe the pure air, to drink kumis, and to lead an animal life." A similar flight from the wickedness of city life that he makes Olenin, the hero of "The Cossacks" (1856) take at the start of that romance. Turgenieff has praised this work as "an incomparable picture of men and things in the Caucasus." The wild, almost lawless state of nature among the children of the Caucasus is not only revealed in the turbulent Marianka, with whom Olenin falls in love, and in her wooer, the daring and handsome Lukashka, but also in old Yeroshka, the giant huntsman, a regular savage who has the indelible odor of vodka, powder, and dried blood. Lukashka is killed by a vengeful foe, but Marianka cannot understand Olenin's nature and he departs without his wild Cossack bride. Not only his Caucasan memories were thus utilized, but in "War and Peace" (1860) he drew upon his recollections as an ensign and aide on Prince Gortchakof's staff in the Crimea. He chose for his canvas, however, the Napoleonic invasion of 1812. This romance is full of wonderful realistic scenes of camp life, of battle, of military art and strategy, of great warriors from the German officers to the life-like and untheatrical Napoleon. Upon this lurid background Tolstoi placed a sociological tragedy.

Pierre Bezukhof, the typical Russian, marries the sensual beauty, Elen Kuragina, against his own reason and through mere animal lust. She proves unfaithful. He slays her lover and separates from her. Then he saves Natasha Rostof from betrayal by a rake. She learns to love him, but he does not seek a divorce. His wife's death permits a new and happier marriage. Thus Tolstoi emphasized his doctrine that divorce is wrong. And yet in this story Bezukhof had not forgiven his wife, nor had she sought a divorce to free herself.

"Anna Karenina" (1876) became an even more tragic tale of adultery. Anna marries Aleksei Karenin, a husband utterly unfitted to her. As a result of this mismated union, she proves untrue. A flagrant liaison ensues with the dashing young Baron Vronsky. Aleksei is an upright man. At first full of the most bitter hate, he is at last moved to forgive her through her sufferings, her remorse, and her devoted maternal love of their little boy. Vronsky, with all his nobler traits aside from his passion for Anna, perceives in Aleksei, although he cannot understand, a greater nature than his own. But Aleksei, who had at the outset urged divorce in vain, at last refuses to consent to it. He considers that it would be a sin. Anna and Vronsky grow unhappy together; they part; and a suicide, foreshadowed on the first page, ends her sinning and misery. Despite their crime Anna and Vronsky retain a certain hold on our sympathy, but the disagreeable Aleksei really rises to the noblest level. And yet we feel that he is partly responsible for his wife's sin. This point Tolstoi sought again to emphasize in the sensational and overwrought "Kreutzer Sonata," in which the viciousness of the husband is made the cause of crime, but in which the institution of marriage itself is almost deplored, owing to its abuse. Tolstoi has been misunderstood by those who claim that he has wished to end the human race through universal celibacy. He simply preaches a purer youth and a holier marriage than is now the rule. In the wooing and honeymoon of Konstantin Levin and Katia, in "Anna Karenina," he has given an idyl of a happy marriage. In that novel Tolstoi has also emphasized his opposition to war, and has treated the social and agricultural problems of serf-liberated Russia. His experiment of a Slavic commune, afterward to be tried on his own estate, was hinted at. His extreme doctrines of "non-resistance to evil and force," and of a socialism based on the Gospels have been revealed in "My Confession" and "My Religion."

NAPOLEON AND THE WOUNDED RUSSIANS.

(From "War and Peace." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyright, 1888, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

ON the Pratzer hill, in the same spot where he had fallen with the flagstaff in his hand, lay Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, his life-blood oozing away, and unconsciously groaning, with light, pitiful groans, like an ailing child.

By evening, he ceased to groan, and lay absolutely still. He did not know how long his unconsciousness continued. Suddenly, he felt that he was alive and suffering from a burning and tormenting pain in his head.

"Where is that lofty heaven which I had never seen before, and which I saw to-day?" That was his first thought. "And I never knew such pain as this, either," he said to himself. "Yes, I have never known anything, anything at all, till now. But where am I?"

He tried to listen, and heard the trampling hoofs of several horses approaching, and the sounds of voices, talking French. He opened his eyes. Over him still stretched the same lofty heaven, with clouds sailing over it in still loftier heights, and beyond them he could see the depths of endless blue. He did not turn his head or look at those who, to judge from the hoof beats of the horses and the sounds of the voices, rode up to him and paused.

These horsemen were Napoleon, accompanied by two aides. Bonaparte, who had been riding over the field of battle, had given orders to strengthen the battery that was cannonading the dyke of Augest, and was now looking after the killed and wounded left on the battlefield.

"*De beaux hommes!*—handsome men!" said Napoleon, gazing at a Russian grenadier, who lay on his belly with his face half buried in the soil, and his neck turning black, and one arm flung out and stiffened in death.

"The ammunition for the field-guns is exhausted, sire!"

"Have that of the reserves brought," said Napoleon, and then a step or two nearer, he paused over Prince Andrei, who lay on his back with the flagstaff clutched in his hands (the flag had been carried off by the French as a trophy).

"There is a beautiful death," said Napoleon, gazing at Bolkonsky. Prince Andrei realized that this was said of him, and that it was spoken by Napoleon. He heard them address the speaker as "sire." But he heard these words as though they had been the buzzing of a fly. He was not only not interested in them, but they made no impression upon him, and he immediately forgot them. His head throbbed as with fire: he felt that his life-blood was ebbing, and he still saw far above him the distant, eternal heavens. He knew that this was Napoleon, his hero; but at this moment, Napoleon seemed to him merely a small, insignificant man in comparison with that lofty, infinite heaven, with the clouds flying over it. It was a matter of utter indifference to him who stood looking down upon him, or what was said about him at that moment. He was merely conscious of a feeling of joy that people had come to him, and of a desire for these people to give him assistance and bring him back to life which seemed to him so beautiful: because he understood it so differently now. He collected all his strength to move and make some sound. He managed to move his leg slightly and uttered a weak feeble, sickly moan that stirred pity even in himself.

"Ah! he is alive!" said Napoleon. "Take up this young man and take him to the temporary hospital." Having given this order, Napoleon rode on to meet Marshal Lannes, who, removing his hat and smiling, rode up and congratulated him on the victory.

Prince Andrei recollected nothing further; he lost consciousness of the terrible pain caused by those who placed him on the stretcher, and by the jolting as he was carried along, and the probing of the wound. He recovered it again only at the very end of the day, as he was carried to the hospital together with other Russians wounded, and taken prisoner. At this time, he felt a little fresher and was able to glance around and even to speak.

The first words which he heard after he came to were those spoken by a French officer in charge of the convoy, who said,—

"We must stop here; the emperor is coming by immediately; it will give him pleasure to see these prisoners."

"There are so many prisoners to-day, almost the whole Russian army, I should think it would have become an old story," said another officer.

"Well, at all events, this man here, they say, was the commander of all the Emperor Alexander's Guards," said the first speaker, indicating a wounded Russian officer in a white cavalier-guards uniform. Bolkonsky recognized Prince Repnin whom he had met in Petersburg society. Next him was a youth of nineteen, an officer of the cavalier guard also wounded.

Bonaparte coming up at a gallop reined in his horse.

"Who is the chief officer here?" he asked, looking at the wounded.

They pointed to Colonel Prince Repnin.

"Were you the commander of the Emperor Alexander's Horse-guard regiment?" asked Napoleon.

"I commanded a squadron," replied Repnin.

"Your regiment did its duty with honor," remarked Napoleon.

"Praise from a great commander is the highest reward that a soldier can have," said Repnin.

"It is with pleasure that I give it to you," replied Napoleon. "Who is this young man next you?"

Prince Repnin named Lieutenant Sukhtelen.

Napoleon glanced at him and said with a smile: "He is very young to oppose us."

"Youth does not prevent one from being brave," replied Sukhtelen in a broken voice.

"A beautiful answer," said Napoleon. "Young man, you will get on in the world."

Prince Andrei, who had been placed also in the front rank, under the eyes of the emperor, so as to swell the number of those who had been taken prisoner, naturally attracted his attention. Napoleon evidently remembered having seen him on the field, and turning to him he used exactly the same expression, "young man" as when Bolkonsky had the first time come under his notice.

"Well, and you, young man?" said he addressing him. "How do you feel, *mon brave?*"

Although five minutes before this, Prince Andrei had been able to say a few words to the soldiers who were bearing him, now he fixed his eyes directly on Napoleon, but had nothing to say. To him at this moment all the interests occupying Napoleon seemed so petty, his former hero himself, with his small vanity and delight in the victory, seemed so sordid in comparison with that high, true, and just heaven which he had seen and learned to understand; and that was why he could not answer him.

Yes, and everything seemed to him so profitless and insignificant in comparison with that stern and majestic train of thought induced in his mind by his lapsing strength, as his life-blood ebbed away, by his suffering and the near expectation of death. As Prince Andrei looked into Napoleon's eyes, he thought of the insignificance of majesty, of the insignificance of life, the meaning of which no one could understand, and of the still greater insignificance of death, the thought of which no one could among men understand or explain.

The emperor, without waiting for any answer, turned away, and as he started to ride on, said to one of the officers,—

"Have these gentlemen looked after and conveyed to my bivouac; have Doctor Larry himself look after their wounds. *Au revoir*, Prince Repnin," and he touched the spurs to his horse and galloped away.

His face was bright with self-satisfaction and happiness.

The soldiers carrying Prince Andrei had taken from him the golden medallion which the Princess Mariya had hung around her brother's neck, but when they saw the flattering way in which the emperor treated the prisoners, they hastened to return the medallion.

Prince Andrei did not see how or by whom the medallion was replaced, but he suddenly discovered on his chest, outside of his uniform, the little image attached to its slender golden chain.

"It would be good," thought Prince Andrei, letting his eyes rest on the medallion which his sister had hung around his neck with so much feeling and reverence, "it would be good if everything were as clear and simple as it seems to the Princess Mariya. How good it would be to know where to find help in this life, and what to expect after it,—beyond the grave! How happy and composed I should be, if I could say now, 'Lord have mercy on me!' But to whom can I say that! Is it force—impalpable, incomprehensible, which I cannot turn to, or even express in words, is it the great All or nothingness," said he to himself, "or is it God which is sewed in this amulet which my sister gave me? Nothing, nothing is certain, except the insignificance of all within my comprehension and the majesty of that which is incomprehensible, but all-important."

LEVIN WITH THE MOWERS.

(From "Anna Karenina." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyright, 1888, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

THE labor seemed lighter to Levin during the heat of the day. The sweat in which he was bathed refreshed him; and the sun, burning his back, his head, and his arms bared to the elbow, gave him force and energy. The moments of oblivion, of unconsciousness of what he was doing, came back to him more and more frequently; the scythe seemed to go of itself. These were happy moments. Then, still more gladsome were the moments when, coming to the riverside, the *starik*, wiping his scythe with the moist, thick grass, rinsed the steel in the river, then, dipping up a ladleful of the water, gave it to Levin.

"*Nu-ka*, my *kvas!* Ah, good!" he exclaimed, winking.

And, indeed, it seemed to Levin that he had never tasted any liquor more refreshing than this pure, lukewarm water, in which grass floated, and tasting of the rusty tin cup. Then came the glorious slow promenade, when, with scythe on the arm, there was time to wipe the heated brow, fill the lungs full, and glance around at the long line of hay-makers, and the busy life in the field and forest.

The longer Levin mowed, the more frequently he felt the moments of oblivion, when his hands did not wield the scythe, but the scythe seemed to have a self-conscious body, full of life, and carrying on, as it were by enchantment, a regular and systematic work. These were indeed joyful moments. It was hard only when he was obliged to interrupt this unconscious activity to remove a clod or a clump of wild sorrel. The *starik* found it mere sport. When he came to a clod, he pushed it aside with repeated taps of his scythe, or with his hand tossed it out of the way, and while doing this he noticed everything and examined everything that was to be seen. Now he picked a strawberry, and ate it himself or gave it to Levin; now he discovered a nest of quail from which the cock was scurrying away, or caught a snake on the end of his scythe, and, having shown it to Levin, flung it out of the way.

But for Levin and the young fellow behind him these repeated observations were difficult. When once they got into the swing of work, they could not easily change their movements, and turn their attention to what was before them.

Levin did not realize how the time was flying. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered, "A quarter of an hour;" and here it was almost dinner-time. The *starik* drew his attention to the girls and boys, half concealed by the tall grass, who were coming from all sides, bringing to the hay-makers their bread and jugs of *kvas*, which seemed too heavy for their little arms.

"See! here come the midgets," said he, pointing to them; and, shading his eyes, he looked at the sun.

Twice more they went across the field, and then the *starik* stopped.

"*Nu barin!* dinner," said he in a decided tone.

Then the mowers, walking along the river-side, went back to their *kaftans* [coats], where the children were waiting with the dinners. Some clustered around the *telyégas;* others sat in the shade of a laburnum, where the mown grass was heaped up.

Levin sat down near them: he had no wish to leave them. All constraint in the presence of the *barin* had disappeared. The *muzhiks* prepared to take their dinner. They washed themselves, took their bread, emptied their jugs of *kvas*, and some found places to nap in, while the children went in swimming.

The *starik* crumbed his bread into his porringer, mashed it with his spoon, poured water on it from his tin basin, and, cutting off still more bread, he salted the whole plentifully; and, turning to the east, he said his prayer. Then he invited Levin.

Levin found the *tiurka* so palatable that he decided not to go home to dinner. He dined with the *starik*, and their conversation turned on his domestic affairs, in which the *barin* took a lively interest, and in his turn told the old man about such of his plans and projects as would interest him. He felt as though the *starik* were more nearly related to him than his brother, and he could not help smiling at the feeling of sympathy which this simple-hearted man inspired.

When dinner was over, the *starik* offered another prayer, and arranged a pillow of fresh-mown grass, and composed himself for a nap. Levin did the same; and, in spite of the fleas and insects tickling his heated face, he immediately went off to sleep, and did not wake until the sun came out on the other side of the laburnum bush, and shone brightly above his head. The *starik* was awake, but was sitting down cutting the children's hair.

Levin looked around him, and did not know where he was. Every thing seemed changed. The mown field stretched away into immensity with its windrows of sweet-smelling hay, lighted and glorified in a new fashion by the oblique rays of the sun. The bushes had been cut down by the river; and the river itself, before invisible, but now shining like steel with its windings; and the busy peasantry; and the high wall of grass, where the field was not yet mowed; and the young vultures flying high above the field,—all this was absolutely new to him.

Levin calculated what his workmen had done, and what still remained to do. The work accomplished by the forty-two men was considerable. The whole field, which in the time of serfdom used to take thirty-two men two days, was now almost mowed: only a few corners with short rows were left. But he wanted to do still more: in his opinion, the sun was sinking too early. He felt no fatigue: he only wanted to do more rapid, and if possible better, work.

"Do you think we shall get Mashkin Hill mowed to-day?" he demanded of the *starik*.

"If God allows: the sun is still high. Will there be little sips of *vodka* [whiskey] for *the boys?*"

At supper-time, when the men rested again, and some of them were lighting their pipes, the *starik* announced to the boys, "Mow Mashkin Hill—extra *vodka!*"

"*Eka!* Come on, Sef! Let's tackle it lively. We'll eat after dark. Come on!" cried several voices; and, even while still munching their bread, they resumed their work again.

"*Nu!* Oh, keep up good hearts, boys!" said Sef, setting off almost on the run.

"Come, come!" cried the *starik*, hastening after them. "I am first. Look out!"

Old and young took hold in rivalry; and yet with all their haste, they did not spoil their work, but the windrows lay in neat and regular lines.

The triangle was finished in five minutes. The last mowers had just finished their line, when the first, throwing their *kaftans* over their shoulders, started down the road to the hill.

The sun was just going behind the forest, when, with rattling cans, they came to the little wooded ravine of Mashkin Verkh. The grass here was as high as a man's waist, tender, succulent, thick, and variegated with the flower called *Ivan-na-Marya*.

After a short parley, to decide whether to take it across or lengthwise, an experienced mower, Prokhor Yermilin, a huge, black-bearded *muzhik*, went over it first. He took it lengthwise, and came back in his track; and then all followed him, going along the hill above the hollow and skirting the wood. The sun was setting. The dew was already falling. Only the mowers on the ridge could see the sun; but down in the hollow, where the mist was beginning to rise, and behind the slope, they went in fresh, dewy shade. The work went on. The grass fell in high heaps: the mowers came close together as the rows converged, rattling their drinking-cups, sometimes hitting their scythes together, working with joyful shouts, rallying each other.

Levin still kept his place between his two companions. The *starik*, with sheepskin vest loosened, was gay, jocose, free in his movements. In the woods, mushrooms were found lurking under the leaves. Instead of cutting them off with his scythe, as the others did, he bent down whenever he saw one, and, picking it, put it in his breast. "Still another little present for my old woman."

The tender and soft grass was easy to mow, but it was hard to climb and descend the steep sides of the ravine. But the *starik* did not let this appear. Always lightly swinging his scythe, he climbed with short, firm steps, though he trembled all over with the exercise. He let nothing escape him, not an herb or a mushroom; and he never ceased to joke with Levin and the *muzhiks*. Levin behind him felt that he would drop at every instant, and told himself that he should never climb, scythe in hand, this steep hillside, where even unencumbered it would be hard to go. But he persevered all the same, and succeeded. He felt as though some interior force sustained him.

They had finished mowing the Mashkin Verkh: the last rows were done, and the men had taken their *kaftans*, and were gayly going home. Levin mounted his horse, and regretfully took leave of his companions. On the hill-top he turned round to take a last look; but the evening's mist, rising from the bottoms, hid them from sight; but he could hear their hearty, happy voices, as they laughed and talked, and the sound of their clinking scythes.

ANNA'S VISIT TO HER SON.

(From "Anna Karenina." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.
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ANNA'S chief desire on her return to Russia was to see her son. From the day that she left Italy she was filled with this idea; and her joy increased in proportion as she drew near Petersburg. She did not trouble herself with the question how she should manage this meeting which seemed to her of such importance. It was a simple and natural thing, she thought, to see her child once more, now that she was in the same town with him; but since her arrival she suddenly realized her present relation towards society, and found that the interview was not easy to obtain.

She had been two days now in Petersburg, and never for an instant had she forgotten her son, but she had not seen him. To go straight to her husband's house and risk coming face to face with her husband, seemed to her impossible. They might even refuse to admit her. To write to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and ask permission of him, seemed to her painful even to think of. She could be calm only when she did not think of her husband; and yet she could not feel contented to see her son at a distance.

She had too many kisses, too many caresses, to give him. Serozha's old nurse might have been an assistance to her, but she no longer lived with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

She decided to go on the morrow, which was Serozha's birthday, directly to her husband's house to see the child, no matter what it cost in fees to the servants, and to put an end to the ugly network of lies with which they were surrounding the innocent child.

She went to a neighboring shop and purchased some toys, and then she formed her plan of action: she would start early in the morning before Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was up; she would have the money in her hand all ready to bribe the Swiss and the other servants to let her go up stairs without raising her veil, under the pretext of laying on Serozha's bed some presents sent by his god-father. As to what she should say to her son, she could not form the least idea; she could not make any preparation for that.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Anna got out of her hired carriage and rang the door-bell of her former home.

"Go and see what is wanted! It's some *baruina*," said Kapitonuitch, in overcoat and galoshes, as he looked out of the window and saw a lady closely veiled standing on the porch. The Swiss's assistant, a young man whom Anna did not know, had scarcely opened the door before Anna thrust a three-ruble note into his hand.

"Serozha—Sergéi Aleksiévitch," she stammered; then she went one or two steps down the hall.

The Swiss's assistant examined the note, and stopped the visitor at the inner glass door.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

She did not hear his words, and made no reply.

Kapitonuitch, noticing the stranger's confusion, came out from his office and asked her what she wanted.

"I come from Prince Skorodumof to see Sergéi Aleksiévitch."

"He is not up yet," replied the Swiss, looking sharply at the veiled lady.

Anna had never dreamed that she should be so troubled by the sight of this house where she had lived nine years. One after another, sweet and cruel memories arose in her mind, and for a moment she forgot why she was there.

"Will you wait?" asked the Swiss, helping her to take off her *shubka*. When he saw her face, he recognized her, and bowed profoundly. "Will your ladyship be pleased to enter?" he said to her.

She tried to speak; but her voice failed her, and with an entreating look at the old servant she rapidly flew up the stairs. Kapitonuitch tried to overtake her, and followed after her, catching his galoshes at every step.

"Perhaps his tutor is not dressed yet; I will speak to him."

Anna kept on up the stairs which she knew so well, but she did not hear what the old man said.

"This way. Excuse it, if all is in disorder. He sleeps in the front room now," said the Swiss, out of breath. "Will your ladyship be good enough to wait a moment? I will go and see." And opening the high door, he disappeared.

Anna stopped and waited. "He has just waked up," said the Swiss, coming back through the same door. And as he spoke, Anna heard the sound of a child yawning, and merely by the sound of the yawn she recognized her son and seemed to see him alive before her. "Let me go in—let me!" she stammered, and hurriedly pushed through the door.

At the right of the door was a bed, and on the bed a child was sitting up in his little open nightgown; his little body was leaning forward, and he was just finishing a yawn and stretching himself. His lips were just closing into a sleepy smile, and he fell back upon his pillow still smiling.

"Serozha!" she murmured as she went towards him.

Every time since their separation that she had felt an access of love for the absent son, Anna looked upon him as still a child of four, the age when he had been most charming. Now he no longer bore any resemblance to him whom she had left: he had grown tall and thin. How long his face seemed! How short his hair! What long arms! How he had changed! But it was still the same,—the shape of his head, his lips, little slender neck, and his broad shoulders.

"Serozha!" she whispered in the child's ear.

He raised himself on his elbow, turned his frowzy head around, and trying to put things together, opened wide his eyes. For several seconds he looked with an inquiring face at his mother, who stood motionless before him. Then he suddenly smiled with joy, and with his eyes still half-closed in sleep, he threw himself, not back upon his pillow, but into his mother's arms.

"Serozha, my dear little boy!" she stammered, choking with tears, and throwing her loving arms around his plump body.

"Mamma!" he whispered, cuddling into his mother's arms so as to feel their encircling pressure. Smiling sleepily, he took his hand from the head of the bed and put it on his mother's shoulder and climbed into her lap, having that warm breath of sleep peculiar to children, and pressed his face to his mother's neck and shoulders.

"I knew," he said, opening his eyes; "to-day is my birthday; I knew that you would come. I am going to get up now."

And as he spoke he fell asleep again. Anna devoured him with her eyes. She saw how he had changed during her absence. She would scarcely have known his long legs coming below his nightgown, his hollow cheeks, his short hair curled in the neck where she had so often kissed it. She pressed him to her heart, and the tears prevented her from speaking.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" he asked, now entirely awake. "What makes you cry?" he repeated, ready to weep himself.

"I? I will not cry any more—it is for joy. It is all over now," said she, drying her tears and turning around. "*Nu!* go and get dressed," she added, after she had grown a little calmer, but still holding Serozha's hand. She sat down near the bed on a chair which held the child's clothing: "How do you dress without me? How"—she wanted to speak simply and gayly, but she could not, and again she turned her head away.

"I don't wash in cold water any more; papa has forbidden it: but you have not seen Vasíli Lukitch? Here he comes. But you are sitting on my things." And Serozha laughed heartily. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma! *dúshenka, golúbtchika!*" [dear little soul, darling], he cried again, throwing himself into her arms, as though he now better understood what had happened to him, as he saw her smile.

"Take it off," said he, pulling off her hat. And seeing her head bare, he began to kiss her again.

"What did you think of me? Did you believe that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You believed me alive, my precious?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" he replied, repeating his favorite phrase; and seizing the hand which was smoothing his hair, he pressed the palm of it to his little mouth, and began to kiss it.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

ALL her life Marie Bashkirtseff (1860–1884) was a victim to a wild thirst for fame; through music, literature and art she sought successively to find a road to glory. Dying in the full flush of ardent womanhood, she received the long-coveted reward, only when she lay in her tomb. Her "Journal," published a few years after her death, is a striking revelation of inner self—almost as startling, though not so scandalous, as Rousseau's "Confessions." In this "Journal" the world has the confession (in the particular case of a fierce-spirited girl) of that universal self-esteem, vanity, and gnawing hunger for fame which lies deep in human nature itself. The petted child of a family of social distinction, idolized by her mother and aunt; a charming lady to whom the butterfly-world of fashion had few closed doors; a gifted—indeed, too gifted—woman; Marie Bashkirtseff's restless spirit yearned incessantly to achieve something grand, that would make the whole world bow at her feet. Nothing was fine enough for her. "The offspring of Tartar nobles, with savage instincts lying like half-tamed wild beasts in the background of her consciousness," is Mathilde Blind's summary of her character, adding: "She was descended from owners of lands and serfs, and the instincts of command, the pride of power, the love of all things splendid, became part of her inheritance."

Later, studying art in a Parisian studio, she fell under the influence of Jules Bastien-Lepage, head of the new impressionistic school. She seems to have had a hero-worship for him, and to have lost herself to an appreciable degree in her growing love of art; and yet throughout all preserved her imperious personality. As a painter she acquired considerable success in the handling of Paris street scenes and gamins, sympathetically and half-pathetically treated. But her lifelong dream was of a great religious picture, which should show the two Marys mourning, as deprived of support and consolation, before the tomb of Jesus.

The following extract is from "Marie Bashkirtseff. The Journal of a Young Artist." Translated by M. J. Serrano. Copyright, 1889, by O. M. Dunham.

EXTRACT FROM HER JOURNAL.

NICE, *Wednesday, May 23, 1877.*—Oh, when I think that we have only a single life to live, and that every moment that passes brings us nearer death, I am ready to go distracted! I do not fear death, but life is so short that to waste it is infamous. . . . .

Ah, what a happy time youth is! With what happiness shall I look back, in times to come, on these days devoted to science and art! If I worked thus all the year round—but a day, or a week, as the chance may be! Natures so richly endowed as mine consume themselves in idleness.

I try to tranquillize my mind by the thought that I shall certainly begin work in earnest this winter. But the thought of my seventeen years makes me blush to the roots of my hair. Almost seventeen, and what have I accomplished? Nothing! This thought crushes me.

I think of all the famous men and women who acquired their celebrity late in life, in order to console myself; but seventeen years for a man are nothing, while for a woman they are equal to twenty-three for a man.

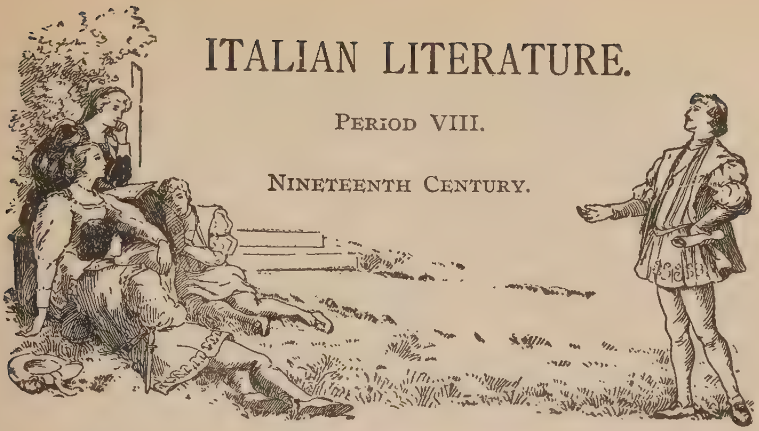
To go live in Paris, in the North, after this cloudless sky, these clear, calm nights! What can one desire, what can one hope for, after Italy! Paris—the heart of the civilized world, of the world of intellect, of genius, of fashion—naturally people go there, and remain there, and are happy there; it is even indispensable to go there, for a multitude of reasons, in order to return with renewed delight to the land beloved of God, the land of the blest, that enchanted, wondrous, divine land of the supreme beauty and magic charm, of which all that one could say would never equal the truth!

When foreigners come to Italy they ridicule its mean little towns and its lazzaroni, and they do this with some cleverness, and not without a certain show of reason. But forget for the moment that you are clever; forget that it is a mark of genius to turn everything into ridicule, and you will find, as I do, that tears will mingle with your laughter, and that you will wonder at all you see.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD VIII.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.



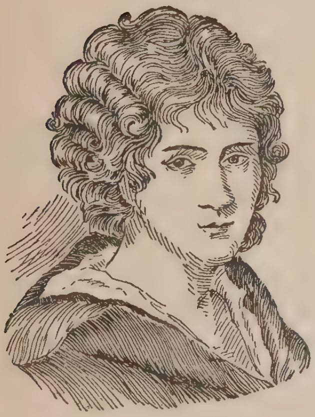
POLITICAL revolutions have strongly affected Italian literature throughout the greater part of the century. Alfieri adhered to the Classical school in form and endeavored to restore the writers of the Greek tragedy. But the Romantic school speedily prevailed, though the unique genius of Leopardi resisted the change of form. During the time that Napoleon swayed the destinies of the peninsula, Ugo Foscolo and Vincenzo Monti, belonging to Lombardy, were the chief poets. Monti passed like a shuttlecock from party to party during the convulsions of the state. After having won the favor of the Papal court by graceful odes, he denounced the French Revolution in his powerful epic, "Bassevilliana," then he settled at Milan under Napoleon's patronage and lauded the emperor in his tragedies. Yet when the Austrians returned, he celebrated the expulsion of the French. Though his old age was embittered with controversies and poverty, he continued to give proof of his splendid lyric power. Ugo Foscolo was a consistent Republican and accepted exile in London rather than renounce his opinions. Though an original poet of merit, his mission was rather to introduce a better knowledge of Italian literature into England.

When Austria had established its power in Northern Italy, freedom of thought was suppressed, yet there was a group of notable literary men at Milan who have become known as the School of Resignation. The greatest of these was Manzoni, who atoned for the infidelity of his early youth by the fervent Catholicism of his riper years. His poetic talents were devoted to sacred hymns, celebrating the Church festivals, and his dramatic ability was shown in spirited tragedies, but his real fame rests upon his masterly novel, "I Promessi Sposi," which is still regarded as the most characteristic Italian production of the century. "It satisfies us," said Goethe, "like perfectly ripe fruit." Though his life was prolonged fifty years after the publication of this great work, this modest valetudinarian practically accomplished nothing more of value, but endeavored to improve the diction of his masterpiece, by making it conform to Tuscan idiom. Some tragedies by the gentle Silvio Pellico, especially his "Francesca da Rimini," are still esteemed in Italy, but the world at large remembers him only by his pathetic narrative, "My Prisons," a searching revelation of Austrian despotism. Tommaso Grossi was a more versatile writer, best known by his satires and playful poems.

Hardly until 1825 did Florence, which had been the literary centre since the Renaissance, resume its former rank. Guerrazzi as a youth had enjoyed the friendship of Byron and was stirred to write historical novels on Italian themes in imitation of Sir Walter Scott's efforts for his native land. The grander genius of Niccolini recalled the events of his country's past in noble tragedies. Giuseppe Giusti, who possessed high genius as a lyrist, spent his force in political and social satires. He was the first of Italian satirists to reach and stir the hearts of the people. But great as were the merits of these writers, a greater still remains. Above them towered the unique melancholy Leopardi, doomed by ill health and adverse circumstances to spend his powers in unavailing remonstrances against the decrees of fate and the conventions of society. His poems are unsurpassed for refinement and beauty of form. His prose dialogues, written somewhat in imitation of Lucian, are devoted to the discussion of the inevitable misery of mankind, and are recognized examples of refined scholarly pessimism. While his writings show his determination to think ill of mankind as a whole; he had tender affection for certain individuals. With his view of the utter uselessness of human effort, Leopardi gave no help to the patriotic aspirations of his countrymen.

Northern Italy has still continued to produce literary men. Verona was the birthplace of Aleardi; the border of Tyrol produced Prati; Dall' Ongaro belongs to Trieste, the Austrian seaport. In contemporary literature Giosue Carducci claims the foremost place as a lyric poet; Gabriele D'Annunzio shines as a poet, but is more widely known as a realistic, erotic novelist. Edmondo D'Amicis by his picturesque books of travel has become a general favorite. Poets and novelists of the present day have abandoned the political themes of the early century and cultivate with success artistic literature.

UGO FOSCOLO.



THE Letters of Jacopo Ortis, which has been styled the Italian "Sorrows of Young Werther," was the first notable work of Ugo Foscolo (1777–1827). Jacopo was no mere sentimental swain, but a patriot with whose love-pangs was mingled grief for the misfortunes of his country. Foscolo, although a native of the isle of Zante, with Greek blood in his veins, and the pride of Greek ancestry, was also of Venetian descent, and in spirit an ardent Italian. Upon the fall of the oligarchic Republic of Venice, he addressed an ode to Bonaparte as the liberator. When that general, instead of making Venice a free republic, turned her over to Austria by the treaty of Campo Formo (October 17, 1797), Foscolo was painfully shocked. Nevertheless he did not entirely abandon hope of redress for his country from France. He became a volunteer in the French army, and was present at both the battle of Trebbia and the defence of Genoa under Masséna. While recovering from a wound, he put into shape his "Jacopo Ortis," the hero of which embodies the mental sufferings and suicide of an ardent Italian patriot. The character is said to have had an actual original in a young student at the University of Padua, while a true love disappointment of Foscolo's formed the basis of the love-tragedy in the romance.

In 1808 Foscolo was made Professor in the University of Pavia, but when he delivered an address to the students, bidding them seek in their studies an inspiration to patriotism, his independence provoked Napoleon to abolish all the chairs of eloquence in the Italian Universities. His tragedy of Ajax increased the emperor's dislike, and forced him to remove from Milan to Florence. On the restoration of Austrian dominion Foscolo retired to Switzerland, and later to England, where for a time he enjoyed high social distinction, and promoted the study of Italian literature by lectures and reviews. Yet he was reduced to poverty, and even committed to prison. When released, he had lost his friends. He died near London, after eleven years' residence in England. In 1871 his remains were carried back in honor to Florence, and buried in the Church of San Croce, beside the monuments of Machiavelli Alfiari, Galileo, and other great Italians. Foscolo was worthy of this tribute as a classic author, an inspirer of a new movement in his country's literature, and a prophet of Italian unity.

The most famous of his poems is "I Sepolcri" (The Sepulchres), in which he rebuked the Milanese for allowing the remains of Giuseppe Parini, author of the mock-heroic poem, "The Day," to be interred in a common burial ground with robbers. The leading idea of the poem, however, was to seek refuge from a degenerate present in a glorious past. Foscolo translated into Italian Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" after he had, while serving with the French, traversed much of the ground gone over by Yorick.

GREAT MEN'S MONUMENTS.

(From "The Sepulchres.")

THE aspiring soul is fired to lofty deeds
By great men's monuments,—and they make fair
And holy to the pilgrim's eye the earth
That has received their trust. When I beheld

The spot where sleeps enshrined that noble genius,
Who, humbling the proud sceptres of earth's kings,
Stripped thence the illusive wreaths, and showed the nations
What tears and blood defiled them,—when I saw
His mausoleum, who upreared in Rome
A new Olympus to the Deity,—
And his, who 'neath heaven's azure canopy
Saw worlds unnumbered roll, and suns unmoved
Irradiate countless systems,—treading first
For Albion's son, who soared on wings sublime,
The shining pathways of the firmament,—
"Oh, blest art thou, Etruria's Queen," I cried,
"For thy pure airs, so redolent of life,
And the fresh streams thy mountain summits pour
In homage at thy feet! In thy blue sky
The glad moon walks,—and robes with silver light
Thy vintage-smiling hills; and valleys fair,
Studded with domes and olive-groves, send up
To heaven the incense of a thousand flowers.
Thou, Florence, first didst hear the song divine
That cheered the Ghibelline's indignant flight.
And thou the kindred and sweet language gav'st
To him, the chosen of Calliope,
Who Love with purest veil adorning,—Love,
That went unrobed in elder Greece and Rome,—
Restored him to a heavenly Venus' lap.
Yet far more blest, that in thy fane repose
Italia's buried glories!—all, perchance,
She e'er may boast! Since o'er the barrier frail
Of Alpine rocks the overwhelming tide of Fate
Hath swept in mighty wreck her arms, her wealth,
Altars and country,—and, save memory,—all!"
Where from past fame springs hope of future deeds
In daring minds, for Italy enslaved,
Draw we our auspices. Arounds these tombs,
In thought entranced, Alfieri wandered oft,—
Indignant at his country, hither strayed
O'er Arno's desert plain, and looked abroad
With silent longing on the field and sky:
And when no living aspect soothed his grief,
Turned to the voiceless dead; while on his brow
There sat the paleness, with the hope of death.

With them he dwells forever; here his bones
Murmur a patriot's love. Oh, truly speaks
A god from his abode of pious rest!
The same which fired of old, in Grecian bosoms,
Hatred ot Persian foes at Marathon,
Where Athens consecrates her heroes gone.

SILVIO PELLICO.

Many famous men have suffered imprisonment, but rarely has their confinement been a direct cause of their fame. Silvio Pellico ranks high among the few who owe celebrity to their prisons. Born of wealthy parents at Saluzzo in Piedmont in 1789, he was well educated, and early devoted himself to literature. As a young man he enjoyed the friendship of Monti and Foscolo, and delighted all Italy with his tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini." But in his desire for the freedom of his country, he joined the Carbonari, and thereby became a victim of Austrian despotism. Arrested in October, 1820, he was put in prison at Milan, but was soon removed to the state prison at Venice. His trial in February, 1822, resulted in a sentence to death, but this was commuted to incarceration for fifteen years in the dungeons of Spielberg. In 1830, when the prisoner was almost reduced to death, he was discharged by the emperor's command. Pellico withdrew to Turin and resumed his literary pursuits. Among his tragedies is one on Sir Thomas More. But his unique work is "My Prisons," which has charmed every reader by its unaffected style, its tender pathos, and its Christian charity. He died in 1854 at the villa of Marchesa Barolo, to whom he had been librarian.

The Jailer's Daughter.

(From "My Prisons.")

As it was not always so easy an affair to get a reinforcement of paper, I was in the habit of committing my rough draughts to my table, or the wrapping-paper in which I received fruit and other articles. At times I would give away my dinner to the under-jailer, telling him that I had no appetite, and then requesting from him the favor of a sheet of paper. This was, however, only in certain exigencies, when my little table was full of writing, and I had not yet determined on clearing it away. I was often very hungry, and though the jailer had money of mine in his possession, I did not ask him to bring me anything to eat, partly lest he should suspect I had given away my dinner, and partly that the under-jailer might not find out that I had said what was not true when I assured him of my loss of appetite. In the evening I regaled myself with some strong coffee, and I entreated that it might be made by the little *Sioa* Zanze [affectionate abbreviation of Signora Angiola]. This was the jailer's daughter, who, if she could escape the lynx-eye of her sour mamma, was good enough to make it exceedingly good; so good, indeed, that, what with the emptiness of my stomach, it produced a kind of convulsion, which kept me awake the whole of the night.

In this state of gentle inebriation, I felt my intellectual faculties strangely invigorated; wrote poetry, philosophized, and prayed till morning with feelings of real pleasure. I then became completely exhausted, threw myself upon my bed, and, spite of the gnats that were continually sucking my blood, I slept an hour or two in profound rest.

I can hardly describe the peculiar and pleasing exaltation of mind which continued for nights together, and I left no means untried to secure the same means of continuing it. With this view I still refused to touch a mouthful of dinner, even when I was in no want of paper, merely in order to obtain my magic beverage for the evening.

How fortunate I thought myself when I succeeded; not unfrequently the coffee was not made by the gentle Angiola; and it was always vile stuff from her mother's hands. In this last case, I was sadly put out of humor, for instead of the electrical effect on my nerves, it made me wretched, weak, and hungry; I threw myself down to sleep, but was unable to close an eye. Upon these occasions I complained bitterly to Angiola, the jailer's daughter, and one day, as if she had been in fault, I scolded her so sharply that the poor girl began to weep, sobbing out, "Indeed, sir, I never deceived anybody, and yet everybody calls me a deceitful little minx."

"Everybody! Oh then, I see I am not the only one driven to distraction by your vile slops."

"I do not mean to say that, sir. Ah, if you only knew; if I dared to tell you all that my poor, wretched heart——"

"Well, don't cry so! What is all this ado? I beg your pardon, you see, if I scolded you. Indeed, I believe you would not, you could not, make me such vile stuff as this."

"Dear me! I am not crying about that, sir."

"You are not!" and I felt my self-love not a little mortified, though I forced a smile. "Are you crying, then, because I scolded you, and yet not about the coffee?"

"Yes, indeed, sir!"

"Ah! then who called you a little deceitful one before?"

"*He* did, sir."

"*He* did; and who is *he?*"

"My lover, sir;" and she hid her face in her little hands. Afterwards she ingenuously intrusted to my keeping, and I could not well betray her, a little serio-comic sort of pastoral romance, which really interested me.

From that day forth, I know not why, I became the adviser and confidant of this young girl, who returned and conversed with me for hours. She at first said, "You are so good, sir, that I feel just the same when I am here as if I were your own daughter."

"That is a very poor compliment," replied I, dropping her hand; "I am hardly yet thirty-two, and you look upon me as if I were an old father."

"No, no, not so; I mean as a brother, to be sure;" and she insisted upon taking hold of my hand with an air of the most innocent confidence and affection.

I am glad, thought I to myself, that you are no beauty; else, alas, this innocent sort of fooling might chance to disconcert me; at other times I thought it is lucky, too, she is so young, there could never be any danger of becoming attached to girls of her years. At other times, however, I felt a little uneasy, thinking I was mistaken in having pronounced her rather plain, whereas her whole shape and features were by no means wanting in proportion or expression. If she were not quite so pale, I said, and her face free from those marks, she might really pass for a beauty. It is impossible, in fact, not to find some charm in the presence and in the looks and voice of a young girl full of vivacity and affection. I had taken not the least pains to acquire her good-will; yet was I as dear to her as either a father or a brother, whichever title I preferred. And why? Only because she had read "Francesca da Rimini" and "Eufemio," and my poems, she said, had made her weep so often; then, besides, I was a solitary prisoner, without having, as she observed, either robbed or murdered anybody.

In short, when I had become attached to poor Maddalene, without once seeing her, how was it likely that I could remain indifferent to the sisterly assiduity and attentions, to the thousand pleasing little compliments, and to the most delicious cups of coffee of this young Venetian girl, my gentle little jailer? I should be trying to impose on myself, were I to attribute to my own prudence the fact of my not having fallen in love with Angiola. I did not do so, simply from the circumstance of her having already a lover of her own choosing, to whom she was desperately, unalterably attached. Heaven help me! if it had not been thus I should have found myself in a very *critical* position, indeed, for an author, with so little to keep alive his attention. The sentiment I felt for her was not, then, what is called love. I wished to see her happy, and that she might be united to the lover of her choice; I was not jealous, nor had I the remotest idea she could ever select me as the object of her regard. Still, when I heard my prison-door open, my heart began to beat in the hope it was my Angiola; and if she appeared not, I experienced a peculiar kind of vexation; when she really came my heart throbbed yet more violently, from a feeling of pure joy. Her parents, who had begun to entertain a good opinion of me, and were aware of her passionate regard for another, offered no opposition to the visits she thus made me, permitting her almost invariably to bring me my coffee in a morning, and not unfrequently in the evening.

There was altogether a simplicity and an affectionateness in her every word, look, and gesture, which were really captivating. She would say, "I am excessively attached to another, and yet I take such delight in being near you! When I am not in *his* company, I like being nowhere so well as here." (Here was another compliment.)

"And don't you know why?" inquired I.

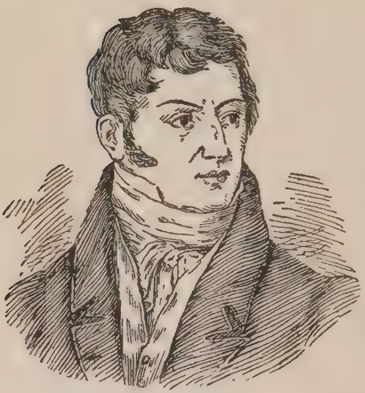
"I do not."

"I will tell you, then. It is because I permit you to talk about your lover."

"That is a good guess; yet still I think it is a good deal because I esteem you so very much!"

Poor girl! along with this pretty frankness she had that blessed sin of taking me always by the hand, and pressing it with all her heart, not perceiving that she at once pleased and disconcerted me by her affectionate manner. Thanks be to Heaven, that I can always recall this excellent little girl to mind without the least tinge of remorse.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.



THE Romantic School in Italian literature was founded by Alessandro Manzoni (1785–1873). His great masterpiece, "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed Lovers), was inspired by the romances of Sir Walter Scott, but the magnanimous Scott placed it before even his own novels and styled it an ideal romance. Manzoni was descended from the fierce feudal lords of Valsassina, and was thus an appropriate comrade with the mighty magician of "Waverly." But his mother belonged to the Beccaria family, which has some note in literature. "I Promessi Sposi" is not merely an historical novel or picture of the past. The author explores the innermost recesses of the human heart, and draws thence the most subtle motives for the movements of his characters. The ecclesiastical bias, due to his early training by the Barnabites, and the French coloring, due to his frequenting of Madame

Condorcet's salon, are also visible in the atmosphere of Manzoni's love-story. The scene is laid in Milan and the neighborhood of Como and the Italian lakes early in the seventeenth century. Renzo and his affianced Lucia are two simple, noble-spirited peasants, but around them Manzoni has woven a plot which involves the vices and virtues, customs and manners of that age. Renzo is cruelly victimized by Don Rodrigo, whom he eventually forgives. Lucia is assaulted by the stony-hearted Innominato in his castle. There is a friar, Fra Cristoforo, who has devoted himself to a life of holiness in penitence for one impulsive crime of his youth, and who does his utmost to rescue the sweet lovers from the devil's snares around them. Federigo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, is also a character of saintly beauty. A weak priest is introduced in Abbondio. Don Rodrigo falls a victim to the plague which ravaged Milan and its vicinity in 1630. Manzoni gives a powerful description of this plague, which emulates the work of the great historian Thucydides, the poet Lucretius, and the novelists Boccaccio and Defoe. From use of the original memoirs, he was enabled to paint the terrible picture in the most vivid, breathing colors. Later on he wrote as a sequel to his romance the story of the "Colonna Infame" (The Column of Infamy), a monument erected on the site of the dwelling of a Milanese suspected of having spread this plague by means of poison. The people of Milan had been unable to comprehend the true significance of the plague, and a rumor was circulated by certain miscreants to the effect that it was due to secret poison rubbed on the walls of the houses. The angry mob pulled down the house of the unfortunate man accused of being the arch-conspirator in the crime. Manzoni proved, in his historical study, how utterly idle the scandal was, and traced its origin and development. Critics have complained somewhat of the excessive ideality of Manzoni's romance, but in such of its characters as Agnese he has displayed a pleasant and humorous realism. His great work he revised most laboriously in accordance with the Tuscan idiom.

Manzoni also enriched Italian literature, if not the Italian stage, with two tragedies—"Il Conte di Carmagnole" and

"Adelchi." The latter treats of the expedition of Charlemagne against the last of the Longobardian chiefs (772–774). Under the veil of the Lombard domination in Italy Manzoni gave his view of the existing Austrian domination. He also warned Italy to hope for no foreign rescuer. In "The Count of Carmagnola" he depicted a picturesque Venetian Condottiero of the fourteenth century. Manzoni's literary motto was "True history, true morals." In these he believed lies the widest and the eternal source of the beautiful. His realism was of this type, idealized by noble sentiment.

Manzoni in early life had been a follower of Voltaire, but was brought back to Catholicism by his wife, the beautiful daughter of a Genevese banker. This new religious experience enriched Catholic poetry, for Manzoni was inspired to compose a series of "Inni" (Hymns) for the various Christian festivals. He thus celebrated "The Resurrection," "The Name of Mary," "The Nativity," "The Passion," and "Pentecost." But even in these sacred poems, the poet did not fail to manifest his aspirations for social progress. For instance, in "The Nativity" he sings a sublime vision of a Christian democracy, and in "The Resurrection" he chants the triumph of innocence over oppression. He thus became, in his lyrics, a champion of the purest and most sublime morality. His most famous ode is that called "Cinque Maggio" (The Fifth of May) on the death of Napoleon.

Manzoni stands in marked contrast with his great contemporary, the pessimist Leopardi. Manzoni was always serene and had faith in the divine government of the world. After the publication of his great novel, in 1822, and its sequel, he wrote but little. His wife died in 1833, and though he married again, he outlived his second wife and most of his children, dying at Milan at the age of eighty-eight. His funeral was attended with all the manifestations of natural grief, and Verdi wrote a noble *Requiem* in his honor. Manzoni's private character was in perfect accord with the best utterances of his genius. Though his poetry is celebrated for its lofty fervor, it is as a prose-writer, and especially as the author of "I Promessi Sposi," that he has attained his unique place in the literature of Italy and the world.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

(From "The Fifth of May." Napoleon died May 5, 1821.)

HE was.—As motionless, as lay,
First mingled with the dead,
The relics of the senseless clay,
Whence such a soul had fled,—
The Earth astounded holds her breath,
Struck with the tidings of his death:
She pauses the last hour to see
Of the dread Man of Destiny;
Nor knows she when another tread,
Like that of the once mighty dead,
Shall such a foot-print leave impressed
As his, in blood, upon her breast.

I saw him blazing on his throne,
Yet hailed him not: by restless fate
Hurled from the giddy summit down,
Resume again his lofty state:
Saw him at last forever fall,
Still mute amid the shouts of all:
Free from base flattery, when he rose;
From baser outrage, when he fell:
Now his career has reached its close;
My voice is raised the truth to tell,
And o'er its exiled urn will try
To pour a strain that shall not die.

From Alps to Pyramids were thrown
His bolts, from Scylla to the Don,
From Manzanares to the Rhine,
From sea to sea, unerring hurled;
And ere the flash had ceased to shine,
Burst on their aim,—and shook the world.
Was this true glory? The high doom
Must be pronounced by times to come:
For us we bow before His throne,
Who willed, in gifting mortal clay
With such a spirit, to display
A grander impress of his own.

His was the stormy, fierce delight
To dare adventure's boldest scheme;
The soul of fire that burned for might,
And could of naught but empire dream;
And his the indomitable will
That dream of empire to fulfill,
  And to a greatness to attain
'Twere madness to have hoped to gain:
All these were his; nor these alone;
Flight, victory, exile, and the throne;
Twice in the dust by thousands trod,
Twice on the altar as a god.

Two ages stood in arms arrayed,
Contending which should victor be:
He spake: his mandate they obeyed,
And bowed to hear their destiny.
He stepped between them, to assume
The mastery and pronounce their doom;
  Then vanished, and inactive wore
Life's remnant out on that lone shore.
What envy did his palmy state,
What pity his reverses move,
Object of unrelenting hate,
And unextinguishable love!

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

(From "The Betrothed.")

DON ABBONDIO [the priest] was sitting in an old armchair, wrapped in a dilapidated dressing-gown, with an ancient cap on his head, which made a frame all round his face. By the faint light of a small lamp the two thick white tufts of hair which projected from under the cap, his bushy white eyebrows, moustache, and pointed beard all seemed, on his brown and wrinkled face, like bushes covered with snow on a rocky hillside seen by moonlight.

"Ah! ah!" was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles and put them into the book he was reading.

"Your Reverence will say we are late in coming," said Tonio, bowing, as did Gervaso, but more awkwardly.

"Certainly it is late—late in every way. Do you know that I am ill?"

"Oh! I am very sorry, sir!"

"You surely must have heard that I am ill, and don't know when I can see any one. . . . But why have you brought that—that fellow with you?"

"Oh! just for company, like, sir!"

"Very good—now let us see."

"There are twenty-five new *berlinghe*, sir—those with Saint Ambrose on horseback on them," said Tonio, drawing a folded paper from his pocket.

"Let us see," returned Abbondio, and taking the paper, he put on his spectacles, unfolded it, took out the silver pieces, turned them over and over, counted them and found them correct.

"Now, your Reverence, will you kindly give me my Teckla's necklace?"

"Quite right," replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he unlocked it, and having first looked round, as if to keep away any spectators, opened one side, stood in front of the open door, so that no one could see in, put in his head to look for the pledge, and his arm to take it out, and, having extracted it, locked the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, said interrogatively, "All right?" wrapped it up again and handed it over to Tonio.

"Now," said the latter, "would you please let me have a little black and white, sir?"

"This, too!" exclaimed Don Abbondio; "they are up to every trick! Eh! how suspicious the world has grown! Can't you trust me?"

"How, your Reverence, not trust you? You do me wrong! But as my name is down on your book, on the debtor side, . . . and you have already had the trouble of writing it once, so . . . in case anything were to happen, you know . . ."

"All right, all right," interrupted Don Abbondio, and, grumbling to himself, he opened the table drawer, took out pen, paper and inkstand, and began to write, repeating the words out loud as he set them down. Meanwhile, Tonio, and, at a sign from him, Gervaso, placed themselves in front of the table, so as to prevent the writer from seeing the door, and, as if in mere idleness, began to move their feet about noisily on the floor, in order to serve as a signal to those outside, and, at the same time, to deaden the sound of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent on his work, noticed nothing. Renzo and Lucia, hearing the signal, entered on tiptoe, holding their breath, and stood close behind the two brothers. Meanwhile, Don Abbondio, who had finished writing, read over the document attentively, without raising his eyes from the paper, folded it and saying, "Will you be satisfied now?" took off his spectacles with one hand, and held out the sheet to Tonio with the other. Tonio, while stretching out his hand to take it, stepped back on one side, and Gervaso, at a sign from him, on the other, and between the two appeared Renzo and Lucia. Don Abbondio saw them, started, was dumfoundered, became furious, thought it over, and came to a resolution, all in the time that Renzo took in uttering these words: "Your Reverence, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife!" His lips had not yet ceased moving when Don Abbondio let fall the receipt, which he was holding in his left hand, raised the lamp and seizing the table-cloth with his right hand, dragged it violently towards him, throwing book, papers and inkstand to the ground, and, springing between the chair and table, approached Lucia. The poor girl, with her sweet voice all trembling, had only just been able to say "This is . . ." when Don Abbondio rudely flung the table-cloth over her head, and immediately dropping the lamp which he held in his other hand, used the latter to wrap it tightly round her face, nearly suffocating her, while he roared at the top of his voice, like a wounded bull, "Perpetua! Perpetua! treason! help!" When the light was out the priest let go his hold of the girl, went groping about for the door leading into an inner room, and, having found it, entered and locked himself in, still shouting, "Perpetua! treason! help! get out of this house! get out of this house!" In the other room all was confusion; Renzo, trying to catch the priest, and waving his hands about as though he had been playing at blindman's buff, had reached the door and kept knocking, crying out, "Open! open! don't make a noise!" Lucia called Renzo in a feeble voice, and said supplicatingly, "Let us go! do let us go!" Tonio was down on his hands and knees, feeling about the floor to find his receipt, while Gervaso jumped about and yelled like one possessed, trying to get out by the door leading to the stairs.

In the midst of this confusion we cannot refrain from a momentary reflection. Renzo, raising a noise by night in another man's house, which he had surreptitiously entered, and keeping its owner besieged in an inner room, has every appearance of being an oppressor,—yet, after all, when you come to look at it, he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, surprised, put to flight, frightened out of his wits while quietly attending to his own business, would seem to be the victim; and yet in reality, it was he who did the wrong. So goes the world, as it often happens; at least, so it used to go in the seventeenth century.

VINCENZO MONTI.

OTHER poets have been turncoats, but few passed through so many changes of party and profession as Vincenzo Monti (1754–1826). At first he was merely a shepherd of the Arcadian school, but the French Revolution converted him into a democrat and patriotic poet. When, however, Napoleon was crowned Emperor, Monti hailed him in his "Prometeo" and "Musagonia," and received as his reward a pension and a professorship in the University of Pavia. When shortly afterward (1815) the Austrians came back to Milan, the erstwhile Napoleonic idolater celebrated without compunction "the wise, the just, the best of kings, Francis Augustus," who "in war was a whirlwind, and in peace a zephyr." The most charitable verdict on Monti is that he was, after all, a poet and not a patriot, one who reflected in verse the appearances and shows of the hour, and to whom Pius VI., Napoleon and Francis II. were mere passing shadows. He attacked the Papacy in "Fanatismo" and "Superstizione." His great fame is based on his early epic poem, "Bassevilliana." Ugo Basseville was secretary of the French Legation at Naples, who appeared in Rome with the tri-color of the Republic and was killed by the enraged populace. In Monti's epic Basseville repents of his republicanism in his dying moments, and the poet reviews in several cantos the woes which the Revolution has brought upon France and the world. The most admired episode is the description of poor Louis XVI.'s ascent into heaven from the scaffold. Later when attacked for the sentiments of this Dantesque poem Monti utterly repudiated them, declaring that he wrote the epic in order to save himself from a similar fate as being a friend of Basseville's.

THE SOUL'S ASCENSION.

(From "The Bassevilliana.")

HELL had been vanquished in the battle fought;
The spirit of the abyss in sullen mood
Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching naught;
He roared like lion famishing for food;
The Eternal he blasphemed, and, as he fled,
Loud hissed around his brow the snaky brood.
Then timidly each opening pinion spread
The soul of Basseville, on new life to look,
Released from members with his heart's blood red.
Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
The soul turned sudden back to gaze awhile,
And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.
But the blessed angel, with a heavenly smile,
Cheering the soul it had been his to win
In dreadful battle waged 'gainst demon vile,
Said, "Welcome, happy spirit, to thy kin!
Welcome unto that company, fair and brave,
To whom in heaven remitted is each sin!
"Fear not; thou art not doomed to sip the wave
Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
All hope of change, becomes the demon's slave.
"But Heaven's high justice, nor in mercy blind,
Nor in severity scrupulous to gauge
Each blot, each wrinkle, of the human mind,
"Has written on the adamantine page
That thou no joys of Paradise may'st know,
Till punished be of France the guilty rage.
"Meanwhile, the wounds, the immensity of woe,
That thou hast helped to work, thou, penitent,
Contemplating with tears, o'er earth must go:

"Thy sentence, that thine eyes be ceaseless bent
Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
The stench pollutes the very firmament."

GIAMBATTISTA NICCOLINI.

GIAMBATTISTA NICCOLINI (1782–1861) succeeded to the work and fame of Alfieri. He was the penniless son of a cavalier of Pistoia, and became the great democratic tragedian of his country. His two most brilliant and effective dramas were "Giovanni da Procida," which treats of the expulsion of the French from Sicily and ends with the Sicilian Vespers, and "Arnaldo da Brescia," in which he reveals an emphatically anti-papal spirit. In the former tragedy he lashes the Austrian oppressors of Italy in the French oppressors of Sicily, and in the latter play he practically warns his countrymen not to look to Pope Pius IX. as a possible saviour of Italy. He shows how Nicholas Breakspear, Pope Adrian IV. (whom he severely characterizes), stooped to a meek league with the German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in order to secure possession of Arnaldo. The hero of his tragedy was really more deserving of praise than the later Savonarola, and may be classed with the leaders of the Reformation, though he preceded them by nearly four hundred years. Born in Lombardy in 1105 and educated at Abelard's famous school in France, Arnaldo attacked the papal claims of temporal power within the very priesthood, and when banished from Italy for this boldness he became a defender of Abelard against St. Bernard. Returning to Rome he was upheld by the Senate in his patriotic struggle against the Pope, but was at last exiled when the Pontiff laid the rebellious city under an interdict. For a time he was shielded in secrecy by a count of Campagna, but was delivered over to the Emperor by the spies, his body burnt at the stake, and his ashes given to the historic Tiber (1155). Niccolini's tragedy opens on the Capitoline hill and events move on in serried force to the catastrophe. The diction is full of eloquence, and the tragic sentiment brave and robust. In "Giovanni da Procida," the woes of Sicily were so irresistibly applied to Italy that the audiences in the crowded theatre rose nightly and echoed the words:

"Why should heaven smile so glorious over
The land of our infamous woe?"

A chorus of Sicilian poets was introduced by Niccolini in the square of Palermo, just previous to the massacre of the French. Another of his tragedies, "Antonio Foscarini," treats a theme which has been handled also by Byron.

THE FOSCARINI.

(Antonio Foscarini meets his father, the Doge of Venice, after his return from Switzerland.)

Doge. Once more in thine embrace
I weep glad tears, and feast my weary eyes
On thy dear face again. We'll part no more!
Thy father gains, though the republic lose thee.
Antonio. Better for me to live my life apart
From cares of state, and only seek repute
For household virtues, in a land like this,
Where the fierce mastery of the few still makes
The crown a chastisement. Alas! how changed,
Father! I find thee now. Thou hast put on
The purple of the slave; this palace wall,
This city's self, thy prison; first to serve,
Last to command, here men have learned to scorn
The sovereign in the Doge, and he is grown
A wholesome butt for rude patrician pride,
As was the drunken Helot of old time
The laughing-stock for Spartan boys!
Doge. . . . . Not so!
This yoke exalts its wearer; here, the law
Rules over all; and I, my son! am throned
In pomp, a king—a citizen in power!
Ant. Oh, thou art worthy of a better age,
A better people. Answer, on thy truth,
Is this a Commonwealth?—this State where man
Exists but lives not, or where so-called life
Is an unending terror which o'errules
Noble and clown alike, and each aspires
To grow a tyrant from a voiceless slave?

Doge. The old reproach! Thou hast been taught to rail
Against the State thou darest to disturb,
By the example of Helvetian boors.
But the free bounty of Italia's clime
Disdains the virtues bred from penury . . .
True! in the few lives manhood; all the rest
Are a mere herd: yet where one fear restrains
Patrician and plebeian, *there* is Venice!
Ant. She needs not tremble if she count her tyrants.
What path a people grown corrupt may tread
From its old vices back to liberty
I know not, Doge! but how canst thou extol—
Thou, soldier, and thou, sire—the cruel sway
Which punishes a thought more than a crime,
And muffles justice up to seem revenge?
Doge. Her fame and not her force it is defends
Our city 'gainst her foes; and I commend
The rule that keeps us scathless.
Ant. . . . . To such praise
The shriek of unknown victims, done to death
By unknown tyrants, can make no reply.
The livid wave that spreads so listlessly
Between this fatal palace and the prisons,
Hangs moaning o'er their miserable heads,
Stifling the echo that but tells of pain.
Here with mute foot goes death about his work,
And bloodshed leaves no stain upon the floor!
Doge. Ours is the pain. The subject crowd enjoys
The sway thou dar'st condemn, and deems in us,
Who tremble while we reign, its wrongs avenged.
The State, be sure, could not endure a change.
I see no glut of punishment; but wealth,
Banquet and dance, and show, and tranquil days
Make Venice glad. . . .
Ant. Ay! thou too wouldst infer
A prostrate people's gladness from its vices.
There is a slavery that hath no bonds,
No bloodshed. There's a prudent tyranny
Which pardons—and degrades. Out of thy heart
The lazy despot's mean example steals
All manliness. 'Tis that depraves the soul
Even while it keeps it down. The base excess

Of joyless pleasure doth but sate and shame
The low-born crowd. Ah! manhood hath been waked
Ere now by chains and stripes; but worst of all,
The tyrant who destroys men with a sleep!

F. D. GUERRAZZI.

THOUGH prominent among the republican agitators of Italy, Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi (1804-1873) is chiefly known by his spirited historical romances. Born at Livorno (Leghorn), he studied law at Pisa, and there was inspired by Byron to engage in literary pursuits. His first novel, "The Battle of Benevento" (1827), stirred the hearts of his countrymen. His ardent republicanism involved him in a conspiracy for which he suffered imprisonment and banishment to Elba; but he improved the time by producing other romances, "The Siege of Florence" and "Isabella Orsini," which called forth great enthusiasm. Again in 1844 he was exiled, but during the revolution of 1848 he became President of the Council of Ministers, and in 1849, along with Montanelli and Mazzini, triumvir and dictator of Tuscany. This government was soon overthrown, and, after four years' imprisonment, Guerrazzi was sentenced to perpetual banishment. Meantime he defended his course in his "Apologia" (1851). While residing in Corsica his restless energy drove him to write his famous "Beatrice Cenci" (1854) and other stories. Later, at Genoa, he issued "The Italian Plutarch," and various historical, biographical and satirical works. When the kingdom of Italy was formed in 1870 the veteran Guerrazzi was sent as deputy to Parliament. His last work, "The Dying Century," was written at a seashore villa, at Cecinà, near Leghorn. He died September 25, 1873.

BEATRICE CENCI.

BEATRICE was beautiful as the thought of God when he was moved to create the mother of all living. Love with his rosy hands delineated the soft curves of her delicate face, and pressing his fingers on the chin, to contemplate his lovely work, he left there the dimple, true mark of love. Her mouth was like a flower freshly culled in Paradise, breathing a divine fragrance, and giving to her countenance an expression more than human, as the ancients sung, a fragrance of ambrosia revealed to mortals the presence of a god. Her eyes often sought heaven, and fixed themselves there as if with a desire either of looking upon her home, to which she was soon to return, or to discover there some mysterious signs, revealed to her alone, or because the maternal spirit beckoned her on to it.

Where does the body of Beatrice now rest? From the church of St. Pietro, in Montorio, the Transfiguration of Rafael has disappeared, and with it the tombstone of the betrayed girl. The picture of the Transfiguration, placed in a worthier situation, still receives the homage of posterity, while the devout pilgrim searches in vain for the sepulchre of Beatrice.

Let the pilgrim whom love may urge to go to St. Pietro in Montorio, stop before the greater altar, behind the balustrade there, at the foot of the steps of the altar. Let him look upon the flat, broad stone of Pentelic marble, and read:—"Underneath this stone sleep in peace the bones of Beatrice Cenci, a maiden of sixteen years, condemned by Pope Clement VIII., Vicar of Christ, to an ignominious death for parricide, not committed."

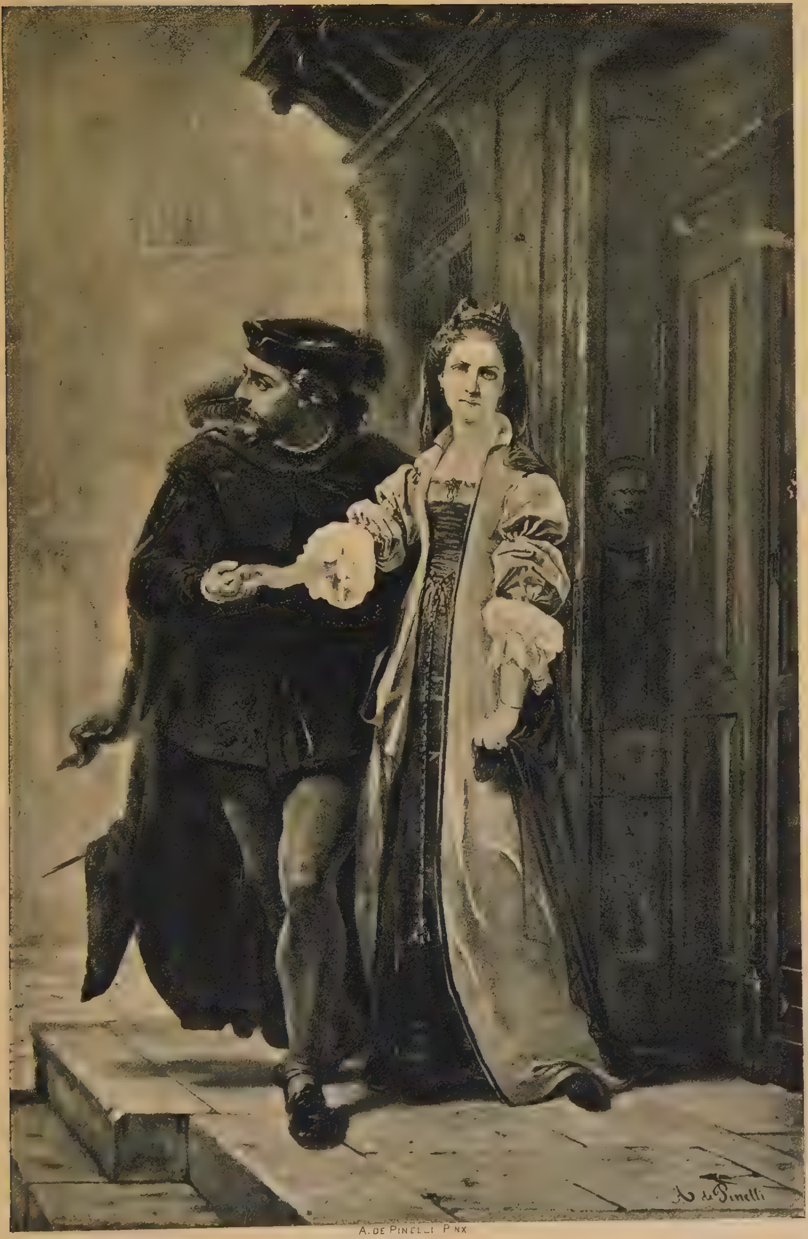
ISABELLA ORSINI.

It is an historical fact that Isabella, Duchess of Bracciano, was not only an authoress, a poetess, and a composer, but she was also an improvisatrice. She wrote and spoke fluently in Latin, French and Spanish. In drawing, and in every accomplishment that belongs to her high station, and in every lady-like elegance and refinement, she was so perfect as to be rightly esteemed more wonderful than rare. Blessed might she have been could she have used such rich gifts of nature, and high cultivation, to render her life happy, and her memory immortal.

Apostrophe to Italy.

(From "The Battle of Benevento.")

Did a human being ever exist who would deny the Italian sky to be the most pure and serene that ever rejoiced in the smile of God? or who, when the first son of nature is vested in his most pompous rays, has not felt his mind kindled by the greatness of those who are no more? The impression of whose names are upon the soul, even as the abiding harmony of the harp that has ceased to be played upon? Who has not been prostrated before that planet of life, which, abandoning night to the dominion of Heaven, salutes it from the confines of the ocean? Who would not implore to remain within its celestial abode? But if he departs at night, he returns with the morning; he sees centuries disappear into eternity, generations pursued to the tomb, amid infinite vicissitudes of virtue and crime. Briefly fell its light upon the honor of Italy; long upon her grief and her reproach. Alas! never could I have believed the people would have died the death of the individual. Beautiful art thou, O sky of Italy! the day and the night rejoices thee; truly thou art a divine work. Thou wert the requisite canopy; but now—thy brave are dead, thy monuments dispersed, and fame itself vanished.—Why, O sky, art thou not changed in thy turn? Beauty's funeral mantle is not obscured; the people ornament it with the flowers of joy, and try to deceive themselves over a life that is no more. Where are the sighs and farewells that descended into their graves, not as to departed ones, but as to the long absent? The eternal wisdom that governs the creation grants this beautiful sky to Italy, whose splendid graves bear testimony to its day of glory, and draws courage from the remembrance for misfortune yet distant. And the earth!—every clod contains the ashes of the heart of a hero. We step upon the dust of the great. It better became us that our steps were buried beneath that dust! May this age pass away without being commemorated in history! May posterity leave us the only inheritance of which we are desirous—oblivion.


A. de Pinelli

A. DE PINELLI PINX

BIANCA CAPELLO AND LORENZO DE MEDICI.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

PESSIMISM found its most thrilling and most sorrowful voice in the poetry of Giacomo Leopardi (1798–1837). The sorrow of life, which the German Schopenhauer later embodied in a definite philosophy, was the burden of Leopardi's utterance. It has been pronounced "the most agonizing cry in modern literature, uttered with a solemn quietness that at once elevates and terrifies us." In this poetry of despair Leopardi surpasses even Byron and Shelley. But Mr. William Dean Howells interprets Leopardi's muse in its national aspect. "Leopardi seems to have been the poet of a national mood; he was the final expression of that long, hopeless apathy in which Italy lay bound for thirty years after the fall of Napoleon and his governments, and the re-establishment of all the little despots, native and foreign, throughout the peninsula. In this time there was unrest enough, and revolt enough of a desultory and unorganized sort, but every struggle, apparently every aspiration, for a free political and religious life, ended in a more solid confirmation of the leaden misrule which weighed down the hearts of the people. To such an apathy the pensive monotone of the sick poet's song might well seem the only truth."

The melancholy life of Leopardi is thus summed up by the Neapolitan writer, Francesco de Sanctis: "In his boyhood Leopardi saw his youth vanish forever; he lived obscure, and achieved posthumous envy and renown; he was rich and noble, and he suffered from want and despite; no woman's love ever smiled upon him, the solitary lover of his own mind, to which he gave the names of Sylvia, Aspasia, and Nerina. Therefore, with a precocious and bitter penetration, he held what we call happiness to be illusions and deceits of fancy; the objects of our desire he called idols, our labors idleness, and everything vanity. Thus he saw nothing here below equal to his own intellect, or that was worthy the throb of his heart; and inertia, rust, as it were, even more than pain, consumed his life, alone in what he called this formidable desert of the world."

In plain prose, Leopardi was a sensitive soul doomed to such early unsympathetic environment and such later lack of events for enthusiasm that he became the victim of a painful ennui. Born at Recanati—one of the dullest of dull little Italian towns—he was reared by a narrow-minded father, who crushed his aspirations and dreams both of liberty and love in youth. Neglected in a literary way, he was allowed to ruin his eyes and make himself almost a hunchback over the books in his father's well-stocked library. He thus managed, by his precocious genius, to emerge one of the greatest philologists and critics of the Italy of his day, but—as Niebuhr saw him—"a mere youth, pale and shy, frail in person, and obviously in ill health." Though permitted to leave the prison of his home, Leopardi was forced by his father to live most penuriously, and Niebuhr could secure for him no Italian office, because he was not a cleric. Before leaving Recanati he had lost his heart to a poor loom girl in a cottage opposite his father's palace, but that stern sire had promptly snuffed out this romantic first love. The young girl died, and her memory gave a melancholy tinge to all Leopardi's life and poetry. A second love tragedy occurred in Florence; only this time the beloved lady is reported to have scorned her wooer. The Florentine ladies are said to have made general mock of the unprepossessing young pessimist.

Leopardi's own progress in pessimism may be thus outlined: first, a view of the ills of the human race as a result of the degeneration of human nature; then, as due to the woe itself of humanity; and, lastly, as a curse laid on mankind by both God and nature. But, as has already been insisted, pessimism was with Leopardi not a philosophy but a sentiment and habit of mind. His general pessimism was embodied, however, in the "Operette Morali" (Moral Works). His "Bruto Minore" is also a condensation of his own despair. In the biography of Filippo Ottonieri, he sketches the life and views of an imaginary philosopher who really represents himself. In his poems he pictures the Icelander complaining of nature, the soul rebuking Creation, and the human spirit denouncing the elusive shade of happiness. In "La Ginestra" he compares the littleness of man to the immensity of Vesuvius and nature. His sentiments are somewhat trite to modern view, but his verse still remains exquisite and limpid—the jewel casket that holds a skull. Among the poems of Leopardi's worthy of note are his "Ode to Italy," and his tribute to Dante, which brought him his earliest fame, at the time when Florence was erecting a statue to her exiled son. Leopardi also wrote a "Sequel to the [pseudo-Homeric] Battle of Frogs and Mice," in which he satirizes the abortive Neapolitan revolution of 1820.

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

Thou peaceful night, thou chaste and silver ray
Of the declining Moon; and thou, arising
Amid the quiet forest on the rocks,
Herald of day; O cherished and endeared,
Whilst Fate and Doom were to my knowledge closed,
Objects of sight! No lovely land or sky
Doth longer gladden my despairing mood.
By unaccustomed joy we are revived
When o'er the liquid spaces of the Heavens
And o'er the fields alarmed doth wildly whirl
The tempest of the winds, and when the car,
The ponderous car of Jove, above our heads
Thundering, divides the heavy air obscure.
O'er mountain peaks and o'er abysses deep
We love to float amid the swiftest clouds;
We love the terror of the herds dispersed,
The streams that flood the plain,
And the victorious, thunderous fury of the main.

Fair is thy sight, O sky divine, and fair
Art thou, O dewy Earth! Alas! of all
This beauty infinite, no slighest part
To wretched Sappho did the Gods or Fate
Inexorable give. Unto thy reign
Superb, O Nature, an unwelcome guest
And a disprized adorer doth my heart
And do mine eyes implore thy lovely forms;
But all in vain. The sunny land around
Smiles not for me, nor from ethereal gates
The blush of early dawn; not me the songs

Of brilliant-feathered birds, not me the trees
Salute with murmuring leaves; and where in shade
Of drooping willows doth a liquid stream
Display its pure and crystal course, from my
Advancing foot the soft and flowing waves
Withdrawing with affright,
Disdainfully it takes through flowery dell its flight.

What fault so great, what guiltiness so dire
Did blight me ere my birth, that adverse grew
To me the brow of fortune and the sky?
How did I sin, a child, when ignorant
Of wickedness is life, that from that time
Despoiled of youth and of its fairest flowers,
The cruel Fates wove with relentless wrath
The web of my existence? Reckless words
Rise on thy lips; the events that are to be
A secret council guides. Secret is all,
Our agony excepted. We were born,
Neglected race, for tears; the reason lies
Amid the Gods on high. O cares and hopes
Of early years! To beauty did the Sire,
To glorious beauty an eternal rèign
Give o'er this human kind; for warlike deed,
For learned lyre or song,
In unadornèd shape, no charms to fame belong.

Ah! let us die. The unworthy garb divested,
The naked soul will take to Dis its flight
And expiate the cruel fault of blind
Dispensers of our lot. And thou for whom
Long love in vain, long faith, and fruitless rage
Of unappeased desire assailed my heart,
Live happily, if happily on earth
A mortal yet hath lived. Not me did Jove
Sprinkle with the delightful liquor from
The niggard urn, since of my childhood died
The dreams and fond delusions. The glad days
Of our existence are the first to fly;
And then disease and age approach, and last,
The shade of frigid Death. Behold! of all
The palms I hoped for and the errors sweet,

Hades remains; and the transcendent mind
Sinks to the Stygian shore
Where sable Night doth reign, and silence evermore.

THE VILLAGERS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

FROM copse and glade the maiden takes her way
When in the west the setting sun reposes;
She gathered flowers; her slender fingers bear
A fragrant wealth of violets and roses,
And with their beauty she will deck her hair,
Her lovely bosom with their leaves entwine;
Such is her wont on every festive day.
The aged matron sits upon the steps
And with her neighbors turns the spinning wheel,
Facing the heavens where the rays decline;
And she recalls the years,—
The happy years when on the festive day
It was her wont her beauty to array,
And when amidst her lovers and compeers
In youth's effulgent pride
Her rapid feet through mazy dance did glide.

The sky already darkens, and serene
The azure vault its loveliness reveals;
From hill and tower a lengthened shadow steals
In silvery whiteness of the crescent moon.
We hear the distant bell
Of festive morrow tell;
To weary hearts how generous a boon!
The happy children in the open space
In dancing numbers throng
With game and jest and song;
And to his quiet home and simple fare
The laborer doth repair
And whistles as he goes,
Glad of the morrow that shall bring repose.

Then, when no other light around is seen,
No other sound or stir,
We hear the hammer strike,
The grating saw of busy carpenter;
He is about and doing, so unlike

His quiet neighbors; his nocturnal lamp
With helpful light the darkened workshop fills,
And he makes haste his business to complete
Ere break of dawn the heavenly regions greet.

This of the seven is the happiest day,
With hope and joyance gay;
To-morrow grief and care
The unwelcome hours will in their progress bear;
To-morrow one and all
In thought their wonted labors will recall.

O merry youth! Thy time of life so gay
Is like a joyous and delightful day,—
A day clear and serene
That doth the approaching festival precede
Of thy fair life. Rejoice! Divine indeed
Is this fair day, I ween.
I'll say no more; but when it comes to thee,
Thy festival, may it not evil be.

GIUSEPPE GIUSTI.

The satirist of the Italy that witnessed and was affected by the French Revolution of 1830, was the Tuscan, Giuseppe Giusti (1809–1850), whom Mr. Howells regards as not only "the greatest Italian satirist of this century," but as even "in some respects, the greatest Italian poet." Giusti's "St. Ambrose" has been justly declared to be "not only very perfect as a bit of art, with its subtly intended and apparently capricious mingling of satirical and pathetic sentiment, but valuable for its vivid expression of Italian feeling toward the Austrians." A curious poem of his, "The Land of the Dead," is an ironic retort to Lamartine, who thus described Italy.

Student Days.

Ah! well I remember
That long-ago day,
When, with comrades around me
In goodly array,
I took my diploma
In Pisa's old halls,
And heavy at heart,
Bid adieu to its walls,
And those friends leal and true,
A gay, dare-devil crew.

I entered the café
Heart-weary and sore,
Discharged a last reck'ning
For self and a score;
Then out with three *paoli*,
An old debt to pay,
And mounting my car
I was off and away,
With my head swimming round
And my eyes on the ground.

Four years quickly sped
In companionship free,
With the wit Nature gives
To the harebrained in fee:
All our text-books laid by
In a corner aside.
How the great Book of Life
At a glance opens wide,
And entices the eye
Its first lessons to try!

You may con tome by tome
All that learning can span,
And be dubbed LL.D.,
Yet be never a man.
If within your four walls
You learn action alone,
You will stumble, be sure,
On the first outer stone.
From doing to talking
'Tis pretty wide walking.

Excuse me! I honor
All schools of advice:
A lecture-room teaches,
And so do the dice:
If wandering shows us
The world's devious ways,
Then a vagabond life
Of all lives I will praise.
Ah! what wisdom may couch
In a negligent slouch.

Once threadbare our jacket,
And hearty our greeting:
"Hail fellow! well met,"
At the very first meeting.
Virgin-lips in those years
That may ne'er come again;
Virgin-lips, which life's cunning
Too early must stain:
Till we lie like the best,
In politeness confest.

In this epoch of banking,
Per-cents, script, and par,
When 'tis all *what we seem*,
And 'tis nought *what we are*,
Who cares any more
For those cynics of old
Who loved to go fasting,
Could live without gold,
Counted starving no blame,
Nor held penury shame?

O days bright and happy!
O evenings serene!
How we joked it and quaffed it,
And smoked it between!
Ah, that is the life
For contentment alone,
Which is true to itself
As Time's changes speed on,
When the hair and the brain
Of like aspect remain.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE FRENCH NOVEL.

IN all European literature of the present day the novel holds the throne of power, and its supreme position in France is now fully allowed even by the severest critics. It may be well to examine the genealogy of this latter-day sovereign. It is easily traced to Durfé's Arcadian pastoral "Astrée," which appeared early in the seventeenth century. This was succeeded by the heroic romances of Madeleine de Scudèry (1607–1701) flatteringly called "Sapho" by her coterie. The most famous of these romances were "The Grand Cyrus" and "Clélie," prodigiously long and provokingly affected in style. Next came Mme. de Lafayette's novels of sensibility, exemplified in "The Princess of Cleves." But Antoine Furetière had, as early as 1666 in his "Roman Bourgeois," made a collection of human documents of middle-class Parisian life. They may be compared to some of Defoe's pictures of London life. Paul Scarron's "Roman Comique" is a coarse tale of strolling players. Le Sage's "Gil Blas" was imitated from the picaroon romance of Spain, but improved on the original. Abbé Prevost in his "Manon Lescaut" anticipated the French novel of a century later, but his work had no immediate imitators. Marivaux (1688–1763), however, claimed that he had "spied out in the human heart all the nooks where love might hide," and offered his "Marianne" (1740) in proof of his claim.

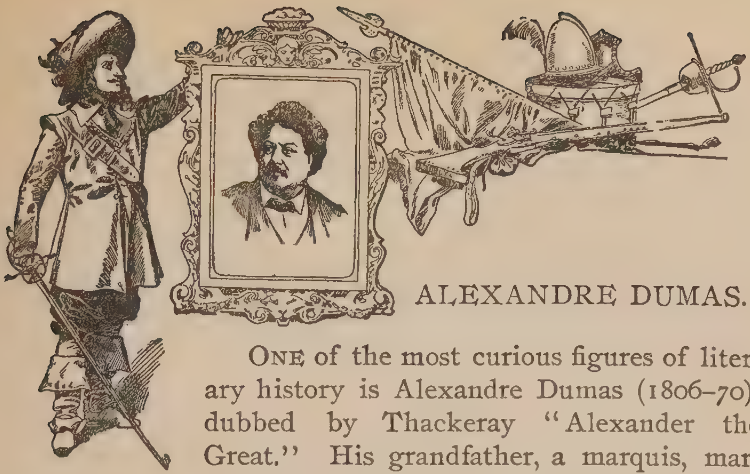
But whatever critical interest may attach to these works and to Voltaire's witty *contes*, to Rousseau's "New Héloise" and St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," as containing indications of the future popular literature, the French novel really came in with the nineteenth century. The Romanticists Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Dumas *père* and Balzac, were its chief exponents. In them the relation of incidents leads to the revelation of character. Gradually the dialogue assumes a foremost place as an index of the mind and its changes. Next the study of the emotions and passions becomes the chief end of the novel. Even in the earliest of these writers may be traced the peculiar elements marking the latest French school. Love, pure or impure, is the pivot on which the whole fabric turns. Finally the novel has become a mere exposition of the social relations of the sexes. Yet long ago George Sand boldly set forth the misunderstood woman with her ideas of free love. Balzac introduced courtesans and unfaithful wives. To such an absurd pitch was the treatment of the question of sex carried that husbands in some of these stories were required to kill themselves to make way for their wives' lovers. Realism, which was insisted on by Balzac, descended through Flaubert to Zola, who became the acknowledged champion of that naturalism, which glories in disclosing the human brute.

Alfred Victor, Comte de Vigny (1799–1863) is credited with producing the best historical novel in French literature, "Cinq Mars." The hero is a marquis whose marriage is opposed by Richelieu, whereupon the desperate lover plots with the king's brother for the cardinal's overthrow and assassination. But Cinq Mars himself is captured and condemned to death.

Eugène Sue (1804–1857) may be regarded as a follower of Alexandre Dumas. He catered to the morbid taste for the monstrous and diabolical. In "The Mysteries of Paris" he explored the lowest stratum of society; in "The Wandering Jew" he attacked the Jesuits. A later idol of the masses is Georges Ohnet (born 1848), whose most celebrated novel is "The Iron Master." The stories of Huysmans are of more offensive character, and belong to the school aptly called "Satanism."

Of higher rank is Charles de Bernard (1804–1850), the first of Balzac's pupils. Some of his work was translated by Thackeray in his "Paris Sketch-book." Victor Cherbuliez (born 1829) reached the honor of the Academy. His best work is "The Romance of an Honest Woman," "Count Kostia," who is a civilized demon of the Russian aristocracy, and "Meta Holdenis," a tale of temptation. Octave Feuillet was the favorite novelist of the society of the Second Empire. He was regarded as the aristocratic portrayer of the Faubourg St. Germain. His most powerful story is "Julia Trécœur" but the one best known is "Romance of a Poor Young Man."

The short story was installed in French literature by the *conte* of Voltaire; but it received a new development by Merimée and Gautier, and finally attained its perfection in Daudet and De Maupassant. One of the earlier masters of this class was Edmond About (1828–1855), a favorite of Napoleon III. His "King of the Mountains" is a tale of bandits; his "Man with the Broken Ear" is a story of a man restored to life after being embalmed; "The Notary's Nose" tells of a strange piece of surgery as a sequence of a curious duel. Another offshoot of the older novel is the detective story, which Emile Gaboriau (1835–1873) invented. His masterpiece is "M. Lecoq." Du Boisgobey and others have followed in his footsteps with more or less success.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

One of the most curious figures of literary history is Alexandre Dumas (1806–70), dubbed by Thackeray "Alexander the Great." His grandfather, a marquis, married a creole of Haiti. His father, a dark-colored, herculean general who fought bravely in Napoleon's army, was wedded to an innkeeper's daughter. The curly hair and mulatto complexion of the famous Dumas expressed the Afric character of his inner self, his tropical luxuriousness of temper, spirit and imagination, the sunny geniality of his genius, and the full-blooded joyousness of his romantic vein. Capricious, prolix, fertile, puissant, he showed his peculiar semi-barbarism in his prodigal habits, his whims, his strange adventures, his very works. The most prolific and best paid author of his day, he squandered his money in a reckless hospitality and was ruined by building for himself a castle of Monte Cristo. Fond of animals, he kept a menagerie. He accompanied Garibaldi on a campaign against the king of Naples, and journeyed to Russia with a charlatan "medium." His son has shown his father as the Count Fernand de la Rivonniere in his aptly named play, "A Prodigal Father." The critic Jules Janin thus summarizes the genius of the elder Dumas: "A mind capable of learning all, forgetting all, comprehending all, neglecting all. Rare mind, rare attention, subtle spirit, gross talent, quick comprehension, execution barely sufficient, an artisan rather than an artist. Skillful to forge, but poor to chisel, and awkward in working with the tools that he knew so well how to make. An inexhaustible mingling of dreams, falsehoods, truths, fancies, impudence, and propriety; of the vagabond and the seigneur, of rich and poor. Sparkling and noisy, the most willful and the most facile of men; a mixture of the tricky lawyer and of the epic poet; of Achilles and Thersites; swaggering, boastful, vain and—a good fellow."

With his native temperament it is no wonder that Alexandre Dumas proved a born master of romance. His father's military feats, one of which earned for General Dumas from Napoleon himself the title of "the Horatius Cocles of the Republic," must have inspired the son, who after the Empire was to come under the spell of Romanticism and to feed his genius on Scott and Cooper.

Walking on a Paris quay one day, Dumas chanced upon a musty little book which purported to be the "Memoirs of M. D'Artagnan." In these fictitious "Memoirs" Dumas found D'Artagnan whom he has made immortal, and the now famous Three Musketeers—Porthos, Athos and Aramis, as well as the plot of Milady. Here, too, he absorbed the local color of that age of Louis XIII., of Richelieu and Mazarin. In his consequent great trilogy—"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "Vicomte de Bragelonne"—he revived the romance of adventure and gallantry. He regalvanized Amadis de Gaul, put him into a French cloak and armed him with a sword. D'Artagnan is a brisk and audacious young Gascon who blunders at first into all manner of mishaps and intrigues from which he extricates himself only by his imperturbable bravery and shrewdness. He provokes a quarrel with the Three Musketeers at the very outset but secures their good graces, and is educated by them into the beau ideal cavalier. These three brother-soldiers are delightfully contrasted—the good-natured giant Porthos, the dignified Athos, and the aristocratic Aramis, who finally enters the church. D'Artagnan, who goes up to Paris to seek his fortune with an old horse and a box of miraculous salve given him by his mother, passes through a series of hairbreadth escapes only to die at last on the field of battle. In these romances Dumas fascinates and thrills his reader. He makes the blood leap. He is prodigal of incident, even if loose of plot, and he is a master of intrigue and action in dialogue. Stirring scenes, indeed, are such as those of the kidnapping of Monk, the death of Porthos in the Grotto of Locmaria, or the scene under the scaffold in "Twenty Years After."

Another masterful trilogy of this weaver of historical romances consists of "Queen Margot," "The Lady of Monsoreau" and "The Forty-Five," which deal with the times and the House of Valois. His other historical novels include "Isabeau of Baviere," dealing with the anarchy and misery of France before Joan d'Arc; "Joan d'Arc," mainly historical; "Joseph Balsamo," a revolutionary romance with Cagliostro as its central figure; "The Queen's Necklace," the great scandal of Marie Antoinette's court; the two "Dianas," for the age of Henry II., and "The Black Tulip," a charming tale of tulipomania and the Dutch William.

It would be useless to attempt to name the whole library of Dumas' novels, written, it has been asserted, by a unique bureau of collaborating assistants, yet dominated by the master's spirit. It is only necessary to mention, besides the above, his "Isaac Laquedem," a tale of the Wandering Jew, his two clever stories,—"Chevalier d'Harmental" and "Olympe de Cleves," and his vastly popular "Count of Monte Cristo." This last may be called the Arabian Nights of modern romance. Extravagant in plot, everybody breathlessly follows the story of Edmond Dantes, who is arrested on the eve of his wedding, is imprisoned in the Chateau d'If, learns of a buried treasure, effects a marvelous escape, and, disguised as Lord Wilmore and as Count Busoni, takes revenge on all his enemies. The count's adventures, if not his riches, are almost too fabulous; but the Chateau d'If portion shows Dumas at his best. The picture of the troubled Napoleonic days is also powerful. Dumas also wrote a number of successful dramas, the most conspicuous being "Henry III," and the melodramatic "Tower of Nesle."

THE DEFENCE OF BASTION ST. GERVAIS.

(From "The Three Guardsmen.")

WHEN they arrived at the Parpaillot, it was seven in the morning, and the day was just beginning to dawn. The three friends ordered breakfast, and entered a room where the landlord assured them that they would not be disturbed.

The hour was, unfortunately, ill-chosen for a conventicle. The morning drum had just been beaten; every one was busy shaking off the sleepiness of night, and to drive away the dampness of the morning air, came to take a drop at the tavern. Dragoons, Swiss, guards, musketeers, and light cavalry, succeeded one another with a rapidity very beneficial to the business of mine host, but very unfavorable to the designs of our four friends, who replied but sullenly, to the salutations, toasts, and jests of their companions.

"Come," said Athos, "we shall bring some good quarrel on our hands presently, and we do not want that just now. D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work: we will tell you ours afterwards."

"In fact," said one of the light-cavalry, who whilst rocking himself, held in his hand a glass of brandy, which he slowly sipped—"in fact you were in the trenches, you gentlemen of the guards, and it seems to me you had a squabble with the Rochellois."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see whether he ought to answer this intruder who thrust himself into the conversation.

"Well," said Athos, "did you not hear M. de Busigny, who did you the honor to address you? Tell us what took place in the night, as these gentlemen seem desirous to hear it."

"Did you not take a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who was drinking rum in a glass of beer.

"Yes, sir," replied d'Artagnan, bowing, "we had that honor. And also, as you have heard, we introduced a barrel of powder under one of the angles, which, on exploding, made a very pretty breach, without reckoning that as the bastion is very old, all the rest of the building is much shaken."

"And what bastion is it?" asked a dragoon, who held, spitted on his sabre, a goose which he had brought to be cooked.

"The bastion Saint Gervais," replied d'Artagnan, "from behind which the Rochellois annoyed our workmen."

"And was it warm work?"

"Yes. We lost five men, and the Rochellois some eight or ten."

"Balzampleu!" said the Swiss, who, in spite of the admirable collection of oaths which the German language possesses, had got a habit of swearing in French.

"But it is probable," said the light-horseman, "that they will send pioneers to repair the bastion this morning."

"Yes, it is probable," said d'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "a wager."

"Ah! a wager," said the Swiss.

"What is it?" asked the light-horseman.

"Stop," said the dragoon, laying his sabre like a spit on the two great iron dogs which kept up the fire in the chimney. "I am in it! A dripping-pan here, instantly, you noodle of a landlord, that I may not loose one drop of the fat of this estimable bird."

"He is right," said the Swiss, "the fat of a goose is very good with sweatmeats."

"There!" said the dragoon; "and now for the wager. We are listening, M. Athos."

"Well, M. de Busigny," said Athos, "I bet you, that my three comrades, Messieurs Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan, and myself, will go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais, and that we will stay there for one hour by the clock, whatever the enemy may do to dislodge us."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other, for they began to understand.

"Why," said d'Artagnan, stooping to Athos's ear, "you are going to get us all killed without mercy."

"We shall be more certainly killed if we do not go," replied Athos.

"Ah, faith, gentlemen," said Porthos, throwing himself back in his chair, and twisting his moustache, "that is a fine wager, I hope."

"And I accept it," said M. de Busigny. "Now we must fix the stakes."

"You are four, gentlemen," said Athos, "and we are four: a dinner for eight—will that suit you?"

"Just the thing!" replied M. de Busigny.

"Exactly," said the dragoon.

"That will do!" exclaimed the Swiss. The fourth auditor, who had remained silent throughout the conversation, bowed his head, as a sign that he acquiesced in the proposition.

"The dejeuner of these gentlemen is ready," said the landlord.

"Well, then bring it here," said Athos.

The landlord obeyed. Athos called Grimaud, and showed him a large basket, which was lying in a corner, and made him a sign to wrap up in the napkin all the eatables which had been brought.

Grimaud, comprehending at once that they were going to breakfast on the grass, took the basket, packed up the eatables, put in the bottles, and took the basket up in his arms.

"But where are you going to eat this breakfast?" said the landlord.

"What does it signify to you," replied Athos, "provided you are paid for it?" And he threw two pistoles majestically on the table.

"Must I give you the change, sir?" said mine host.

"No; but add a couple of bottles of champagne, and the difference will pay for the napkins."

The landlord had not made quite such a good thing of it as he at first expected; but he recompensed himself for it by palming off on his four guests two bottles of Anjou wine, instead of the two bottles of champagne.

"M. de Busigny, will you regulate your watch by mine, or permit me to regulate mine by yours?" inquired Athos.

"Whichever you please," said the light-dragoon, drawing from his fob a very beautiful watch encircled with diamonds. "Half-past seven," added he.

"Five-and-thirty minutes after seven," said Athos; "we shall remember that I am five minutes in advance, sir."

Then bowing to the astonished party, the four young men took the road towards the bastion of St. Gervais, followed by Grimaud, who carried the basket, not knowing where he was going, and from the passive obedience that was habitual to him, not thinking even of inquiring.

Whilst they were within the precincts of the camp, the four friends did not exchange a word: they were, besides followed by the curious, who, having heard of the wager, wished to know how they would extricate themselves from the affair. But when once they had got beyond the lines of circumnavigation, and found themselves in the open country, d'Artagnan, who was entirely ignorant of what they were about, thought it high time to demand some explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "do me the kindness to tell me where you are going."

"You can see well enough," replied Athos: "we are going to the bastion."

"But what are we going to do there?"

"You know very well—we are going to breakfast there."

"But why do we not breakfast at the Parpaillot?"

"Because we have most important things to tell you, and it was impossible to converse for five minutes in that tavern, with all those troublesome fellows, who come and go, and continually address us. Here, at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "no one will come to interrupt us."

Having reached the bastion, the four friends looked behind them. More than three hundred soldiers, of every kind, had assembled at the entrance of the camp; and, in a separate group, they saw M. de Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and the fourth wagerer.

Athos took off his hat, raised it on the end of his sword, and waved it in the air. All the spectators returned his salutation, accompanying this act of politeness with a loud hurrah, which reached their ears. After this occurrence they all four disappeared in the bastion, where Grimaud had already preceded them. As Athos had foreseen, the bastion was occupied by about a dozen dead bodies, French and Rochellois.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, who had taken the command of the expedition, "whilst Grimaud prepares the table, let us begin by collecting together the number of muskets and ammunition. We can, moreover, converse whilst we are doing it. These gentlemen," added he, pointing to the dead bodies, "do not hear us."

"But we may, nevertheless, throw them into the ditches," said Porthos, "having first satisfied ourselves that they have nothing in their pockets."

"Yes," replied Athos, "but that is Grimaud's business."

"Well, then," said d'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and throw them over the walls."

"Not upon any account," said Athos; "they may be of use to us."

"These dead be of use to us?" exclaimed Porthos. "Ah, nonsense! you are getting crazy, my dear friend!"

"Do not judge rashly, say both the gospel and the cardinal," replied Athos. "How many muskets are there, gentlemen?"

"Twelve."

"How much ammunition?"

"A hundred rounds."

"It is quite as many as we need: let us load our muskets."

The four companions set themselves to work; and just as they had loaded the last gun, Grimaud made a sign to them that breakfast was ready.

Athos indicated by a gesture that he was contented with what was done, and then pointed out to Grimaud a sort of sheltered box, where he was to place himself as sentinel. But, to alleviate the annoyance of his guard, Athos allowed him to take with him a loaf, two cutlets and a bottle of wine.

"And now, to breakfast!" said Athos.

The four friends seated themselves upon the ground, with their legs crossed, like Turks or tailors.

"And now," said d'Artagnan, "as you are no longer afraid of being heard, I hope that you are going to let us know your secret."

"I hope that I provide you at the same time both with amusement and glory, gentlemen!" said Athos. "I have induced you to take a charming little excursion: here is a most nutritious breakfast; and below there, are five hundred persons, as you may perceive through the embrasures, who take us for madmen or heroes—two classes of fools who very much resemble each other."

"But this secret?"

"I saw her ladyship last night," said Athos.

D'Artagnan was just carrying his glass to his lips; but at the sound of her ladyship's name, his hand trembled so that he placed his glass on the ground, in order that he might not spill its contents.

"You have seen your wi—"

"Hush, then!" interrupted Athos; "you forget, my dear fellow, that these gentlemen are not, like you, initiated in the privacies of my family affairs. I have seen her ladyship."

"And where happened that?" demanded d'Artagnan.

"About two leagues from hence, at the Red Dove-Cot"

"In that case, I am a lost man," said d'Artagnan.

"Not just yet," replied Athos; "for, by this time, she must have quitted the shores of France."

D'Artagnan breathed again.

"But after all," inquired Porthos, "who is this lady?"

"A charming woman," said Athos, tasting a glass of sparkling wine. "Scamp of a landlord!" exclaimed he, "who gives us Anjou for champagne, and who thinks we shall be deceived by the subterfuge! Yes," continued he, "a charming woman, to whom our friend d'Artagnan has done something unpardonable, for which she is endeavoring to avenge herself—a month ago, by trying to get him shot; a week ago, by sending him some poison; and yesterday, by demanding his head of the cardinal."

"What! demanding my head of the cardinal?" cried d'Artagnan, pale with terror.

"Yes," said Porthos, "it is true as gospel; for I heard her with my own ears."

"And I also," said Aramis.

"Then," said d'Artagnan, letting his arm fall in a desponding manner, "it is useless to struggle longer: I may as well blow out my brains at once, and have done with it."

"That is the last folly to be perpetrated," said Athos, "seeing it is the only one which will not admit of remedy."

"But with such enemies, I shall never escape," said d'Artagnan. "First, my unknown antagonist of Meung; then, de Wardes, on whom I inflicted four wounds; next, this lady, whose secret I found out; and, lastly, the cardinal, whose revenge I defeated."

"Well!" said Athos, "and all this makes only four, and we are four—one against one. Egad! if we may trust to Grimaud's signs, we are now about to engage with a far greater number of foes. What's the matter, Grimaud? Considering the seriousness of the circumstance, I permit you to speak, my friend; but be laconic, I beseech you. What do you see!"

"A troop."

"How many persons?"

"Twenty men."

"What sort of men?"

"Sixteen pioneers and four soldiers."

"How far are they off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Good! We have still time to finish our fowl, and to drink a glass of wine. To your health, d'Artagnan."

"Your health," repeated Aramis and Porthos.

"Well, then, to my health; although I do not imagine that your good wishes will be of much benefit to me."

"Bah!" said Athos, "God is great, as the Mahometans say, and the future is in his hands."

Then, having swallowed his wine, and put the glass down, Athos carelessly arose, took the first musket which came to his hand and went towards an embrasure.

The three others did the same. As for Grimaud, he had orders to place himself behind them and to reload their muskets.

An instant afterwards, they saw the troop appearing. It came along a kind of branch trench, which formed a communication between the bastion and the town.

"Zounds!" said Athos, "it is scarcely worth while to disturb ourselves for a score of fellows armed with pick-axes, mattocks and spades!—Grimaud ought to have quietly beckoned to them to go about their business, and I am quite convinced that they would have left us to ourselves."

"I much doubt it," said d'Artagnan, "for they come forward with great resolution. Besides, in addition to the workmen, there are four soldiers and a brigadier, armed with muskets."

"That is because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Faith," said Aramis, "I confess that I am reluctant to fire upon these poor devils of citizens."

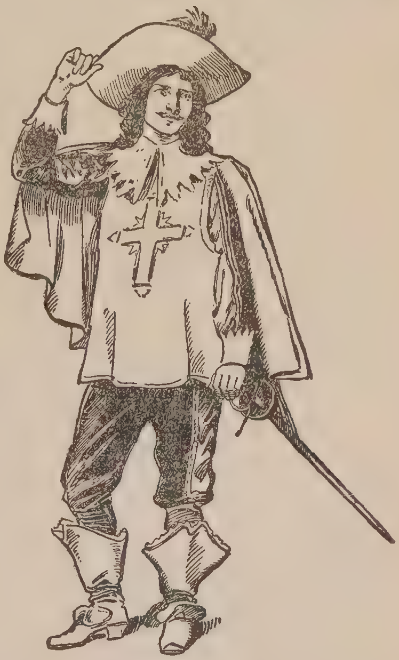
"He is a bad priest," said Porthos, "who pities heretics."

"Upon my word," said Athos "Aramis is right. I will give them a caution."

"What the plague are you doing?" cried d'Artagnan; "you will get yourself shot, my dear fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this warning; and mounting on the breach, his fusee in one hand and his hat in the other:

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing courteously, and addressing himself to the soldiers and pioneers who, astonished by this apparition, halted at about fifty paces from the bastion; "gentlemen, we are, some of my friends and myself, engaged at breakfast in this bastion. Now you know that nothing is more disagreeable than to be disturbed at breakfast; so we entreat of you, if you really have business here, to wait till we have finished our repast, or to come back in a little while; unless, indeed, you experience the salutary desire of forsaking the ranks of rebellion, and coming to drink with us to the health of the king of France."



"Take care, Athos," said D'Artagnan; "don't you see that they are taking aim at you?"

"Yes, yes," said Athos; "but these are citizens, who are shocking bad marksmen, and will take care not to hit me."

In fact, at that moment four shots were fired, and the bullets whistled around Athos, but without one touching him.

Four shots were instantaneously returned, but with a far better aim than that of the aggressors, three soldiers fell dead and one of the pioneers was wounded.

"Grimaud," said Athos, from the breach, "another musket."

Grimaud obeyed immediately.

The three friends had also reloaded their arms. A second discharge soon followed the first, and the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead. The rest of the troop took to flight.

"Come, gentlemen, a sortie!" said Athos.

The four friends rushed out of the fort; reached the field of battle, picked up the muskets of the soldiers, and the half-pike of the brigadier; and, satisfied that the fugitives would never stop till they reached the town, they returned to the bastion, bearing with them the trophies of their victory.

"Reload the muskets, Grimaud," said Athos; "and let us, gentlemen, continue our breakfast and conversation. Where were we?"

"I recollect," said d'Artagnan; "you were saying, that, after having demanded my head of the cardinal, her ladyship had left the shores of France. And where is she going?" added d'Artagnan, who was painfully anxious about the itinerary of the lady's journey.

"She is going to England," replied Athos.

"And for what object?"

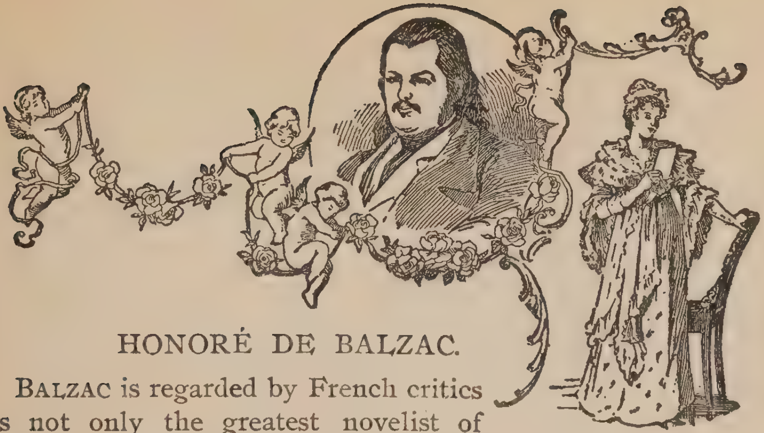
"To assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, or to get him assassinated."

D'Artagnan uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"It is infamous!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, as to that," said Athos, "I beg you to believe that I concern myself very little about it. Now that you have finished, Grimaud," continued he, "take the half-pike of our brigadier, fasten a napkin to it, and fix it on the end of our bastion, that those rebellious Rochellois may see that they are opposed to brave and loyal subjects of the king."

Grimaud obeyed without reply; and an instant afterwards the white flag floated over the heads of the four friends. A cry of joy, a thunder of applause saluted its appearance. Half the camp was at the barriers.



HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

BALZAC is regarded by French critics as not only the greatest novelist of France, but of the world. Taine pronounced his works "the greatest storehouse of documents in human nature." But his style has been criticized as "the least simple, probably, that ever was written; it bristles, it cracks, it swells and swaggers;" it was the expression of a fertile, intense and vivid imagination. Owing to his cumbrous style Balzac was obliged to serve a hard apprenticeship, and his early dramas and stories have fallen into neglect. He did not show his real merit until he wrote "The Chouans" in 1830. Finally he conceived the stupendous idea of the "Comédie humaine" (the comedy of human life) and carried it into marvelous execution, though not completion.

Honoré de Balzac was born in Touraine in 1799, and was thus three years older than Victor Hugo. His family wished him to study law and tried to starve him out of his literary ambition, but his sister Laura sustained his courage by her faith in his genius. He was always fond of speculation, and when his novels began to attract attention, he entered into a grand scheme of printing and publishing, which so loaded him with debt that his task of novel-writing became like the notorious one of Sir Walter Scott's declining years. But in that decade, 1830–40, Balzac, spurred on by necessity, produced most of his best works. His years of terrible toil were lightened by the hope of marriage with a Polish Countess Hanska. But the widow, out of deference to the proprieties, delayed their wedding fully sixteen years. At last the worn-out novelist, then fifty-one, was married in March, 1850, and lived only until August, without realizing that "sweetest of all autumns" to which he had looked forward.

It has been declared that "the great general protagonist of the 'Comédie humaine' is the 20-franc piece." Money certainly resounds through all of Balzac's Inferno as gold does through Dante's third circle. The miser's passion was was that which Balzac was most moved to depict; there are numerous portraitures—Eugenie Grandet, Silvie Rogron, the heirs of Doctor Mirouet, Maitre Cornelius, Raphael, the wife of Marquis d'Espard, and Gobseck, the Parisian usurer. Balzac's street-wanderings and Parisian experiences during his early years of profitless romance-writing and play-making were by no means without fruit. In one of the rare autobiographic bits of his "Comedy" he pictures the young man roaming the streets of Paris and following other pedestrians to overhear their conversation. "In listening to these people," he makes his character remark, "I could espouse their life. I felt their rags upon my back; walked with my feet in their broken shoes; their desires, their wants—everything passed into my soul, and my soul passed into theirs; it was the dream of a waking man." And truly Balzac achieved this supreme transference in his great romance-scheme. Scarcely ever do we get a peep of the author himself in his "Comedy;" like Shakespeare, he refuses to be autobiographic.

The idea of the vast fabric of the "Comedy" was not announced by Balzac until 1842, when he had for twelve years been busy in composing his master-pieces. Then suddenly he issued a manifesto, which should be a preface to his works. He declared his intention of doing for mankind what Buffon and Saint-Hilaire had done for the animal kingdom. He undertook to analyze and classify man and life. He called himself the historian of manners, the secretary of society. His "Comedy" does form a wonderful picture of the mass of French civilization of his time. The imaginary world which he revealed is a reflex of the real French world. He claimed to have created at least two thousand original characters. Open "Le Père Goriot" and consider the peculiar relations of the strange inhabitants of the Maison Vauquer, and you find that you have stepped into a new world. That shabby boarding-house is a stage of vast dramas. The same multitudinous effect is felt in the guests that assemble at Madame Bargeton's party, and in many other places. Severe critics declare that much of Balzac's philosophy about his "Comedy" is charlatanry by which he was himself duped; that his scheme falls far short of being comprehensive, that his limited experience and his plebeian origin (despite his fictitious "de," adopted late in life) prevented him from properly describing the Faubourg St. Germaine and fashionable life; that he had no sense of morality, and that his virtuous women are at the best abstractions, not realities; that he hated the bourgeois too much to do them justice; and that he always looked at provincial life with the eyes of a Parisian boulevardier. These charges are, in the main, true. The scheme of the "Comedy" is by no means scientifically exact, and the divisions are arbitrary and fantastic. He was thoroughly sensual, and transferred his libertinism to the children of his fancy. He paid too much attention to the vulgar, the vicious and the vile. He himself wrote to George Sand: "Vulgar natures interest me more than they do you. I magnify them, idealize them inversely in their ugliness or folly, giving them terrible or grotesque proportions."

The "Comédie humaine" was divided by Balzac into three main sections—Studies of Manners, Philosophical Studies, Analytic Studies. The Studies of Manners he subdivided into "Scenes of Private Life" (24 stories), "Scenes of Provincial Life" (10 stories), "Scenes of Country Life" (3 stories), "Scenes of Parisian Life," his most brilliant section (20 stories), and "Scenes Political and Military" (7 stories). His Philosophical Studies comprise 20 stories, and his Analytical Studies only two. His only truly political work is the "Deputé of Arcis" (left incomplete); his actual military tales are his early "Chouans," "Le Colonel Chabert" (in which there is a description of the battle of Eylau and the French retreat), and "L'Adieu" with its battle scene. The "Passion in a Desert," which relates a panther's love for a soldier, would now be called a decadent tale. In "The Country Doctor" Balzac has expressed the French peasantry's worship of Napoleon.

Among Balzac's masterpieces are "Le Père Goriot," in which old Goriot, like King Lear, makes terrible sacrifices for his two heartless daughters; "Eugénie Grandet," in which a mother and a noble daughter are sacrificed to a sordid miser; "Poor Relations" in which Cousin Pons, an old musician and bric-a-brac collector is left to the mercy of rogues; "Cousine Bette," which describes the ruin of Baron Hulot by that queen of the demimonde, Valérie Marneffe; "Lost Illusions" and "The Splendors and Miseries of Courtesans," in which Vautrin, the king of convicts, uses the artist, Lucien de Rubempré as a cat's-paw to prey on society; "Ursule Mirouet," in which heirs quarrel for a fortune; "La Duchesse de Langeais," a study of fashionable life, containing a celebrated Spanish convent scene; "The Grandeur and Decline of Cesar Birotteau," in which a pack of scoundrels prey upon a rich perfumer; "The Magic Skin," in which Raphael's talisman is a wild ass's hide, that shrinks with every desire granted and thus shortens his life; "The Search of the Infinite," in which Claës, an alchemist and monomaniac, melts up his family's fortune; and "Louis Lambert," a mystical romance. Among his short tales the most notable are "The Passion in a Desert;" "La Grande Bretecke," in which a husband walls up his wife's lover; "Gobseck," the Parisian usurer; "An Episode under the Terror," which tells the absolution of the executioner of Louis Capet; and "The Anonymous Masterpiece," in which a painter realizes a splendid illusion.

EUGÉNIE GRANDET.

NANON, Madame Grandet, and Eugénie, who had all three been thinking with a shudder of the old man's return, heard the knock whose echoes they knew but too well.

"There's papa!" said Eugénie.

She removed the saucer filled with sugar, leaving a few pieces on the table-cloth; Nanon carried off the egg-cup; Madame Grandet sat up like a frightened hare. It was evidently a panic, which amazed Charles, who was wholly unable to understand it.

"Why! what is the matter?" he asked.

"My father has come," answered Eugénie.

"Well, what of that?"

Monsieur Grandet entered the room, threw his keen eye upon the table, upon Charles, and saw the whole thing.

"Ha! ha! so you have been making a feast for your nephew; very good, very good, very good indeed!" he said, without stuttering. "When the cat's away, the mice will play."

"Feast!" thought Charles, incapable of suspecting or imagining the rules and customs of the household.

"Give me my glass, Nanon," said the master.

Eugénie brought the glass. Grandet drew a horn-handled knife with a big blade from his breeches' pocket, cut a slice of bread, took a small bit of butter, spread it carefully on the bread, and ate it standing. At this moment Charles was sweetening his coffee. Père Grandet saw the bits of sugar, looked at his wife, who turned pale, and made three steps forward; he leaned down to the poor woman's ear and said,—

"Where did you get all that sugar?"

"Nanon fetched it from Fessard's; there was none."

It is impossible to picture the profound interest the three women took in this mute scene. Nanon had left her kitchen and stood looking into the room to see what would happen. Charles, having tasted his coffee, found it bitter and glanced about for the sugar, which Grandet had already put away.

"What do you want?" said his uncle.

"The sugar."

"Put in more milk," answered the master of the house; "your coffee will taste sweeter."

Eugénie took the saucer which Grandet had put away and placed it on the table, looking calmly at her father as she did so. Most assuredly, the Parisian woman who held a silken ladder with her feeble arms to facilitate the flight of her lover, showed no greater courage than Eugénie displayed when she replaced the sugar upon the table. The lover rewarded his mistress when she proudly showed him her beautiful bruised arm, and bathed every swollen vein with tears and kisses till it was cured with happiness. Charles, on the other hand, never so much as knew the secret of the cruel agitation that shook and bruised the heart of his cousin, crushed as it was by the look of the old miser.

"You are not eating your breakfast, wife."

The poor helot came forward with a piteous look, cut herself a piece of bread, and took a pear. Eugénie boldly offered her father some grapes, saying—

"Taste my preserves, papa. My cousin, you will eat some, will you not? I went to get these pretty grapes expressly for you."

"If no one stops them, they will pillage Saumur for you, nephew. When you have finished, we will go into the garden; I have something to tell you which can't be sweetened."

Eugénie and her mother cast a look on Charles whose meaning the young man could not mistake.

"What is it you mean, uncle? Since the death of my poor mother"—at these words his voice softened—"no other sorrow can touch me."

"My nephew, who knows by what afflictions God is pleased to try us?" said his aunt.

"Ta, ta, ta, ta," said Grandet, "there's your nonsense beginning. I am sorry to see those white hands of yours, nephew;" and he showed the shoulder-of-mutton fists which Nature had put at the end of his own arms. "There's a pair of hands made to pick up silver pieces. You've been brought up to put your feet in the kid out of which we make the purses we keep our money in. A bad look-out! Very bad!"

"What do you mean, uncle? I'll be hanged if I understand a single word of what you are saying."

"Come!" said Grandet.

The miser closed the blade of his knife with a snap, drank the last of his wine, and opened the door.

"My cousin, take courage!"

The young girl's tone struck terror to Charles's heart, and he followed his terrible uncle, a prey to disquieting thoughts. Eugénie, her mother, and Nanon went into the kitchen, moved by irresistible curiosity to watch the two actors in the scene which was about to take place in the garden, where at first the uncle walked silently ahead of the nephew. Grandet was not at all troubled at having to tell Charles of the death of his father; but he did feel a sort of compassion in knowing him to be without a penny, and he sought for some phrase or formula by which to soften the communication of that cruel truth. "You have lost your father" seemed to him a mere nothing to say; fathers die before their children. But "you are absolutely without means,"—all the misfortunes of life were summed up in those words! Grandet walked round the garden three times, the gravel crunching under his heavy step.

In the crucial moments of life our minds fasten upon the locality where joys or sorrows overwhelm us. Charles noticed with minute attention the box-borders of the little garden, the yellow leaves as they fluttered down, the dilapidated walls, the gnarled fruit-trees,—picturesque details which were destined to remain forever in his memory, blending eternally, by the mnemonics that belong exclusively to the passions, with the recollections of this solemn hour.

"It is very fine weather, very warm," said Grandet, drawing a long breath.

"Yes, uncle; but why—"

"Well, my lad," answered his uncle, "I have some bad news to give you. Your father is ill—"

"Then why am I here?" said Charles. "Nanon," he cried, "order post-horses! I can get a carriage somewhere?" he added, turning to his uncle, who stood motionless.

"Horses and carriages are useless," answered Grandet, looking at Charles, who remained silent, his eyes growing fixed. "Yes, my poor boy, you guess the truth,—he is dead. But that's nothing; there is something worse: he blew out his brains."

"My father!"

"Yes, but that's not the worst; the newspapers are all talking about it. Here, read that."

Grandet, who had borrowed the fatal article from Cruchot, thrust the paper under his nephew's eyes. The poor young man, still a child, still at an age when feelings wear no mask, burst into tears.

"That's good!" thought Grandet; "his eyes frightened me. He'll be all right if he weeps.—That is not the worst, my poor nephew," he said aloud, not noticing whether Charles heard him, "that is nothing; you will get over it: but—"

"Never, never! My father! Oh, my father!"

"He has ruined you, you have not a penny."

"What does that matter? My father! Where is my father?"

His sobs resounded horribly against those dreary walls and reverberated in the echoes. The three women, filled with pity, wept also; for tears are often as contagious as laughter. Charles, without listening further to his uncle, ran through the court and up the staircase to his chamber, where he threw himself across the bed and hid his face in the sheets, to weep in peace for his lost parents.

"The first burst must have its way," said Grandet, entering the living-room, where Eugénie and her mother had hastily resumed their seats and were sewing with trembling hands, after wiping their eyes. "But that young man is good for nothing; his head is more taken up with the dead than with his money."

Eugénie shuddered as she heard her father's comment on the most sacred of all griefs. From that moment she began to judge him. Charles's sobs, though muffled, still sounded through the sepulchral house; and his deep groans, which seemed to come from the earth beneath, only ceased towards evening, after growing gradually feebler.

"Poor young man!" said Madame Grandet.

Fatal exclamation! Père Grandet looked at his wife, at Eugénie, and at the sugar-bowl. He recollected the extraordinary breakfast prepared for the unfortunate youth, and he took a position in the middle of the room.

"Listen to me," he said, with his usual composure. "I hope that you will not continue this extravagance, Madame Grandet. I don't give you MY money to stuff that young fellow with sugar."

"My mother had nothing to do with it," said Eugénie; "it was I who—"

"Is it because you are of age," said Grandet, interrupting his daughter, "that you choose to contradict me? Remember, Eugénie—"

"Father, the son of your brother ought to receive from us—"

"Ta, ta, ta, ta!" exclaimed the cooper on four chromatic tones; "the son of my brother this, my nephew that! Charles is nothing at all to us; he has not a farthing, his father has failed; and when this dandy has cried his fill, off he goes from here. I won't have him revolutionize my household."

"What is 'failing,' father?" asked Eugénie.

"To fail," answered her father, "is to commit the most dishonorable action that can disgrace a man."

"It must be a great sin," said Madame Grandet, "and our brother may be damned."

"There, there, don't begin with your litanies!" said Grandet, shrugging his shoulders. "To fail, Eugénie," he resumed, "is to commit a theft which the law, unfortunately, takes under its protection. People have given their property to Guillaume Grandet trusting to his reputation for honor and integrity; he has made away with it all, and left them nothing but their eyes to weep with. A highway robber is better than a bankrupt: the one attacks you and you can defend yourself, he risks his own life; but the other—in short, Charles is dishonored."

The words rang in the poor girl's heart and weighed it down with their heavy meaning. Upright and delicate as a flower born in the depths of a forest, she knew nothing of the world's maxims, of its deceitful arguments and specious sophisms; she, therefore, believed the atrocious explanation which her father gave her designedly, concealing the distinction which exists between an involuntary failure and an intentional one.

"Father, could you not have prevented such a misfortune?"

"My brother did not consult me. Besides, he owes four millions."

"What is a 'million,' father?" she asked, with the simplicity of a child which thinks it can find out at once all that it wants to know.

"A million?" said Grandet, "why, it is a million pieces of twenty sous each, and it takes five twenty-sous pieces to make five francs."

"Dear me!" cried Eugénie, "how could my uncle possibly have had four millions? Is there any one else in France who ever had so many millions? Père Grandet stroked his chin, smiled, and his wen seemed to dilate. "But what will become of my cousin Charles?"

"He is going off to the West Indies by his father's request, and he will try to make his fortune there."

"Has he got the money to go with?"

"I shall pay for his journey as far as—yes, as far as Nantes."

Eugénie sprang into his arms.

"Oh, father, how good you are!"

She kissed him with a warmth that almost made Grandet ashamed of himself, for his conscience galled him a little.

"Will it take much time to amass a million?" she asked.

"Look here!" said the old miser, "you know what a napoleon is? Well, it takes fifty thousand napoleons to make a million."

"Mamma, we must say a great many *neuvaines** for him."

"I was thinking so," said Madame Grandet.

"That's the way, always spending my money!" cried the father. "Do you think there are francs on every bush?"

At this moment a muffled cry, more distressing than all the others, echoed through the garrets and struck a chill to the hearts of Eugénie and her mother.

"Nanon, go up stairs and see that he does not kill himself," said Grandet. "Now, then," he added, looking at his wife and daughter, who had turned pale at his words, "no nonsense, you two! I must leave you; I have got to see about the Dutchmen who are going away to-day. And then I must find Cruchot, and talk with him about all this."

He departed. As soon as he had shut the door Eugénie and her mother breathed more freely. Until this morning the young girl had never felt constrained in the presence of her father; but for the last few hours every moment wrought a change in her feelings and ideas.

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* A *neuvaine* or *novena* is a devotion or prayer for a special blessing said on nine successive days.

"Mamma, how many louis are there in a cask of wine?"

"Your father sells his from a hundred to a hundred and fifty francs, sometimes two hundred—at least, so I've heard say."

"Then papa must be rich?"

"Perhaps he is. But Monsieur Cruchot told me he bought Froidfond two years ago; that may have pinched him."

Eugénie, not being able to understand the question of her father's fortune, stopped short in her calculations.

"He did not even see me, the darling!" said Nanon, coming back from her errand. "He's stretched out like a calf on his bed and crying like the Madeleine, and that's a blessing! What's the matter with the poor dear young man?"

"Let us go and console him, mamma; if any one knocks, we can come down."

Madame Grandet was helpless against the sweet, persuasive tones of her daughter's voice. Eugénie was sublime: she had become a woman. The two, with beating hearts, went up to Charles's room. The door was open. The young man heard and saw nothing; plunged in grief, he only uttered inarticulate cries.

"How he loves his father!" said Eugénie in a low voice.

In the utterance of those words it was impossible to mistake the hopes of a heart that, unknown to itself, had suddenly become passionate. Madame Grandet cast a mother's look upon her daughter, and then whispered in her ear,—

"Take care, you will love him!"

"Love him!" answered Eugénie. "Ah! if you did but know what my father said to Monsieur Cruchot."

Charles turned over, and saw his aunt and cousin.

"I have lost my father, my poor father! If he had told me his secret troubles we might have worked together to repair them. My God! my poor father! I was so sure I should see him again that I think I kissed him quite coldly—"

Sobs cut short the words.

"We will pray for him," said Madame Grandet. "Resign yourself to the will of God."

"Cousin," said Eugénie, "take courage! Your loss is irreparable; therefore think only of saving your honor."

With the delicate instinct of a woman who intuitively puts her mind into all things, even at the moment when she offers consolation, Eugénie sought to cheat her cousin's grief by turning his thoughts inward upon himself.

"My honor?" exclaimed the young man, tossing aside his hair with an impatient gesture as he sat up on his bed and crossed his arms. "Ah! that is true. My uncle said my father had failed." He uttered a heart-rending cry, and hid his face in his hands. "Leave me, leave me, cousin! My God! my God! forgive my father, for he must have suffered sorely!"

There was something terribly attractive in the sight of this young sorrow, sincere without reasoning or afterthought. It was a virgin grief which the simple hearts of Eugénie and her mother were fitted to comprehend, and they obeyed the sign Charles made them to leave him to himself. They went down stairs in silence and took their accustomed places by the window and sewed for nearly an hour without exchanging a word. Eugénie had seen in the furtive glance she cast about the young man's room—that girlish glance which sees all in the twinkling of an eye—the pretty trifles of his dressing-case, his scissors, his razors embossed with gold. This gleam of luxury across her cousin's grief only made him the more interesting to her, possibly by way of contrast. Never before had so serious an event, so dramatic a sight, touched the imaginations of these two passive beings, hitherto sunk in the stillness and calm of solitude.

"Mamma," said Eugénie, "we must wear mourning for my uncle."

"Your father will decide that," answered Madame Grandet.

They relapsed into silence. Eugénie drew her stitches with a uniform motion which revealed to an observer the teeming thoughts of her meditation. The first desire of the girl's heart was to share her cousin's mourning.

César Birotteau's Failure.

(From "The Greatness and Decline of César Birotteau.")

César Birotteau, who had acquired a fortune as a perfumer, got into difficulties and applied to some of his friends to assist him temporarily. All put him off, even Anselme Popinot, whom he had started in business, and who was in love with César's daughter. Stunned by his refusal, César returned home.

César fell into a state of prostration from which no one tried to rouse him. This species of inverted catalepsy, during which the body lived and suffered, whilst the functions of the understanding were suspended, this chance-bestowed respite was looked upon as a blessing from God by Constance, Césarine, Pillerault and Derville, and they judged wisely. Birotteau was thus able to support the distracting emotions of the night. He sat in his easy chair on one side of the fire-place, on the other sat his wife attentively watching him with a sweet smile on her lips—one of those smiles which prove that women approach nearer to the nature of angels than men, knowing, as they do, how to mingle infinite tenderness with the most complete compassion, a secret possessed only by those angels seen in dreams, scattered by Providence at long intervals over the path of life. Césarine sat on a small stool at her mother's feet, and from time to time gently stroked her father's hand with her hair, trying to give this caress an expression of tenderness which, in a crisis like this, is imperfectly conveyed by the voice.

Seated in his arm-chair as the Chancellor de l'Hospital is in his in the peristyle of the Chamber of Deputies, Pillerault, the philosopher, whom nothing astonished, displayed in his face that intelligence sculptured on the brows of the Egyptian sphinxes, and conversed with Derville in a low tone. Constance had advised consulting the attorney, whose discretion was beyond suspicion. Having her balance-sheet clearly in her head, she had confided the state of things to Derville. After nearly an hour's conference, held under the eyes of the unconscious perfumer, the attorney shook his head as he looked at Pillerault.

"Madame," said he, with the horrible coolness of men of business, "you must suspend payment. Supposing that, by some contrivance or other, you manage to pay to-morrow, you must come down with at least three hundred thousand francs, before you can raise a loan on any of your lands. Against debts to the amount of five hundred and fifty thousand francs you show very good, very productive assets, but they cannot be realized. You must succumb within a given time. My opinion is, that it is better to jump out of the window than to be pitched down stairs."

"That is my opinion also, my child," said Pillerault. Derville was led to the door by Madame César and Pillerault.

"Poor papa," said Césarine, gently rising to kiss César's forehead. "So Anselme has not been able to do anything?" she asked, when her uncle and mother came back.

"Ingrate!" cried César, struck by this name in the only conscious part of his memory—as the key of a piano causes its hammer to strike its own peculiar string.

From the moment in which this word had been hurled at him like an anathema, little Popinot had not had a minute's sleep—not an instant's rest. The wretched youth cursed his uncle, and had been to see him. To make this aged judicial experience capitulate, he had poured out the eloquence of love, hoping to gain over a man through whom mortal words ran like water through a sieve—a judge.

"Speaking in a business-like way," he said to him, "custom allows an active partner to make over to his silent partner a certain sum in anticipation of the profits, and our partnership is in a fair way to produce good returns. After a thorough examination of my affairs, I feel myself strong enough to pay forty thousand francs in three months! Monsieur César's uprightness permits us to believe that these forty thousand francs will be devoted to paying his notes. So the creditors, should there be a failure, will not be able to reproach us! Besides, uncle, I would rather lose forty thousand francs than run the risk of losing Césarine. At this very moment she has doubtless been told of my refusal, and will soon think harshly of me. I promised to give my blood for my benefactor! I am in the position of the young sailor who is ready to sink holding his captain's hand, of the soldier who is resolved to perish at his general's side."

"You are a good fellow and a bad business man, but you will not lose my esteem," said the judge, as he warmly grasped his nephew's hand. "I have thought much about this; I know that you are madly in love with Césarine; I believe you can satisfy the laws of the heart and also the laws of trade."

"Oh! uncle, if you have found out how to do so, you save my honor."

"Advance Birotteau fifty thousand francs, and let a contract be signed by which he may redeem his interest in your oil, which is now, as it were, a property. I will draw up the paper."

Anselme embraced his uncle, returned home, signed notes for fifty thousand francs, and ran from the Rue des Cinq Diamants to the Place Vendôme; so that just as Césarine, her mother, and their uncle Pillerault were gazing at the perfumer, surprised at the sepulchral tone with which he had pronounced the word "Ingrate!" in answer to his daughter's question, the parlor door opened and Popinot appeared.

"My dear and well-beloved master," said he, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "there is what you asked me for." He held out the notes.

"Yes, I have carefully examined my position; have no fear, I shall pay. Save your honor!"

"I was quite sure of him," cried Césarine, seizing Popinot's hand, and pressing it with convulsive force.

Madame César embraced Popinot; the perfumer rose like one of the just on hearing the last trumpet; he came, as it were, from the tomb! Suddenly he reached forth his hand with a frenzied gesture, to clutch the fifty stamped papers.

"One moment!" said the terrible uncle Pillerault, as he snatched the notes from Popinot; "one moment!"

The four personages who composed this group—César and his wife, Césarine and Popinot—astounded at their uncle's action and by the tone of his voice, saw him with terror tear the notes and throw them into the fire. The flames consumed them without any one's trying to save them.

"Uncle!" "Uncle!" "Uncle!" "Sir!"

There were four voices, four hearts in one, a terrible unanimity. Uncle Pillerault put his arm round Popinot's neck, pressed him to his heart and kissed his forehead.

"You are worthy to be worshipped by all those who have a heart," he said to him. "If you loved a daughter of mine, had she a million and you no more than that"—he pointed to the black ashes of the notes—"if she loved you, you should be married in a fortnight. Your master is out of his senses! Nephew," Pillerault gravely resumed, "no more illusions! We must transact business with energy, not with sentiments. This is sublime, but useless. I have passed two hours at the Exchange; you have not one copper's worth of credit; every one was talking of your disaster, of your applications to several bankers, of their refusals, of your follies—such as going up six pairs of stairs to see a landlord who is as garrulous as a magpie, and giving a ball to conceal your embarrassment. They go so far as to say you had nothing at all in Roguin's hands. According to your enemies, Roguin is a mere makeshift. One of my friends, whom I had commissioned to listen to everything that was said, confirms my suspicions. Everybody predicts the emission of Popinot's notes, and the idea is that you started him on purpose to make a paper-mill of. In short, you are the subject of all that calumnious and slanderous talk that a man draws upon himself when he strives to get up a round or two on the social ladder. Take a week and offer Popinot's fifty notes at every desk in Paris; 'twould be in vain: you would meet with humiliating refusals; no one would take them: there's nothing to show what number of them you issue, and everybody expects you to sacrifice the poor boy to save yourself. You would destroy the credit of the house of Popinot without benefiting your own. How much do you suppose the most daring note-shaver in town would give for your fifty thousand francs? Twenty thousand! Do you hear?—twenty thousand! There are certain times in the life of a tradesman when he must stand up before the public three days without eating, just as if he had a bellyful, and on the fourth he will be admitted to the larder of credit. You cannot get through these three days, and that's the fatal point. Courage, my poor nephew; you must make an assignment. As soon as your clerks are gone to bed, Popinot and I will set to work together, in order to spare you the affliction."

"Uncle!" said the perfumer, clasping his hands.

"César, would you prefer to wait and then make a disgraceful assignment, with nothing to assign? At present your interest in Popinot's house preserves your honor."

"César, enlightened by this last fatal flash of light, at length saw the frightful truth in its full extent; he fell back in his chair, then dropped upon his knees, his mind wandered and he became childish: his wife thought he was dying and stooped down to raise him up; but she united with him when she saw him join his hands, raise his eyes and repeat, with all the compunction of resignation, in presence of his uncle, his daughter and Popinot, the Lord's sublime prayer:

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Amen."

Tears rose to the eyes of the stoical Pillerault, and Césarine, weeping and overwhelmed, leaned her head upon the shoulder of Popinot, who was as pale and stark as a statue.

"Let us go down stairs," said the ironmonger to the young man, as he took his arm.

X. B. SAINTINE.

PICCIOLA has preserved the name of Saintine. It is a sentimental story of a noble Italian prisoner who was consoled by the growth of a flowering plant between the stones of the courtyard adjoining his cell. The story introduces other characters, and even Napoleon and Josephine, and ends happily in the release and marriage of the prisoner. Xavier Boniface Saintine was born in Paris in 1790, and died in 1845. He published dramas, poems and romances, which have fallen into oblivion, but his tale of prison-life, though somewhat artificial in plot, and affected in style, has enough of natural feeling to deserve remembrance.

PICCIOLA.

IN the story of "Picciola" Count Charney, an Italian scientist, was charged with plotting against Napoleon's government, and was imprisoned at Fenestrella. He was allowed no books, pens or paper. But his solitude was relieved by the sprouting of a plant between the stones of the courtyard. He watched over it with great tenderness, and gave it the name Picciola, "the little one." In his day-dreams it seemed to assume a human personality.

One evening, while the Count was in the midst of a flight of fancy, Picciola for the first time dispelled the charm of happiness and serenity by the exercise of a sinister influence. At a later moment he recurred to the event as the effect of a fatal presentiment!

It was just as the fragrance of the plant indicated the sixth hour of evening, and Charney was musing at his accustomed post. Never had that aromatic vapor exercised its powers more potently; for more than thirty full-blown flowers were emitting the magnetic atmosphere, so influential over the senses of the Count. He fancied himself surrounded once more by the crowds of society; having drawn aside from which, towards an esplanade of verdure, his beloved Picciola deigned to follow his footsteps. The graceful phantom advanced smiling towards him, and Charney, in a musing attitude, stood admiring the supple grace of the young girl, around whose well-turned form the drapery of her snow-white dress played in harmonious folds, and her raven tresses, amid which bloomed the never-absent flower! On a sudden he saw her start, stagger, and extend her arms towards him. He tried to rush towards her; but an insurmountable obstacle seemed to separate him from her side. A cry of horror instantly escaped his lips, and lo! the vision disappears! He wakes, but it is to hear a second cry, respondent to his own; yes, the cry, the voice of a woman!

Nevertheless, the Count is still in his usual place—in the old court, and reclining on the rustic bench beside his Picciola! But at the grating of the little window appeared the momentary glimpse of a female form! A soft and melancholy countenance, half hid in shade, seems gazing upon him; but when, rising from his seat, he hastens towards it, the vision vanishes, or rather the young girl hastens from the window. However swift her disappearance, Charney was able to distinguish her features, her hair, her form, the whiteness of her robe. He paused. Is he asleep or waking? Can it be that the insurmountable obstacle which divides him from Picciola is no other than the grating of a prison?

At that moment Ludovico hastens towards him with an air of consternation.

"Are you again indisposed, *Signor Conte?*" cried the gaoler. "Have you had another attack of your old disorder? *Trondidio!* If we are obliged, for form's sake, to send for the prison doctor, I'll take care, *this* time, that no one but Madame Picciola and myself have a hand in the cure!"

"I am perfectly well," replied Charney, trying to recover his composure. "What put it into your head that I was indisposed?"

"The fly-catcher's daughter came in search of me. She saw you stagger, and hearing you cry aloud, fancied you were in need of assistance."

The Count relapsed into a fit of musing. It seemed to occur to him, for the first time, that a young girl occasionally inhabited that part of the prison.

"The resemblance I fancied I could discover between the stranger and Picciola is doubtless a new delusion!" said he to himself. And now he recalled to mind Teresa's interest in his favor, mentioned to him by the venerable Girardi. The young Piedmontese had compassionated his condition during his illness. To *her* he is indebted for the possession of his microscope. His heart becomes suddenly touched with gratitude, and, in the first effusion, a sudden remark seems to sever the double image, the young girl of his dreams from the young girl of his waking hours; "Girardi's daughter wore no flower in her hair."

That moment, but not without hesitation, not without self-reproach, he plucked with a trembling hand from his plant a small branch covered with blossoms.

"Formerly," thought Charney, "what sums of money did I lavish to adorn, with gold and gems, brows devoted to perjury and shame! upon how many abandoned women and heartless men did I throw away my fortune, without caring more for them than for the feelings of my own bosom, which, at the same moment, I placed in the dust under their feet. Oh! if a gift derives its value from the regard in which it is held by the donor, never was a richer token offered by man to woman, my Picciola, than these flowers which I borrow from thy precious branches to bestow on the daughter of Girardi!"

Then, placing the blossomed bough in the hands of the gaoler, "Present these in my name to the daughter of my venerable neighbor, good Ludovico!" said he. "Thank her for the generous interest she vouchsafes me; and tell her that the Count de Charney, poor, and a prisoner, has nothing to offer her more worthy her acceptance."

Ludovico received the token with an air of stupefaction. He had begun to enter so completely into the passion of the captive for his plant, that he could not conjecture by what services the daughter of the fly-catcher had merited so distinguished a mark of munificence.

"No matter! *Capo di San Pasquali!*" exclaimed Ludovico, as he passed the postern. "They have long admired my god-daughter at a distance. Let us see what they will say to the brightness of her complexion, and sweetness of her breath, on a nearer acquaintance, *Piccioletta mia, andiamo!*"

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE arch-apostle of art for art's sake is Théophile Gautier (1808–72). He deserted the artist's brush and easel for the poet's and romancer's pen, and he has painted more superb pictures and achieved more splendid artistic effects with the pen than he ever could have done with the brush. His æsthetic craving was a life passion: he thirsted for beauty, and he found it everywhere—in the little as well as the grand. "Emaux et Camées" (Enamels and Cameos) he entitled his first book of poems, and they are truly cold, polished gems of art in miniature. But in his description of Cleopatra's banquet (in "One of Cleopatra's Nights") he bewilders us with the grandeur of his imaginative vision, with the breadth of his canvas. Like the twin spires of the Cologne Cathedral, his descriptions are grand in conception, yet finished in detail. Indeed, Gautier revelled too much in details: it is his artistic fault. He forgets himself in the presence of any object of artistic delight, and lingers elaborately over every incidental feature. His "Mademoiselle du Maupin," which Swinburne calls "The Golden Book of spirit and sense—the Holy Writ of Beauty," might seem to a less impassioned critic a prolix celebration of the sensual aspect of love and female loveliness. Still, when he sets out to tell a weird or a dramatic tale, his success is admirable. The wild, midnight ride on the dark steeds to Clarimonde's castle in "La Morte Amoureuse," is a striking example of his fervor; for cold though he is in his poems, Gautier is tropically warm in many of his shorter tales. And he has always a firm touch; as Sainte-Beuve said, he "carves in granite,"—he might have said, in marble and gold.

Gautier first became conspicuous by wearing a red waistcoat on the first night of Victor Hugo's "Hernani." A Gascon born, he was nothing if not flamboyant. But a secretaryship under Balzac tamed a little the fiery author of the "History of Romanticism," though he remained to the last the prince of pictorial and plastic poetry and prose. Sainte-Beuve called his prose "pure Lacrima-Christi." "Mademoiselle du Maupin" is a licentious tale of a masquerading Rosalind without Rosalind's chastity, in which Gautier openly defied the conventionalities. His "Captain Fracasse" is a romantic variation on the theme of the strolling players of Scarron's coarse "Roman Comique;" it transports us by vivid art to the times of Louis XIII., and cloak and sword are concerned in it as well as mask and buskin. The great description of the book is that of the ruined Chateau de la Misère. Of his short tales the masterpiece is, no doubt, "La Morte Amoureuse" (The Dead Leman), in which the mediæval incubus legend is utilized in the dream-life of love which a young priest lives with a beautiful vampire. Phantom love is the theme of

"Arria Marcella," a phantasmagoria of revived Pompeii; of "The Mummy's Foot," in which a Pharaoh's daughter comes from the tombs of Egypt to seek her lost possession; and "Omphale," in which a gay lady of the olden empire returns to life from a piece of tapestry. "Avatar" is a fantasy on the transmigration of souls, by which a lover seeks to take the place of a husband. "Jettatura" is a tragedy of the evil eye. Gautier also wrote a delightful series of books on his travels.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

THE rain-drops splash, and the dead leaves fall,
On spire and cornice and mould;
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,
"We must follow the Summer; come one, come all,
For the Winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,
As to whither the way shall tend,
Says one, "I know the skies are fair
And myriad insects float in air
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

"And every year, when the brown leaves fall,
In a niche of the Parthenon
I build my nest on the corniced wall,
In the trough of a devastating ball
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, "My cosey home I fit
On a Smyrna grande café,
Where over the threshold Hadjis sit,
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, "I prefer the nave
Of a temple in Baalbec;
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,
And, perching near on the architrave,
I fill each open beak."

"Ah!" says the last, "I build *my* nest
Far up on the Nile's green shore,

Where Memnon raises his stony crest,
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,
But greets him with song no more.

"In his ample neck is a niche so wide,
And withal so deep and free,
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,
And a thousand little ones rear beside—
Then come to the Nile with me."

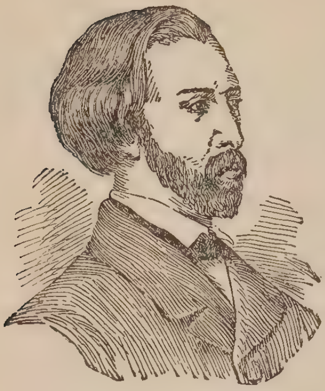
They go, they go to the river and plain,
To ruined city and town,
They leave me alone with the cold again,
Beside the tomb where my joys have lain,
With hope like the swallows flown.

LOOKING UPWARD.

FROM Sixtus' fane when Michael Angelo
His work completed radiant and sublime,
The scaffold left and sought the streets below,
Nor eyes nor arms would lower for a time;
His feet knew not to walk upon the ground,
Unused to earth, so long in heavenly clime.

Upwards he gazed while three long months went round,
So might an angel look who should adore
The dread triangle mystery profound.
My brother poets, while their spirits soar,
In the world's ways at every moment trip,
Walking in dreams while they the heavens explore.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.



ALFRED DE MUSSET'S first poetical work, "Tales of Spain and Italy" (1833), reminded his contemporaries of "Don Juan." The author, while confessing a sort of Byronic discipleship, protested, "My glass is not large, but I drink from my own." Born in 1810 of a noble and cultured family, he affected the gentleman in literature. He hated the very notion of having to do anything and even refused an embassy to Spain, the land of his early dreams. He adopted the half-cynical tone of Byron in his "Confessions of a Child of his Age," and in his "Rolla," a sombre poetic tale. Like Byron he almost always painted himself and his own moods. In the "Confession" he declared that "he did not conceive that one could do anything but love." His life was a series of amours and love adventures. He drank so deeply that he became a drunkard. His great gifts he scarcely honored.

It was his notorious liaison with George Sand, with whom he went to Italy in 1833, that awoke the genuine passion and divine despair within his heart. In "Elle et Lui" (She and He), Mme. Dudevant tells of this ill-fated journey from which De Musset returned broken-hearted. She accused him of insane jealousy. After Alfred's death Paul de Musset retorted with "Lui et Elle" (He and She), in which he charged George Sand with flagrant infidelity. We are not here concerned with this notorious scandal: suffice it to say that the excitable poet, after shedding a flood of tears, commemorated his lost illusions in "Les Nuits" (The Nights), entitled respectively May, August, October and December. The "Night of May," with his admiring "Letter to Lamartine" and his musical "Stanzas to Malibran," represent his loftiest poetical achievement. Heine said of him: "The

Muse of Comedy kissed him on the lips, but the Muse of Tragedy on the heart." Nor can one forget the splendor of youth that shines in his poems. No one has sung so truthfully and touchingly its aspirations and its sensibilities, its doubts and its hopes. Much of his poetry is entirely free from moral taint.

De Musset wrote a number of comedies and so-called proverbs that have striking originality. His dramatic masterpiece is probably "Love is not to be trifled with," in which a double love intrigue proves fatal to the hero and his two loves.

VENICE.

IN Venice not a barque
Is stirring,—all is dark,
For through the gloomy night
Breaks ne'er a light.

The lion, gaunt and grand,
Seated upon the strand,
Scans the wide waters o'er
Forevermore.

While many a ship and boat
In groups around him float,
Like herons, lulled to sleep
Upon the deep,

Over the misty sea,
Fluttering lazily,
Streamers and sails unfurled,
Clinging and curled.

Now the moon's dreamy light
Is flooding all the night,
From many a glimmering cloud
Her airy shroud—

Just as some novice would
Draw on her ample hood,
Yet leaving still, I ween,
Her beauty seen.

And the still water flows
Past mighty porticoes,
And stairs of wealthy knights,
In lordly flights.

And the pale statues gleam
In the pure light, and seem
Like visions of the past
Come back at last.

All silent, save the sound
Of guards upon their round,
As on the battled wall
Their footsteps fall.

More than one damsel strays
Beneath the pale moon's rays,
And waits, with eager ear,
Her cavalier;

More than one girl admiring
The charms she is attiring;
More than one mirror shows
Black dominoes.

La Vanina is lying
With languid raptures dying,
Upon her lover's breast
Half lulled to rest.

Narcissa, Folly's daughter!
Holds festal on the water,
Until the opal morning
Is softly dawning.

Who then in such a clime
But has a madcap time?
Who but to love can give
Life, while he live?

Let the old Doge-clock strike
And hammer as it like,
And count with jealous spite
The hours of night.

But we will count instead
On full lips rosy red,
So many kisses earned;
And then returned;

Count all your charms, my dear;
Count every happy tear,
That loving hearts must borrow
From joy and sorrow.

JUANA.

AGAIN I see you, ah my queen,
Of all my old loves that have been,
The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget—
Ah me, for I remember yet—
How the last summer days were blest?

Ah lady, when we think of this,
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!
How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen
And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that 'mid the red roses,
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
Remember the dead summer time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
To me for a peace offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake,—
To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
Awakened from his deathly sleep;
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say—why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
And days that were, and days that flit;
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
For you that not remember it.

To Pépa.

Pépa! when the night has come,
And Mamma has bid good-night,
By the light half-clad and dumb,
As thou kneelest out of sight,—

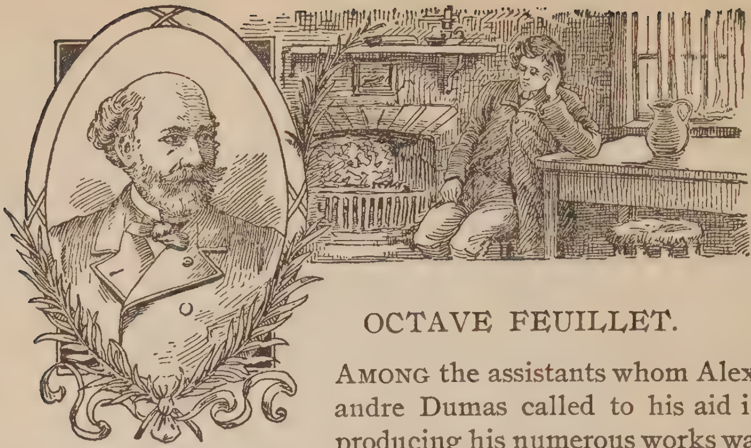
Laid by cap and sweeping vest
Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest,
Folds thy soul as folds a rose,—

When sweet sleep, the sovereign mild,
Peace to all the house has brought,
Pépita! my charming child!
What, O what, is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
Of some lady doom'd to sigh,
All that hope a truth deems now,
All that Truth shall prove a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce—alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a Prince's hand;
Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
Me;—or nothing, Dear, at all.



OCTAVE FEUILLET.

Among the assistants whom Alexandre Dumas called to his aid in producing his numerous works was Octave Feuillet (1812–90), who won fame on his own account. His father held a government office in the department of Manche and sent his son to Paris to be educated. Feuillet's first independent work was for the stage, and his earliest novels were in his master's style. He had better success with "La Petite Comtesse" (1856), in which he showed the heroine as a temptress. But his "Romance of a Poor Young Man" (1858) scored a grand hit. This was due not merely to the excellence of its description of Norman country life, but to its pure moral tone. In later works the author was less careful in this regard, though he was always guarded in language. His "Sibylle" called forth a reply from George Sand. In his strongest work, "Julia de Trécœur," a morbidly willful girl commits suicide by driving her horse off a precipice because her step-father will not return her love. All of Feuillet's stories show such exact acquaintance with the manners of polite society that he became a favorite with the higher classes. Long after the Republic was established and the naturalist school came into vogue, his careful style and his observance of the proprieties preserved his favor with this constituency. Among his later works were "A Woman's Journal," "Story of a Parisian Girl" and "La Morte," the last of which had immense popularity. The story tells of an atheistic woman who poisons a wife that she may take her place, and afterwards tires of her husband and proves unfaithful to him.

JULIA'S MARRIAGE.

CLOTILDE, a widow, had married M. de Lucan, but her daughter, Julia de Trécœur, refused to see him and took refuge in a convent. She is now sixteen years of age and is about to take the veil.

Clotilde set out for the convent, trembling with anxiety. She found Julia alone in her room, trying on her novice's dress before the glass. The nun's cape and veil, which were to hide her rich hair, lay on the bed. She was simply dressed in a long tunic of white wool, whose folds she was arranging. She blushed when she saw her mother enter, and then said, laughing,

"Cymodoce in the circus, am I not, mother?"

Clotilde did not answer. She had folded her hands in an attitude of supplication, and looked at her tearfully. Julia was touched by this silent grief; two tears dropped from her eyes, and she threw her arms round her mother's neck; then, forcing her into a seat, said,

"What would you have? I am also a little sorry at heart, for I did love life; but, besides my vocation, which is a true one, I am obeying a real necessity. There is no other existence possible for me but this, I know quite well. It is my fault. I have been a little mad. I ought not to have left you in the first instance; or, at any rate, I should have returned to you directly after your marriage. Now, after months, years, is it still possible, I ask you? Besides, I should die of shame. Can you imagine me before your husband? What expression should I assume? Then he must hate me; he has got accustomed to it. For my part, who knows whether seeing him again in that house—Besides, in every way, I should be a terrible constraint to you!"

"But, my dear little daughter," said Clotilde, "nobody hates you. You would be received like the Prodigal Son, with transports of delight. If it would be too great an effort to return to my house, if you fear to find annoyance yourself, or to cause it to others—God knows how mistaken you are—but still, if you do fear it, is that any reason for you to bury yourself alive and break my heart? Could you not return to the world without returning to me, and without facing all these annoyances that alarm you? There would be a very simple means, you know."

"What," said Julia calmly, "to marry?"

"Certainly," said Clotilde, gently bowing her head and lowering her voice.

"But, my dear mother, what probability is there of such a thing? Even if I wished it—and I am far from doing so—I know no one, no one knows me."

"There is some one," said Clotilde, with increasing timidity,—"some one you know very well, and who adores you."

Julia opened her eyes wide, with a surprised and pensive expression, and after a short pause for reflection, said,

"Pierre?"

"Yes," muttered Clotilde, pale with anxiety.

Julia's brows contracted slightly. She raised her charming head, and remained for some moments with her eyes fixed on the ceiling; then, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "Why not?" said she seriously. "He will do as well as another."

Clotilde gave a little cry, and, seizing both her daughter's hands, exclaimed, "You are willing—you are really willing! It is true! You will allow me to take him this answer?"

"Yes; but change the wording of it," said Julia, laughing.

"O my dear, dear darling!" exclaimed Clotilde, as she covered Julia's hands with kisses; "but tell me once more that it is really true, that to-morrow you will not have changed your mind."

"No!" said Julia firmly, with her grave and musical voice. She considered a moment, and then continued, "So he really loves me, that great boy?"

"Like a madman."

"Poor man! And he is awaiting the answer?"

"In fear and trembling."

"Well, then, go and calm him. We will continue the conversation to-morrow. I must arrange my ideas a little, after such an upset; but rest satisfied, my resolution is taken."

When Madame de Lucan returned home, Pierre de Moras was awaiting her in the drawing-room. He turned pale when he saw her.

"Pierre," exclaimed she, breathlessly, "kiss me; you are my son! Respectfully, if you please, respectfully," added she, laughing, as he lifted her up and pressed her to his heart.

He repeated the performance afterwards with the Baroness de Pers, who had been hastily summoned.

"My dear friend," said she, "I am delighted,—delighted; but you are suffocating me! Yes, yes, it is all very well, my boy; but you are literally suffocating me! Reserve your forces. That dear little girl; it is charming of her, quite charming! At bottom she has a golden heart. And she has good taste; for you are very handsome, very handsome! However, I always did think that, when the time came for cutting her hair, she would reflect. Certainly she has beautiful hair, poor child!"

And the baroness burst into tears; then, addressing the count in a parenthesis between her sobs,

"You will not be unhappy either; she is a goddess."

M. de Lucan, although deeply touched by this family scene, and especially by Clotilde's joy, took this unhoped-for event with more calmness. He was always very sparing of public manifestations, and in his heart he was troubled and sad. The future prospects of this marriage seemed to him most uncertain, and his sincere friendship for the count made him anxious. A feeling of delicate reserve towards Julia had prevented him from saying all that he thought of her character. He endeavored to reject as unjust and partial the opinion he had formed; but when he remembered the dreadful child he used to know, at one moment carried off by a whirlwind, at another pensive and surrounded by sombre reserve; when he imagined her as she had been described to him since then—taller, more beautiful, ascetic—and then saw her suddenly throw her veil to the winds like one of the fantastic nuns in *Robert le Diable*, and return to the world with light step: then, in spite of himself, out of these various impressions he composed a chimera and sphinx that it seemed very difficult to combine with the idea of domestic happiness.

During the whole evening the family conversation turned upon the complications that might arise from this marriage, and the means of avoiding them. M. de Lucan entered into these details with a very good grace, and declared that he would be most happy to agree to any arrangements that his stepdaughter might desire. This precaution was not entirely useless.

Clotilde went to the convent early next morning. Julia, after listening with somewhat ironical indifference to her mother's account of the delight and joy of her intended, assumed a more serious air:

"And your husband," said she; "what does he think?"

"He is delighted, as we all are."

"I am going to ask you a strange question. Does he mean to be present at our wedding?"

"Just as you please."

"Listen, my dear little mother—don't make yourself miserable beforehand. I feel sure that some day or other this marriage will help to unite us all; but leave me time to accustom myself to this idea. Grant me some months for the old Julia to be forgotten, and to forget her myself. You will agree to that, will you not?"

"Whatever you wish," said Clotilde, sighing.

"I beg of you. Tell him that I beg of him also."

"I will tell him; but do you know that Pierre is here?"

"Ah, indeed! But where?"

"I have left him in the garden."

"In the garden?—what imprudence, mother! Why, these ladies will tear him to pieces like Orpheus; for you may fancy he is not in the odor of sanctity here."

M. de Moras was summoned. Julia began to laugh when he appeared, and this facilitated his entrance. During their interview she had several attacks of that nervous laugh which is so useful to women in difficult circumstances. Not having this resource, M. de Moras contented himself with timidly kissing his cousin's beautiful hands; but his handsome masculine features were radiant with delight, and his large blue eyes were moist with happy tenderness. It seems that he made a favorable impression.

"I never before regarded him from that point of view," said Julia to her mother. "He is really handsome—a splendid husband!"

The wedding took place three months after. It was quite quiet, without any show. The Count de Moras and his young wife departed for Italy the same evening.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

AMONG the novelists of the Second Empire, Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880) was the real leader. He continued the succession of Balzac, and led to Zola and De Maupassant. Balzac had treated French provincial life with notable realism and bitterness; he had also, in Valérie and Esther, portrayed the vicious female type. Flaubert followed in his footsteps in "Mme. Bovary," which caused a notable sensation on its appearance in 1856. Flaubert was arrested, put on trial, pleaded his own case, and was acquitted. "Mme. Bovary" is a pitiless, pessimistic story of a country girl of beauty, educated beyond her station, who aspires to vulgar ideals of luxury and life. Flaubert emphasizes, with suppressed irony, the suffocating banality of her provincial environment, and in M. Homais, a druggist, supplies a marked type of narrow provincialism. Emma Bovary weds a common squire, but deceives him for several lovers. Abandoned by them, and in terror of her husband whom, by forgery, she has plunged into debt, she at last commits a hideous suicide with arsenic, while he, on learning the truth, dies of a broken heart. Mme. Bovary's portrait is a masterpiece, but she herself typifies vulgarity rather than voluptuousness. The vulgarity of life, indeed, seems to have been Flaubert's constant lament and theme for exposition. "Strange," he once wrote, "that I was born with so little faith in happiness. Even as a boy, I had a complete presentiment of life. It was like the smell of a nauseating kitchen escaping through a ventilating hole. One had no need to taste to know that it was sickening." The heroine of his "Salammbô," a tale of ancient Carthage, is "a monomaniac, a kind of St. Theresa, nailed to a fixed idea."

Flaubert is now known to have been an epileptic, and being a surgeon's son, was brought up amid the nauseating scenes of hospital life. In his despair, he turned to art from the misery of life, as he viewed it; and yet he made minute studies and accumulated huge notes for his romances. After "Mme. Bovary," however, he made no more studies of the evolution of a soul. In his "Salammbô" he evoked a sombre-spirited and yet gorgeously-descriptive fantasy of the revolt of the rude barbarian soldiers against Carthage, and of the heroine's weird self-sacrifice for her native city. In the "Temptation of St. Anthony" in the desert of Thebaid, an allegory, the Egyptian hermit sees in a vision a mad procession of all the deities, religions, heresies, and philosophies of the world. It is a terrible picture of humanity from the cradle, in all its blood and filth, error and woe. In "A Sentimental Education"—pronounced by many admirers to be his real masterpiece—Flaubert shows us again the immoral, dishonest French society of Balzac's "Human Comedy," but brought his chief character to failure and disillusionment instead of worldly success. His pessimism is a deadly poison, despite the formal beauty, the concise thought, and the precise phrase of his highly imaginative style.

SALAMMBÔ AND THE SERPENT.

SALAMMBÔ was the sister of the Carthaginian Hannibal. When the Numidian Mâtho was a prisoner at her father Hamilcar's house, he stole for her from the temple of Tanit (the Moon) the sacred veil, but when freed afterwards he took it away with him. Disasters fell upon Carthage. Her tributaries rebelled and under Mâtho threatened the city. The priests attributed the dangers to the anger of the goddess for the loss of the sacred veil. Schahabarim, who has been the tutor of Salammbô, persuades her that it is her duty to go secretly to Mâtho's tent and by his favor recover the veil.

The eunuch priest made her kneel and keeping her left hand raised and her right one extended, he swore on her behalf to bring back to Carthage the veil of Tanit. With fearful imprecations, she consecrated herself to the Gods, and each time that Schahabarim pronounced a word she faintingly repeated it.

He indicated to her all the purifications and fasts she ought to perform, and what paths to pursue, in order to reach Mâtho's tent; besides, he told her that a servitor familiar with the roads should accompany her.

She felt herself freed. She dreamed of naught but the happiness of seeing the Zaïmph [the veil] again; and now she blessed Schahabarim for his exhortations.

It was the season when the doves of Carthage migrated to the mountain of Eryx in Sicily, there nesting about the temple of Venus. Previous to their departure, during many days, they sought each other, and cooed to reunite themselves; finally one evening they flew, driven by the wind, and this large, white cloud glided in the heaven very high above the sea. The horizon was crimson. They seemed gradually to descend to the waves, then disappear as though swallowed up and falling, of their own accord, into the jaws of the sun. Salammbô, who watched them disappear, lowered her head. Taanach, believing that she surmised her mistress's grief, tenderly said:

"But, mistress, they will return."

"Yes! I know it."

"And you will see them again."

"Perhaps!" said Salammbô, as she sighed.

She had not confided to any one her resolution, and for its discreet accomplishment she sent Taanach to purchase, in the suburbs of Kinisdo, all the articles she should need: vermilion, aromatics, a linen girdle, and new garments. The old slave was amazed by these preparations, without daring to ask any questions; and so the day arrived fixed by Schahabarim when Salammbô must depart.

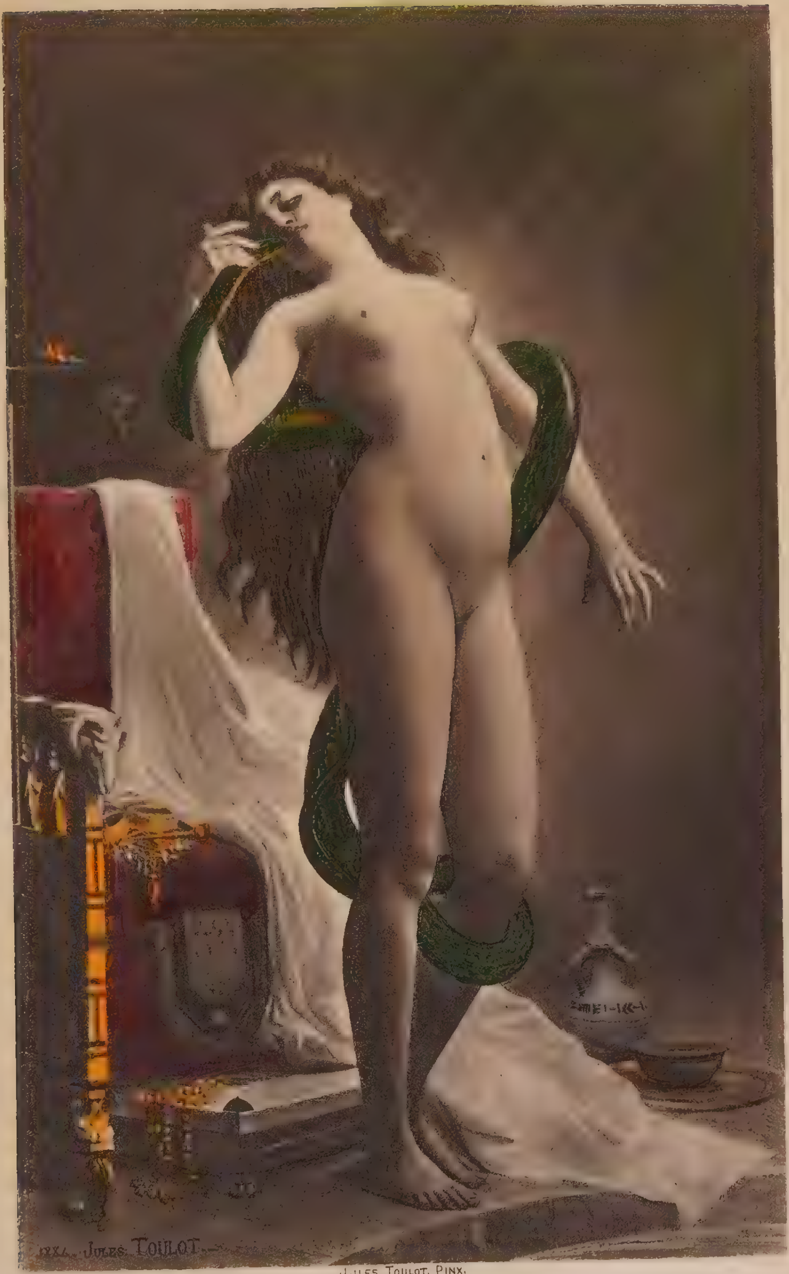
Towards the twelfth hour, she perceived at the end of the sycamores an old blind man, whose hand rested on the shoulder of a child who walked before him, and in the other hand he held, against his hip, a species of cithara made of black wood. The eunuchs, the slaves, the women had been scrupulously sent away; no one could possibly know the mystery that was being prepared.

Taanach lighted in the corners of the room four tripods full of *strobus* and cardamom, then she spread out great Babylonian tapestries, and hung them on cords all round the room,—for Salammbô did not wish to be seen even by the walls. The player of the kinnor waited crouching behind the door, and the young boy, standing up, applied his lips to a reed flute. In the distance the street clamor faded, the violet shadows lengthened before the peristyles of the temples, and on the other side of the gulf the base of the mountain, the olive fields and the waste yellow ground indefinitely undulated till finally lost in a bluish vapor; not a single sound could be heard, and indescribable oppression pervaded the air.

Salammbô crouched on the onyx step on the edge of the porphyry basin; she lifted her wide sleeves and fastened them behind her shoulders, and began her ablutions in a methodical manner, according to the sacred rites.

Next Taanach brought to her an alabaster phial, containing something liquid, yet coagulated; it was the blood of a black dog, strangled by barren women on a winter's night in the ruins of a sepulchre. She rubbed it on her ears, her heels, and the thumb of her right hand, and even the nail remained tinged a trifle red, as if she had crushed a berry. The moon rose, then both at once the cithara and the flute commenced to play. Salammbô took off her ear-rings, laid aside her necklace, bracelets, and her long white simarra; unknotted the fillet from her hair, and for some minutes shook her tresses gently over her shoulders to refresh and disentangle them. The music outside continued; there were always the same three notes, precipitous and furious; the strings grated, the flute was high-sounding and sonorous. Taanach marked the cadence by striking her hands; Salammbô, swaying her entire body, chanted her prayers, and one by one her garments fell around her on the floor.

The heavy tapestry trembled, and above the cord that sustained it the head of the Python appeared. He descended slowly, like a drop of water trickling along a wall, and glided between the stuffs spread out, then poised himself on his tail; he lifted himself perfectly straight up, and darted his eyes, more brillant than carbuncles, upon Salammbô.


JULES TOULOT

JULES TOULOT, PINX.

SALAMMBÔ

A shudder of cold, or her modesty perhaps, at first made her hesitate. But she recalled the order of Schahabarim, so she went forward; the Python lowered himself, alighting upon the nape of her neck in the middle of his body, allowing his head and tail to hang down like a broken necklace, and the two ends trailed on the floor. Salammbô rolled them around her sides, under her arms, between her knees; then taking him by the jaw, she drew his little triangular mouth close to her teeth; and with half-closed eyes she bent back under the moon's rays. The white light seemed to enshroud her in a silvery fog; the tracks of her wet feet shone on the stones; stars twinkled in the depths of the water; the Python tightened against her his black coils, speckled with spots of gold. Salammbô panted under this too heavy weight; her loins gave way, she felt that she was dying: the Python patted her thighs softly with his tail; then the music ceased, and he fell down.

Taanach drew near to Salammbô, and after arranging two candelabra, of which the lights burned in two crystal globes filled with water, she tinted with henna the inside of the hands of her mistress, put vermilion on her cheeks, antimony on her eyelids, and lengthened her eyebrows with a mixture of gum, musk, ebony, and crushed flies' feet.

Salammbô, sitting in a chair mounted with ivory, abandoned herself to the care of her slave. But the soothing touches, the odor of the aromatics, and the fasts she had kept, enervated her: she became so pale that Taanach paused.

"Continue!" said Salammbô; and as she drew herself up in spite of herself, she felt all at once reanimated. Then an impatience seized her; she urged Taanach to hasten, and the old slave growled: "Well! well! mistress! . . . You have no one waiting for you elsewhere!"

"Yes!" responded Salammbô, "some one waits for me."

Taanach started with surprise, and in order to know more, she said: "What do you order me to do, mistress, if you should remain away?"

But Salammbô sobbed, and the slave exclaimed: "You suffer! What is the matter with you? Do not go! Take me! When you were a little one and wept, I held you to my heart and suckled you, and made you laugh by tickling you with my nipples. Mistress!" she struck her withered breasts, exclaiming: "You sucked them dry. Now I am old! I can do nothing for you! You do not love me any more! You hide your troubles from me, you disdain your nurse!" With fondness and vexation the tears coursed down her face, in the scars of her tattooing.

"No!" said Salammbô, "no; I love you; be comforted!"

Taanach, with a smile like the grimace of an old monkey, recommenced her task. Following the directions of the priest, Salammbô ordered her slave to make her magnificent. Taanach complied, with a barbaric taste full of elaboration and ingenuity.

Over a first fine wine-colored tunic she placed a second one, embroidered with birds' plumes. Golden scales were fastened to her hips, from her wide girdle flowed the folds of her blue, silver-starred gown. Then Taanach adjusted an ample robe of rare stuff from the land of the Seres, white variegated with green stripes. She attached over Salammbô's shoulders a square of purple, made heavy at the hem with beads, and on the top of all these vestments she arranged a black mantle with a long train. Then she contemplated her, and proud of her work, she could not keep from saying:

"You will not be more beautiful the day of your nuptials!"

"My nuptials!" repeated Salammbô in a reverie, as she leaned her elbow on the ivory chair.

Taanach held up before her mistress a copper mirror, wide and long enough for her to view herself completely. She stood up, and with a light touch of one finger put back a curl that drooped too low on her forehead. Her hair was powdered with gold, crimped in front, hanging down her back in long twists, terminating in pearls. The light from the candelabra heightened the color on her cheeks, the gold throughout her garments, and the whiteness of her skin. She wore around her waist, on her arms, hands, and feet such a profusion of jewels that the mirror, reflecting like a sun, flashed back prismatic rays upon her:—and Salammbô stood beside Taanach, leaning and turning around on all sides to view herself, smiling at the dazzling effect.

Suddenly the crow of a cock was heard. She quickly pinned over her hair a long yellow veil, passed a scarf around her neck, and buried her feet in blue leather buskins, saying to Taanach:

"Go, see under the myrtles, if there is not a man with two horses."

Taanach had scarcely re-entered before Salammbô descended the stairway of the galleys.

"Mistress!" called out the slave. Salammbô turned around and placed one finger on her lips, in sign of discretion and silence.

Taanach crept quietly the length of the prows as far as the base of the terrace, and in the distance by the moonlight she distinguished in the cypress avenue a gigantic shadow moving obliquely to the left of Salammbô: this was a foreboding of death.

Taanach went back to her room, threw herself on the floor, tore her face with her finger-nails, pulled out her hair, and uttered shrill yells at the top of her voice.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

UNDER this joint-name Emile Erckmann (born in 1822) and Alexandre Chatrian (1826–90) published their famous series of Alsace-Lorraine romances. Both were born in the department of Meurthe, which France saved from Germany, and it was but natural that they should not only describe faithfully the middle-class Rhenish people, but also depict the saddest and least glorious of the Napoleonic battles which so terribly affected their native region. One was a law-student, the other a school usher; and both groped some time before they found their forte, but then they stood on solid ground. To them Napoleon represented the terror rather than the glory of war; the drain of life and blood to satisfy the empty dreams of ambition. In their eyes Napoleon had forfeited the gains won for the people by the Revolutionists who preceded the Empire. These views they realistically bodied forth in their novels, such as "Mme. Therèse; or, the Volunteers of 1792," "The Conscript of 1813," "The Invasion—Waterloo," "The Story of the Hundred Days," "War," "The Blockade; or, the Siege of Phalsbourg," "Brigadier Frederic," etc. Not only did they write thus of the wars of Napoleon, contrasting the lustre of the revolutionary victories to Bonaparte's defeats, but they spun many rustic and sentimental tales of the Vosges and Black Forest. "L'Ami Fritz" (Friend Fritz) is an Alsatian idyll, a delicate little story of an old bachelor's love for a pretty country girl. Another story tells of a feud between brothers ended by the love-making of their children. One of their strongest tales, dramatized by themselves, is "The Polish Jew," known to English play-goers as "The Bells." Mathias, the Jew, murders a rich traveler, and throws the body in a lime-kiln. Haunted by the sound of bells ever thereafter, Mathias finally dreams that he is made, by a mesmerist, to confess his crime in court. He is found dead of terror in bed on his daughter's wedding morn.

THE CONSCRIPT'S DUEL.

AT Frankfort I learned to understand military life. Up to that time I had been but a simple conscript; then I became a soldier. I do not speak merely of drill,—the way of turning the head right or left, measuring the steps, lifting the hand to the height of the first or second band to load, aiming, recovering arms at the word of command—that is only an affair of a month or two, if a man really desires to learn; but I speak of discipline—of remembering that the corporal is always in the right when he speaks to a private soldier, the sergeant when he speaks to the corporal, the sergeant-major when speaking to the sergeant, the second lieutenant when he orders the sergeant-major, and so on to the Marshal of France—even if the superior asserts that two and two make five, or that the moon shines at midday.

This is very difficult to learn; but there is one thing that assists you immensely, and that is a sort of placard hung up in every room in the barracks, and which is from time to time read to you. This placard presupposes everything that a soldier might wish to do, as, for instance, to return home, to refuse to serve, to resist his officer, and always ends by speaking of death, or at least five years with a ball and chain.

But about this time an extraordinary event occurred. You must know that my comrade, Zebedee, was the son of the gravedigger of Phalsbourg, and sometimes among ourselves we called him "Gravedigger." This he took in good part from us; but one evening after drill, as he was crossing the yard, a hussar cried out: "Hallo, Gravedigger! help me to drag in these bundles of straw."

Zebedee, turning about, replied: "My name is not Gravedigger, and you can drag in your own straw. Do you take me for a fool?"

Then the other cried in a still louder tone: "Conscript, you had better come, or beware!"

Zebedee, with his great hooked nose, his gray eyes and thin lips, never bore too good a character for mildness. He went up to the hussar and asked: "What is that you say?"

"I tell you to take up those bundles of straw, and quickly, too. Do you hear, conscript?"

He was quite an old man, with moustaches and red, bushy whiskers. Zebedee seized one of the latter, but received two blows in the face. Nevertheless, a fist-full of the whisker remained in his grasp, and, as the dispute had attracted a crowd to the spot, the hussar shook his finger, saying: "You will hear from me to-morrow, conscript."

"Very good," returned Zebedee; "we shall see. You will probably hear from me too, veteran."

He came immediately after to tell me all this, and I, knowing that he had never handled a weapon more warlike than a pickaxe, could not help trembling for him.

"Listen, Zebedee," I said; "all that there now remains for you to do, since you do not want to desert, is to ask pardon of this old fellow; for those veterans all know some fearful tricks of fence which they have brought from Egypt or Spain, or somewhere else. If you wish, I will lend you a crown to pay for a bottle of wine to make up the quarrel."

But he, knitting his brows, would hear none of this. "Rather than beg his pardon," said he, "I would go and hang myself. I laugh him and his comrades to scorn. If he has tricks of fence, I have a long arm, that will drive my sabre through his bones as easily as his will penetrate my flesh."

The thought of the blows made him insensible to reason. Soon Chazy, the *maître d'armes*, Corporal Fleury, Furst, and Leger came in. They all said that Zebedee was in the right, and the *maître d'armes* added that blood alone could wash out the stain of a blow; that the honor of the recruits required Zebedee to fight.

Zebedee answered proudly that the men of Phalsbourg had never feared the sight of a little blood, and that he was ready. Then the *maître d'armes* went to see our Captain Florentin, who was one of the most magnificent men imaginable—tall, well-formed, broad-shouldered, with regular features, and the Cross, which the Emperor himself had given him at Eylau. The captain even went further than the *maître d'armes;* he thought it would set the conscripts a good example, and that if Zebedee refused to fight he would be unworthy to remain in the Third Battalion of the Sixth of the Line.

All that night I could not close my eyes. I heard the deep breathing of my poor comrade as he slept, and I thought: "Poor Zebedee! another day, and you will breathe no more." I shuddered to think how near I was to a man so near death. At last, as day broke, I fell asleep, when suddenly I felt a cold blast of wind strike me. I opened my eyes, and there I saw the old hussar. He had lifted up the coverlet of our bed, and said as I awoke: "Up, sluggard! I will show you what manner of man you struck."

Zebedee rose tranquilly, saying: "I was asleep, veteran; I was asleep."

The other, hearing himself thus mockingly called "veteran," would have fallen upon my comrade in his bed; but two tall fellows who served him as seconds held him back, and, besides, the Phalsbourg men were there.

"Quick, quick! Hurry!" cried the old hussar.

But Zebedee dressed himself calmly, without any haste. After a moment's silence, he said: "Have we permission to go outside our quarters, old fellows?"

"There is room enough for us in the yard," replied one of the hussars.

Zebedee put on his great-coat, and, turning to me, said: "Joseph and you, Klipfel, I choose for my seconds."

But I shook my head.

"Well, then, Furst," said he.

The whole party descended the stairs together. I thought Zebedee was lost, and thought it hard, that not only must the Russians seek our lives, but that we must seek each other's.

All the men in the room crowded to the windows. I alone remained behind upon my bed. At the end of five minutes the clash of sabres made my heart almost cease to beat; the blood seemed no longer to flow through my veins.

But this did not last long; for suddenly Klipfel exclaimed, "Touched!"

Then I made my way—I know not how—to a window, and, looking over the heads of the others, saw the old hussar leaning against the wall, and Zebedee rising, his sabre all dripping with blood. He had fallen upon his knees during the fight, and, while the old man's sword pierced the air just above his shoulder, he plunged his blade into the hussar's breast. If he had not slipped, he himself would have been run through and through.

The hussar sank at the foot of the wall. His seconds lifted him in their arms, while Zebedee, pale as a corpse, gazed at his bloody sabre, and Klipfel handed him his cloak. Almost immediately the reveille was sounded, and we went off to morning call. These events happened on the eighteenth of February.

JULES VERNE.

SCIENCE, so prominent in the nineteenth century, has not been without its romancers. Of these, Jules Verne (born at Nantes in 1828) has been the greatest and most popular. He followed in the footsteps of Edgar Allan Poe, only applying a more exact science than the great American inventor of hoaxes and wonder tales. Verne's ingenuity has made the most surprising use of the remarkable facts of mechanics, physics and electricity. In his "Five Weeks in a Balloon," "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "From the Earth to the Moon," "The Mysterious Island," "Hector Servadac; or, the Career of a Comet," and "The Purchase of the North Pole," he has almost exhausted the plausible wonders of astronomy, submarine and subterranean exploration, and scientific invention. In "The Castle of the Carpathians" he has pictured electricity as a secret agent of the marvellous. No one has yet succeeded in securing such a vraisemblance as he in tales of this type, although M. Camille Flammarion, his compatriot and a celebrated astronomer, has written several clever romances concerning life in Mars and other worlds, and Mr. H. G. Wells, a later British writer, has produced some ghastly stories of zoological and botanical fiction, a romance of vivisection ("Dr. Moreau's Island"), and a Martian romance ("The War of Worlds"). Jules Verne, who was educated for the bar and began by writing plays, has shown more versatility, however. In "Michael Strogoff" he has told a thrilling tale of a blinded courier of the Czar. In "Dr. Ox's Experiment," a chemist vitalizes a whole Flemish village to a dangerous state of feverish excitemetn by impregnating the atmosphere with excessive oxygen. Verne here describes sleepy Quinquendon with a master's brush. His most celebrated tale, "Around the World in Eighty Days," is a peerless story of adventure. His hero, Phineas Fogg, a member of the London Travelers' Club, accomplishes this feat, with his servant, to win a wager, and comes back only at the last stroke of the clock. The feat then (1874) almost incredible has since been actually surpassed.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

AND now, how can I retrace the impression left upon me by that walk under the waters? Words are impotent to relate such wonders! Captain Nemo walked in front, his companions followed some steps behind. Conseil and I remained near each other, as if an exchange of words had been possible through our metallic cases. I no longer felt the weight of my clothing, or my shoes, of my reservoir of air, or of my thick helmet, in the midst of which my head rattled like an almond in its shell.

The light, which lit the soil thirty feet below the surface of the ocean, astonished me by its power. The solar rays shone through the watery mass easily and dissipated all color, and I clearly distinguished objects at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Beyond that the tints darkened into fine gradations of ultra-marine, and faded into vague obscurity. Truly this water which surrounded me was but another air denser than the terrestrial atmosphere, but almost as transparent. Above me was the calm surface of the sea. We were walking on fine, even sand, not wrinkled, as on a flat shore, which retains the impression of the billows. This dazzling carpet, really a reflector, repelled the rays of the sun with wonderful intensity, which accounted for the vibration which penetrated every atom of liquid. Shall I be believed when I say that, at the depth of thirty feet, I could see as if I was in broad daylight?

For a quarter of an hour I trod on this sand sown with the impalpable dust of shells. The hull of the "Nautilus," resembling a long shoal, disappeared by degrees; but its lantern, when darkness should overtake us in the waters, would help to guide us on board by its distinct rays. Soon forms of objects outlined in the distance were discernible. I recognized magnificent rocks, hung with a tapestry of zoophytes of the most beautiful kind, and I was at first struck by the peculiar effect of this medium.

It was then ten in the morning, the rays of the sun struck the surface of the waves at rather an oblique angle, and at the touch of their light, decomposed by refraction as through a prism, flowers, rocks, plants, shells, and polypi were shaded at the edges by the seven solar colors. It was marvelous, a feast for the eyes, this complication of colored tints, a perfect kaleidoscope of green, yellow, orange, violet, indigo, and blue; in one word, the whole palette of an enthusiastic colorist! Why could I not communicate to Conseil the lively sensations which were mounting to my brain, and rival him in expressions of admiration? For aught I knew, Captain Nemo and his companion might be able to exchange thoughts by means of signs previously agreed upon. So for want of better, I talked to myself; I declaimed in the copper box which covered my head, thereby expending more air in vain words than was, perhaps, expedient.

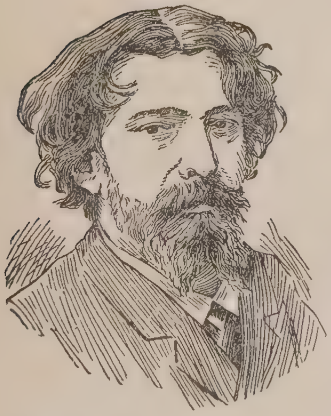
Various kinds of isis, clusters of pure tuft-coral, prickly fungi, and anemones, formed a brilliant garden of flowers, enameled with porplutæ, decked with their collarettes of blue tentacles, sea-stars studding the sandy bottom, together with asterophytons like fine lace embroidered by the hands of naiads; whose festoons were waved by the gentle undulations caused by our walk. It was a real grief to me to crush under my feet the brilliant specimens of molluscs which strewed the ground by thousands, of hammerheads, donaciæ (veritable bounding shells), of staircases, and red helmet-shells, angel-wings, and many others produced by this inexhaustible ocean. But we were bound to walk, so we went on, whilst above our heads waved shoals of physalides, leaving their tentacles to float in their train, medusæ whose umbrellas of opal or rose-pink, escaloped with a band of blue, sheltered us from the rays of the sun and fiery pelagiæ which, in the darkness, would have strewn our path with phosphorescent light.

All these wonders I saw in the space of a quarter of a mile, scarcely stopping, and following Captain Nemo, who beckoned me on by signs. Soon the nature of the soil changed; to the sandy plain succeeded an extent of slimy mud, which the Americans call "ooze," composed of equal parts of silicious and calcareous shells. We then traveled over a plain of sea-weed of wild and luxuriant vegetation. This sward was of close texture, and soft to the feet, and rivalled the softest carpet woven by the hand of man. But whilst verdure was spread at our feet, it did not abandon our heads. A light network of marine plants, of that inexhaustible family of sea-weeds of which more than two thousand kinds are known, grew on the surface of the water. I saw long ribbons of fucus floating, some globular, others tuberous, laurenciæ and cladostephi of most delicate foliage, and some rhodomeniæ palmatæ, resembling the fan of a cactus. I noticed that the green plants kept nearer the top of the sea whilst the red were at a greater depth, leaving to the black or brown hydrophytes the care of forming gardens and parterres in the remote beds of the ocean.

We had quitted the "Nautilus" about an hour and a half. It was near noon; I knew by the perpendicularity of the sun's rays, which were no longer refracted. The magical colors disappeared by degrees, and the shades of emerald and sapphire were effaced. We walked with a regular step, which rang upon the ground with astonishing intensity; the slightest noise was transmitted with a quickness to which the ear is unaccustomed on the earth; indeed, water is a better conductor of sound than air, in the ratio of four to one. At this period the earth sloped downward; the light took a uniform tint. We were at a depth of a hundred and five yards and twenty inches, undergoing a pressure of six atmospheres.

At this depth I could still see the rays of the sun, though feebly; to their intense brilliancy had succeeded a reddish twilight, the lowest state between day and night; and we could still see well enough.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.



Alphonse Daudet (1840–97), born at Nimes in the same year as Zola at Aix, early attained the honor of being one of the great masters of style among contemporary French romancers. Zola once described Daudet as having "the delicate, nervous beauty of an Arab horse, with flowing hair, silky, divided beard, large eyes, narrow nose, an amorous mouth, and over it all a sort of illumination, a breath of tender light that individualized the whole face, with a smile full at once of intellect and of the joy of life. There was something in him of the French street-boy and something of the Oriental woman." In a literary sense we may describe Daudet as half a Provençal and half a Parisian. Dickens, to whom he has been compared, recognized that "nature had placed Daudet where poetry ends and reality begins."

The music, color and poesy of Provence are in those kindly humorous "Tarasconades" (Tartarin of Tarascon, Tartarin in the Alps, and Port Tarascon), the hero of which trilogy typifies the exuberant imagination of Southern France that intensifies fancy into accepted fact. Tartarin boasts so much that from shooting holes through caps tossed in air he sets out to kill lions in Algeria. Again he seeks adventure in the Alps, where he finds all modern comforts instead. He is a curious blend of both Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and we grow fond of him, as of old Falstaff. This persiflage deepens to serious humor in "The Nabob," a Corsican political romance, and to stern criticism in "Numa Roumestan," in which Southern French statesmen are satirized (perhaps Gambetta among them). Daudet's exotic, Provençal spirit is revealed in his most successful drama, "The Arlesienne," and in his delightfully pastoral "Letters from my Mill." Only a master of the short story could write such tales as those of M. Seguin's wandering goat, of the vengeful Pope's mule, of the witty Curé of Cucugnan's sermon, and of the magic elixir of the self-sacrificing tipsy monk, Gaucher. In his Parisian dramas, Daudet like Dickens is autobiographic and draws on his Parisian and Algerian observations. Thus in "La Petite Chose" he describes his own unhappy youth in the *pion* (usher) at a French Dotheboys Hall. In "Jack" he describes the life romance of a poor bastard. In "The Nabob" he depicts in Mora the Duc de Morny "as a Brummel-Richelieu." He was secretary to the Duke during the Empire. Of his other novels, it can be stated that "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné" is a saddening tragedy of the domestic ruin wrought by a scheming Paris shop girl, Sidonie; "Kings in Exile," is a study of exiled royalty living in Paris; "L'Evangeliste" treats of religious fanaticism; "La Petite paroisse," of jealousy; "L'Immortel" is a slanderous satire on the French Academy; and "Sapho," is a remarkably realistic study of a Parisian cocotte, Fanny Legrand, who fascinates, disillusionizes and ruins her lover.

TARTARIN OF TARASCON.

TARASCON is a town in the south of France, whose inhabitants had such a mania for hunting that in the course of time all the game, even down to blackbirds and rabbits, took alarm and departed. Deprived of their game, the brave sportsmen invented the ingenious substitute of flinging their caps in the air and shooting them. It was agreed that the one who could show the most shot-holes in his cap should be king of the hunt. The great Tartarin held this honor and was almost worshipped by the people for his splendid physique and indomitable bravery. He had his garden fitted up with African trees, though these indeed remained provokingly small, and at the foot of the garden an apartment was adorned with all the weapons of the world from rifles and revolvers to Malay kreeses and Hottentot clubs.

Along the water-side, when Tartarin came home from hunting on Sunday evenings, with his cap on the muzzle of his gun, and his fustian shooting-jacket belted in tightly, the sturdy river-lightermen would respectfully bob, and, blinking towards the huge biceps swelling out his arms, would mutter among themselves in admiration,—

"Now, there's a powerful chap, if you like! he has double muscles!"

"*Double muscles!* Why, you never heard of such a thing outside of Tarascon!"

For all this, with all his numberless parts, double muscles, the popular favor, and the so precious esteem of brave Commandant Bravida, ex-captain (in the Army Clothing Factory), Tartarin was not happy; this life in a petty town weighed upon him and suffocated him.

The great man of Tarascon was bored in Tarascon.

The fact is, for a heroic temperament like his, a wild adventurous spirit, which dreamt of nothing but battles, races across the pampas, mighty battues, desert sands, blizzards, and typhoons, it was not enough to go out every Sunday to pop at a cap, and the rest of the time to ladle out casting-votes at the gunmaker's. Poor dear great man! If this existence were only prolonged, there would be sufficient tedium in it to kill him with consumption.

In vain did he surround himself with baobabs and other

African trees, to widen his horizon, and some little to forget his club and the market-place; in vain did he pile weapon upon weapon, and Malay kreese upon Malay kreese; in vain did he cram with romances, endeavoring, like the immortal Don Quixote, to wrench himself by the vigor of his fancy out of the talons of pitiless reality. Alas! all that he did to appease his thirst for deeds of daring only helped to augment it. The sight of all the murderous implements kept him in a perpetual stew of wrath and exaltation. His revolvers, repeating rifles, and ducking-guns shouted "Battle! battle!" out of their mouths. Through the twigs of his baobab the tempest of great voyages and journeys soughed and blew bad advice. To finish him came Gustave Aimard, Mayne Reid, and Fenimore Cooper.

Oh, how many times did Tartarin with a howl spring up on the sultry summer afternoons, when he was reading alone amidst his blades, points, and edges! how many times did he dash down his book and rush to the wall to unhook a deadly arm! The poor man forgot he was at home in Tarascon, in his underclothes, and with a handherchief round his head. He would translate his readings into action, and, goading himself with his own voice, shout out, whilst swinging a battle-axe or tomahawk,—

"Now, only let 'em come!"

"Them?" Who are they?

Tartarin did not himself any too clearly understand. "They" was all that should be attacked and fought with, all that bites, claws, scalps, whoops, and yells,—the Sioux Indians dancing round the war-stake to which the unfortunate pale-face prisoner is lashed; the grizzly of the Rocky Mountains, who wobbles on his hind legs and licks himself with a tongue full of blood; the Touareg, too, in the desert, the Malay pirate, the brigand of the Abruzzi: in short, "they" was warfare, travel, adventure, and glory.

But, alas! it was to no avail that the fearless Tarasconer called for and defied *them;* never did they come. Odsboddikins! what would they have come to do in Tarascon?

Tartarin was constantly preparing himself deadly encounters; when he issued from his den to go to his club, he wore a knuckleduster on his left hand, and carried a sword-cane in his right; in his left pocket he had a blackjack, in his right a revolver. Yet though he tramped the longest and darkest way round, he met none of the ugly customers he desired.

But at last when the brave Tartarin was one day examining a needle-gun at the gunsmith's, an excited cap-popper dashed in with the startling cry, "A lion! A lion!" There was great commotion, which was hardly calmed when it was announced that the terrible beast was in a cage at the menagerie, which had just reached Tarascon. It was a lion from the Atlas Mountains. Tartarin stood like one in a dream of gallant exploits, while his soul rose to the height of the situation.

Suddenly a flush of blood flew into his face. His eyes flashed. With one convulsive movement he shouldered the needle-gun, and, turning towards the brave commandant Bravida (formerly captain—in the Army Clothing Department, please to remember), he thundered to him,—"Let's go have a look at him, commandant."

"Here, here, I say! that's my gun, my needle-gun, you are carrying off," timidly ventured the wary Costecalde; but Tartarin had already got round the corner, with all the cap-poppers proudly lock-stepping behind him.

When they arrived at the menagerie, they found a goodly number of people there. Tarascon, heroic but too long deprived of sensational shows, had rushed upon Mitaine's portable theatre and taken it by storm. Hence the voluminous Madame Mitaine was highly contented. In an Arab costume, her arms bare to the elbow, iron anklets on, a whip in one hand and a plucked though live pullet in the other, the noted lady was doing the honors of the booth to the Tarasconians; and, as she also had "double muscles," her success was as great as her animals'.

The entrance of Tartarin with the gun on his shoulder was a damper. All our good Tarasconians, who had been quite tranquilly strolling before the cages, unarmed and with no distrust, without even any idea of danger, felt momentary apprehension, naturally enough, on beholding their mighty Tartarin rush into the enclosure with his formidable engine of war. There must be something to fear when a hero such as he came weaponed: so, in a twinkling, all the space along the cage fronts was cleared. The youngsters burst out squalling for fear, and the women looked around for the nearest way out. The chemist Bezuquet made off altogether, alleging that he was going home for his gun.

Gradually, however, Tartarin's bearing restored courage. With head erect, the intrepid Tarasconian slowly and calmly made the circuit of the booth, passing the seal's tank without stopping, glancing disdainfully on the long box filled with sawdust in which the boa would digest his raw fowl, and going to take his stand before the lion's cage.

A terrible and solemn confrontation, this! The lion of Tarascon and the lion of Africa face to face!

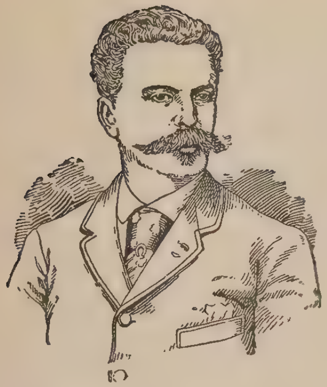
On the one side, Tartarin erect, with his hamstrings in tension, and his arms folded on his gun-barrel; on the other, the lion, a gigantic specimen, humped up in the straw, with blinking orbs and brutish mien, resting his huge muzzle and tawny full-bottomed wig on his forepaws. Both calm in their gaze.

Singular thing! whether the needle-gun had given him "the needle," if the popular idiom is admissible, or that he scented an enemy of his race, the lion, who had hitherto regarded the Tarasconians with sovereign scorn and yawned in their faces, was all at once affected by ire. At first he sniffed; then he growled hollowly, stretching out his claws; rising, he tossed his head, shook his mane, opened a capacious maw, and belched a deafening roar at Tartarin.

A yell of fright responded, as Tarascon precipitated itself madly towards the exit, women and children, lightermen, cap-poppers, even the brave commandant Bravida himself. But alone Tartarin of Tarascon had not budged. There he stood, firm and resolute, before the cage, lightnings in his eyes, and on his lip that gruesome grin with which all the town was familiar. In a moment's time, when all the cap-poppers some little fortified by his bearing and the strength of the bars, re-approached their leader, they heard him mutter, as he stared Leo out of countenance,—"Now, this is something like a hunt!"

All the rest of that day, never a word further could they draw from Tartarin of Tarascon.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.



THE unchallenged master of the short story in French is Guy de Maupassant (1850–1893). He was a scion of an old Norman noble family and a nephew of Flaubert, and cultivated that literary artificer's conciseness to the supreme point. His "Boule de Soif" was easily the best story in the collection called "Les Souées de Medan," and written by five of Zola's naturalistic disciples (De Maupassant, Huysmans, Céard, Hennique, and Alexis) in 1880. His exquisite and elaborate style, free from every artifice or mannerism, produced the most impressive effects with phrases simple and lucid as Rousseau's or Voltaire's. He wrote at least one hundred tales, ranging from the Normandy theme of selfish thrift through exhibitions of pessimism and crime, Parisian foibles and guilty love, even to nihilism and insanity. From being "a playful satyr," full of blood and fire, he himself faded into a flagging, drug-stimulated writer of morbid dramas of situation, and during the last two years of his life was an inmate of an insane asylum. He said of himself that he "never found any joy in working." His fancies became weird and half insane even as early as 1887 in "La Horla," in which the Being Invisible figures who is to succeed man, and who will die only at a predestined day, hour, minute, because the end of his existence is come. Starting as a Latin of good, clear and solid head, De Maupassant drifted through suicidal and morbid phantasms to shipwreck. His cynical humor was notable, however, even in his earlier sketches of Norman cottage and market place, of farm-yard and wine-shop. He enjoyed to depict the unmitigable miseries of humanity. His masterpiece of Norman peasant life is "La Ficelle" ("The Piece of String"). Other powerful, concise and direct tales of his are "The Necklace," the mean romance of a needless sacrifice; "A Coward," in which a duel is averted by self-murder, and "The Wreck."

THE PIECE OF STRING.

ALL the roads leading to Goderville were crowded with peasants and their wives coming into the town; for it was market day. . . . .

Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, had just reached Goderville, and was taking his way towards the market-place when he noticed a little piece of string lying on the ground. Maître Hauchecorne, with the economy of a true Norman, thought it right to pick up anything that might be of use, and he bent down with difficulty, because he suffered from rheumatism. He took the little piece of fine cord off the ground, and was carefully rolling it up when he noticed that Maître Malandain, the harness-maker, was standing at his door watching him. They had formerly done business together about a halter, and had ever since hated each other cordially. Maître Hauchecorne felt a sort of shame to be caught by his enemy searching in the mud for a bit of string. He put it quickly in his blouse, then in his breeches' pocket, and then pretended to be searching on the ground for something he couldn't find, and went off to the market, his head thrown forward, his body bent in two with pain. . . . .

All the aristocracy of the plough dined at Jourdain's, innkeeper and horse-dealer, a shrewd fellow who had money. The dishes went round and were emptied, as well as the pewter jugs of yellow cider. Everybody talked about their business, their purchases, and their sales. They interchanged ideas about the crops. Weather was good for grass, but a little unfavorable for grain.

Suddenly a drum was heard in the courtyard in front of the house. Everybody, save a few who were indifferent, rose to their feet at once, rushed to the door, to the windows, mouths full and table-napkins in hand. When he had finished beating his drum, the public crier, in a jerky voice, marking his sentences at the wrong time, said—

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all—persons present at the market, that there was lost this morning on the Beuzeville road, between—nine and ten o'clock, a black leather pocket-book containing 500 francs and business papers. You are requested to take it—to the Mayor's office at once, or to the house of Maître Fortuné Houlbrèque of Manneville. A reward of twenty francs is offered."

Then the man departed. In the distance the fainter voice of the crier and the muffled sound of the drum could once again be heard. Then they began to talk of the event, weighing Maître Houlbrèque's chances of recovering or not recovering his pocket-book.

They were finishing their coffee when a policeman appeared on the threshold. He asked: "Is Maître Hauchecorne de Bréauté here?" Maître Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, replied, "Here I am."

And the policeman continued: "Maître Hauchecorne, will you be good enough to go with me to the Mayor's office? The Mayor wishes to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised, uneasy, swallowed his glass of brandy at one draught, got up, and more bent than in the morning, for walking again after each rest was particularly difficult, he set out, repeating: "Here I am, here I am." And he followed the policeman.

The Mayor was waiting for him, seated in an arm-chair. He was the lawyer of the place, a big, grave-looking man of pompous speech. "Maître Hauchecorne," he said, "this morning you were seen to pick up on the Beuzeville road Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville's lost pocket-book."

The countryman, astounded, gazed at the Mayor, already terrified, without knowing why, by the suspicion that attached to him. "I—I—I picked up the pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"On my word of honor, I know nothing about it."

"You were seen."

"I was seen? Who saw me?"

"Monsieur Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and grew red with anger: "Ah! he saw me, that fellow. He saw me pick up this piece of string; look, your worship." And fumbling in the depths of his pocket, he pulled out the bit of twine. But the Mayor, incredulous, shook his head. "You can never make me believe, Maître Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man of strict truth, took that cord for a pocket-book."

Then the peasant, furious, lifted up his hand, spit aside to attest his honor, repeating: "It is all the same God's truth, the holy truth, your worship. On my soul and my salvation, I repeat it."

The Mayor continued: "After picking up the thing, you searched for a long time in the mud, as if a piece of money had fallen out."

The peasant was bursting with indignation and fear. "Is it possible that any one can lie like that to misrepresent a poor man? Is it possible?"

It was useless to protest, no one believed him. He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and upheld his assertion. They called each other bad names for about an hour. At his own request Maître Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found on him. At length, the Mayor, greatly perplexed, dismissed him, warning him that he should inform the court and ask for orders.

The news spread. On coming out of the mayoralty, the old man was surrounded, questioned with a serious or scoffing curiosity, but without any indignation. And he began to relate the story of the piece of string. No one believed him. Every one laughed. He went on, stopped by everybody, stopping his acquaintances, beginning his tale and his protestations over and over again, his pockets turned inside out to show that he had nothing. People said to him: "Oh, you cunning old fellow, you!" And he got angry, exasperated, fevered, wretched at not being believed, not knowing what to do, ever relating his story.

Night came. He had to depart. He went, accompanied by three neighbors, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the bit of cord. And he talked of his adventure the whole way. In the evening he went all over the village of Bréauté in order to tell every one. All were incredulous. He was ill in consequence all night.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, one of Maître Breton's farm-servants, took back the pocket-book and its contents to Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville. The man maintained that he had found it on the road, and being unable to read, had taken it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the surrounding country. Maître Hauchecorne was informed of it. He immediately made the round of the village, and began to tell his story, now made quite perfect by the *dénouement*. He triumphed. "What grieves me," he said, "isn't so much the affair itself, you understand, as the lie. Nothing does you so much harm as to be falsely accused."

All day long he talked of his adventure. He related it on the high-roads to the passers-by, at the taverns to the persons who were drinking, and coming out of church on the following Sunday. He stopped strangers to tell them. Although he was reassured, yet something troubled him that he could not exactly explain. People seemed to mock at him as they listened. They did not seem convinced. He thought he heard jeers behind his back.

Tuesday in the next week, he went to the market at Goderville, urged merely by the desire of relating his case. Malandain, standing at his door, began to laugh when he saw him pass. Why? He attacked a farmer of Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and digging him in the ribs, exclaimed to his face, "Oh, you cunning fellow! Go along with you!" Then he turned on his heels.

Maître Hauchecorne was astounded, and became more and more uneasy. Why did they call him a "cunning fellow?" When he was seated at the table in Jourdain's inn he began to explain the affair all over again.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers cried—"Get along with you, you old hand. I know your piece of string!"

Hauchecorne muttered, "But they found the pocket-book."

The other replied, "Oh, be quiet, father; there's one who finds, and another who makes restitution. Neither seen nor known, I promise you."

The peasant was completely taken aback. At last he understood. He was accused of sending the pocket-book back by a colleague, an accomplice. He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh. He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid their jeers. He returned home, ashamed and indignant, bursting with anger and confusion, so much cast down that with his Norman artfulness he was capable of doing what he was accused of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence seemed to him, in his confusion, impossible to prove, his propensity being known. And he was keenly hurt by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began relating his adventure again, lengthening his tale each day, sometimes adding new reasons, more vigorous protestations, more solemn oaths, that he imagined and prepared in his hours of solitude, his mind filled with the story of the piece of string. As his defence grew more complicated, and his arguments more subtle, he was the less believed.

"Those are the arguments of a liar," people said behind his back. He felt it, chafed under it, and exhausted himself in useless efforts. He visibly wasted away.

The wags now made him tell "the piece of string" as an amusement, just as you make an old soldier who has seen service relate his battles. His mind, mortally wounded, began to give way. Towards the end of December he took to his bed. He died early in January, and in the delirium of the last agony he attested his innocence, repeating, "A little bit of string—a little bit of string—here it is, your worship."

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Prominent as Zola has been for years in contemporary French literature, it is not yet time for a proper estimate of his work to be formed. He was born in 1840, and is still at work. His origin was obscure; his mother was French, his father Italian; his youth was embarrassed by poverty, and it was not until after his thirtieth year that he conceived the plan of the Rougon-Macquart Series of novels, in which he attempts to apply the theory of heredity as a sufficient explanation of the events of human life. His ambition was to emulate, or supplement, Balzac's great "Human Comedy;" but his work is vitiated by the bigotry of its underlying theory, and there results a monotony which is not relieved by the beauties and compensations of art. Zola's little code of dogmas fails adequately to measure the dimensions of mankind. Nevertheless, he is a writer of force and power; he can draw character and weave an absorbing web of circumstances.

As Zola was the first writer of fiction deliberately to undertake the analysis of human nature on scientific principles, his books soon attracted attention, and presently won a fame, or a notoriety, which is altogether in excess of their true value. The foul indecency of many of them augmented their commercial worth, and as leader of a new Naturalistic School, Zola appeared as one of the foremost literary men of France, if not of his age. But sober criticism is compelled to see in him a mind deeply tainted with unwholesome predispositions; he takes the gloomy and repulsive side even of his own dismal theory; and he fails, in the end, to convince us that he has discovered truth. There is in the contents of his series enough good writing and just observation to warrant a sound literary reputation; and we may conjecture that, had he been endowed with a healthier temperament, or had he avoided the pitfalls of a shallow and inconclusive science, he might have been known as an honored member of the literary guild; yet it should be borne in mind that his success, such as it is, may be due to that same mental perversity which renders that success transitory and unsound. The frequent and violent denunciations of Zola have not injured him; but he has been made ridiculous, and his vogue shortened, by the many absurd eulogies and analyses of his productions, put forth by hysteric critics who hastened to accept him at his own solemn and extravagant valuation. It has been said that the value of each one of his novels is enhanced by the fact that it is one of the series—a part of an organic whole. But the opposite of this is more probably the truth; we could accept and perhaps admire many single productions of his genius, were we not compelled to regard each but as a facet of his entire achievement. We could forgive him for a dreary, morbid and repulsive book, but not for forcing us to regard it as a step in the development of a materialistic and unconfirmed hypothesis of mortal existence.

The underlying structural idea of the series is that of two branches of a family, one legitimate, one illegitimate, gradually ramifying throughout the various grades and phases of society, and exemplifying the characteristic types of modern life. There is insanity at the root of the genealogical tree of the race, and it flowers in all manner of sordid, vicious and monstrous ways. The author aims, in imitation of Flaubert, to be coldly dispassionate in his treatment, and to concede nothing to sentiment and art; he professes to seek the truth only, and to be sublimely indifferent to consequences. But this is a mere pose, which, if it deceives Zola himself, deceives no one else. It would be easy to point to inconsistencies in his execution, as well as to fallacies in his method; his stories are not natural in the sense he pretends; they bear the marks of the personal equation of their composer as plainly as do those of other writers. Indeed, one of the few things which his books go near to demonstrate is, that to reproduce nature in novels is impossible. We must select, emphasize and arrange; we must begin, culminate and conclude. Zola, no more than another man, is of a stature to see the bend of the infinite arc of human destiny; and the petty arcs he traces on his paper are ridiculous, not so much in themselves, as in their pretensions.

Zola's most widely-known books are "L'Assommoir," "Nana," "La Terre" and "Le Debâcle." They are also in many respects his most revolting productions. In "La Rêve" he attempts to show that he can write a pure story; but it is one of his most labored and least interesting efforts. It may be said, paradoxically, that Zola is at his best when at his worst. But he has been diligent, painstaking, and—in his own way—conscientious; and the profession of literature may confess a debt to him. It will never again be possible for a successful writer to be a careless one, or to neglect the study of life, as a preliminary to depicting it. Zola overdid the note-book, or misused it; but he showed the value of strict observation; and the literature of the future, if it remain true to art, may thank him for the hint that reality cannot safely be ignored.

It has been Zola's resolute ambition to be elected a member of the French Academy; but thus far he has been unsuccessful. No one would grudge him gratification in this respect on personal grounds; but he desires the honor less for personal reasons, than as an endorsement of his literary philosophy; and it is doubtless on this very ground that it is withheld. Several of his books have been dramatized, and achieved popularity on the stage.

When his Rougon-Macquart Series was brought to a conclusion, Zola projected another literary scheme, to illustrate the religious movement of the age in three works—"Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris," corresponding somewhat remotely to Faith, Hope and Charity. A priest who has become perplexed with doubts goes on a pilgrimage to Lourdes to restore his faith, but rather has his disbelief increased by what he sees there; he goes to Rome, but is disappointed; he returns to Paris and there finds science and truth in closest conflict with ignorance and misery, and accepts beneficence to one's neighbors as the chief duty and proper aim of life.

Hardly had Zola finished these romances of religion when he startled the world by interfering in political affairs, accusing the heads of the army of the grossest injustice in the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus and demanding a new trial for the victim. The result was his own trial, condemnation, appeal and withdrawal from France. Meantime unexpected revelations seem to prove that he was in the right, and French public opinion, which had been excited against him for attacking the army administration, turned in his favor.

A FIGHT WITH FLAILS.

(From "La Terre.")

WHEN the relatives, invited to a baptism and supper, had gone to look over the farm, Buteau, dissatisfied at losing the afternoon, took off his jacket and began to thresh, in the paved corner of the court-yard; for he needed a sack of wheat.

But he soon wearied of threshing alone, he wanted, to warm him up, the double cadence of the flails, tapping in measure; and he called Françoise, who often aided him in this work, her arms as hard as those of a lad:—"Eh! Françoise, will you come?"

His wife, who was preparing a ragoût of veal with carrots, and who had charged her sister to watch a roast of pork on the spit, wished to prevent the latter from obeying. But Buteau persisted, and Françoise, who had already put on an old dress, was forced to follow him. She took a flail, her own. With both hands she made it whirl above her head, bringing it down upon the wheat, which it struck with a sharp blow. Buteau, opposite her, did the same, and soon nothing was seen but the bits of flying wood. The grain leaped, fell like hail, beneath the panting toc-toc of the two threshers.

At a quarter to seven o'clock, as the night was coming on, Fouan and the Delhommes presented themselves.

"We must finish," Buteau cried to them, without stopping. "Fire away, Françoise!"

She did not pause, tapped harder, in the excitement of the work and the noise. And it was thus that Jean, who arrived in his turn, with the permission to dine out, found them. Françoise, on seeing him, stopped short, troubled. Buteau, having wheeled about, stood for an instant motionless with surprise and anger. "What are you doing here?"

But Lise cried out, with her gay air: "Eh! true, I have not told you. I saw him this morning, and asked him to come."

The inflamed face of her husband became so terrible, that she added, wishing to excuse herself: "I have an idea, Père Fouan, that he has a request to make of you."

"What request?" said the old man.

Jean colored, and stammered, greatly vexed that the matter should be broached in this way, so quickly, before everybody. But Buteau interrupted him violently, the smiling glance that his wife had cast upon Françoise had sufficed to enlighten him: "Are you making game of us? She is not for you, you scoundrel!"

This brutal reception restored Jean his courage. He turned his back, and addressed the old man: "This is the story, Père Fouan, it's very simple. As you are Françoise's guardian, it is necessary for me to address myself to you to get her, is it not? If she will take me, I will take her. It is marriage that I ask."

Françoise, who was still holding her flail, dropped it, trembling with fright. She ought, however, to have expected this; but never could she have thought that Jean would dare to demand her thus, immediately. Why had he not talked with her about it first? She was overwhelmed, she could not have said if she trembled with hope or with fear. And, all of a quiver, she stood between the two men.

Buteau did not give Fouan time to answer. He resumed, with a growing fury:—"Eh? you have gall! An old fellow of thirty-three marry a girl of eighteen! Only fifteen years difference! Is it not laughable?"

Jean commenced to get angry. "What difference does it make to you, if I want her and she wants me?" And he turned towards Françoise, that she might give her decision. But she remained frightened, stiffened, and seeming not to understand the case. She could not say No; she did not say Yes, however. Buteau, besides, was looking at her as if he would kill her, to force back the Yes in her throat. If she married, he would lose her land. The sudden thought of this result put the climax to his rage.

"See here, father, see here, Delhomme, it's not right to give this girl to that old villain, who is not even of the district, who comes from nobody knows where, after having dragged his ugly mug in all directions! A failure of a joiner who has turned farmer, because, very sure, he has some dirty business to hide!"

"And afterwards? If I want her and she wants me!" repeated Jean, who had controlled himself. "Come, Françoise, speak."

"But it's true!" cried Lise, carried away by the desire of marrying off her sister, in order to disembarrass herself of her, "what have you to say, if they come to an understanding? She has no need of your consent; it's very considerate in her not to send you about your business with a flea in your ear. You exhaust our patience!"

Then Buteau saw that the marriage would be decided upon, if the young girl spoke. At that instant La Grande (the old aunt) entered the court-yard, followed by the Charleses, who had returned with Éloide. And he summoned them with a gesture, without knowing yet what he would say. Then his face puffed out, he bawled, shaking his fist at his wife and sister-in-law:

"Name of God! I'll break the heads of both of them, the jades!"

The Charleses caught his words, open-mouthed, with consternation. Madam Charles threw herself forward, as if to cover with her body Éloide, who was listening; then, pushing her towards the kitchen garden, she herself cried out, very loudly: "Go look at the salads; go look at the cabbages! Oh! the fine cabbages!"

Buteau continued, violently abusing the two women, upon whom he heaped all sorts of epithets. Lise, astonished at this sudden fit, contented herself with shrugging her shoulders, repeating: "He is crazy! he is crazy!"

"Tell him it's none of his business!" cried Jean to Françoise.

"Very sure it's none of his business!" said the young girl, with a tranquil air.

"Ah! it's none of my business, eh?" resumed Buteau. "Well, I'm going to make you both march, jades that you are!"

This mad audacity paralyzed, bewildered Jean. The others, the Delhommes, Fouan, La Grande, held aloof. They did not seem surprised; they thought, evidently, that Buteau had a right to do as he pleased in his own house. Then Buteau felt himself victorious in his undisputed strength of possession. He turned towards Jean. "And now for you, scoundrel, who came here to turn my house upside down! Get out of here on the instant! Eh! you refuse. Wait, wait!"

He picked up his flail, he whirled it about his head, and Jean had only the time to seize the other flail, Françoise's, to defend himself. Cries burst forth, they strove to throw themselves between them; but the two men were so terrible that they drew back. The long handles of the flails carried the blows for several yards; they swept the court-yard. The two adversaries stood alone, in the centre, at a distance from each other, enlarging the circle of their flails. They uttered not a word, their teeth set. Only the sharp blows of the pieces of wood were heard at each stroke.

Buteau had launched forth the first blow, and Jean, yet stooping, would have had his head broken, if he had not leaped backwards. Instantly, with a sudden stiffening of the muscles, he arose, he raised, he brought down the flail, like a thresher beating the grain. But already the other was striking also, the two flail ends met, bent back upon their leather straps, in the mad flight of wounded birds. Three times the same clash was reproduced. They saw only those bits of wood whirl and hiss in the air at the extremity of the handles, always ready to fall and split the skulls which they menaced.

Delhomme and Fouan, however, had rushed forward, when the women cried out. Jean had just rolled in the straw, treacherously stricken by Buteau, who, with a blow like a whip stroke, along the ground, fortunately deadened, had hit him on the legs. He sprang to his feet, he brandished his flail in a rage that the pain increased. The end described a large circle, fell to the right, when the other expected it to the left. A few lines nearer, and the brains would have been beaten out. Only the ear was grazed. The blow, passing obliquely, fell with all its force upon the arm, which was broken clean. The bone cracked with the sound of breaking glass.

"Ah! the murderer!" howled Buteau, "he has killed me!"

Jean, haggard, his eyes red with blood, dropped his weapon. Then, for a moment, he stared at them all, as if stupefied by what had happened there, so rapidly; and he went away, limping, with a gesture of furious despair.

When he had turned the corner of the house, towards the plain, he saw La Trouille, who had witnessed the fight, over the garden hedge. She was still laughing at it, having come there to skulk around the baptismal repast, to which neither

her father nor herself had been invited. Mahomet would split his sides with merriment over the little family fête, over his brother's broken arm! She squirmed as if she had been tickled, almost ready to fall over, so much was she amused at it all.

"Ah! Caporal, what a hit!" cried she. "The bone went crack! It wasn't the least bit funny!"

He did not answer, slackening his step with an overwhelmed air. And she followed him, whistling to her geese, which she had brought to have a pretext for stationing herself and listening behind the walls. Jean, mechanically, returned towards the threshing machine, which was yet at work amid the fading light. He thought that it was all over, that he could never see the Buteaus again, that they would never give him Françoise. How stupid it was! Ten minutes had sufficed; a quarrel which he had not sought, a blow so unfortunate, just at the moment when matters were progressing favorably! And now there was an end to it all! The roaring of the machine, in the depths of the twilight, prolonged itself like a great cry of distress.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

AFTER entertaining lovers of pleasure under the Second Empire by furnishing comic librettos for Offenbach's gay music, Halévy twenty years later wrote a charming romance which has become a favorite text-book for American schoolgirls studying French. Ludovic Halévy (born in 1834), belongs to a Jewish family, distinguished in music, the drama, and Oriental research. He was employed in the state service until his dramatic success caused him to retire. His "Monsieur and Madame Cardinal" consisted of equivocal sketches, for which "The Abbé Constantin" was perhaps a recantation. It furnishes a French view of American life and manners, though the scene is entirely in France.

ABBÉ CONSTANTIN AND HIS GUESTS.

PAULINE began to cut the endive, and Jean bent down to receive the leaves in the great salad-dish. The Curé looked on.

At this moment a sound of little bells was heard. A carriage was approaching; the rattling and creaking of its wheels was heard. The Curé's little garden was separated from the road only by a low hedge, in the middle of which was a little trellised gate.

All three looked out, and saw driving down the road a hired carriage of primitive construction, drawn by two great white horses, and driven by an old coachman in a blouse. Beside this old coachman was seated a tall footman in livery, of the most severe and correct demeanor. In the carriage were two young women, dressed both alike in very elegant, but very simple traveling custumes.

When the carriage was opposite the gate the coachman stopped his horses, and addressing the Abbé, said: "Monsieur le Curé, these ladies wish to speak to you."

Then, turning towards the ladies: "This is Monsieur le Curé of Longueval."

The Abbé Constantin approached and opened the little gate. The travelers alighted. Their looks rested, not without astonishment, on the young officer, who stood there, a little embarrassed, with his straw hat in one hand, and his salad-dish, all overflowing with endive, in the other.

The visitors entered the garden, and the elder—she seemed about twenty-five—addressing the Abbé Constantin, said to him, with a little foreign accent, very original and very peculiar—"I am obliged to introduce myself—Mrs. Scott; I am Mrs. Scott! It was I who bought the castle and farms and all the rest here at the sale yesterday. I hope that I do not disturb you, and that you can spare me five minutes." Then, pointing to her traveling companion, "Miss Bettina Percival, my sister; you guessed it, I am sure. We are very much alike, are we not? Ah! Bettina, we have left our bags in the carriage, and we shall want them directly."

"I will get them."

And as Miss Percival prepared to go for the two little bags Jean said to her. "Pray allow me."

"I am really very sorry to give you so much trouble. The servant will give them to you; they are on the front seat."

She had the same accent as her sister, the same large eyes, black, laughing, and gay, and the same hair, not red, but fair, with golden shades, where daintily danced the light of the sun. She bowed to Jean with a pretty little smile, and he, having returned to Pauline the salad-dish full of endive, went to look for the two little bags. Meanwhile, much agitated, sorely disturbed, the Abbé Constantin introduced into his vicarage the new Châtelaine of Longueval.

This vicarage of Longueval was far from being a palace. The same apartment on the ground floor served for dining and drawing-room, communicating directly with the kitchen by a door, which stood always wide open; this room was furnished in the most scanty manner; two old arm-chairs, six straw chairs, a sideboard, a round table. Pauline had already laid the cloth for the dinner of the Abbé and Jean.

Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival went and came, examining the domestic arrangements of the Curé with a sort of childish wonder.

"But the garden, the house, everything is charming," said Mrs. Scott.

They both boldly penetrated into the kitchen; the Abbé Constantin followed them, scared, bewildered, stupefied at the suddenness and resolution of this American invasion.

Old Pauline, with an anxious and gloomy air, studied the two foreigners.

"Here they are, then," she said to herself, "these Protestants, these accursed heretics!"

"I must compliment you," said Bettina; "your little kitchen is so beautifully kept. Look, Suzie, is not the vicarage altogether exactly what you wished?"

"And so is the Curé," rejoined Mrs. Scott. "Yes, Monsieur le Curé, if you will permit me to say so, you do not know how happy it makes me to find you just what you are. In the railway carriage what did I say to you, Bettina? And again just now, when we were driving here?"

"My sister said to me, Monsieur le Curé, that what she desired above everything was a priest, not young or melancholy or severe, but one with white hair and a kind and gentle manner. And that is exactly what you are, Monsieur le

Curé, exactly. No, we could not have been more fortunate. Excuse me for speaking to you in this manner; the Parisians know how to make pretty phrases, but I do not, and in speaking French I should often be quite at a loss if I did not say everything in a simple and childish way, as it comes into my head. In a word, I am satisfied, quite satisfied, and I hope that you too, Monsieur le Curé, will be satisfied with your new parishioners."

"My parishioners!" exclaimed the Curé, all at once recovering speech, movement, life, everything which for some moments had completely abandoned him. "My parishioners! Pardon me, Madame, Mademoiselle, I am so agitated. You will be—you are Catholics?"

"Certainly we are Catholics."

"Catholics! Catholics!" repeated the Curé.

"Catholics! Catholics!" echoed old Pauline.

Mrs. Scott looked from the Curé to Pauline, from Pauline to the Curé, much surprised that a single word should produce such an effect, and, to complete the tableau, Jean appeared carrying the two little traveling-bags.

The Curé and Pauline saluted him with the same words —"Catholics! Catholics!"

"Ah! I begin to understand," said Mrs. Scott, laughing. "It is our name, our country; you thought that we were Protestants. Not at all. Our mother was a Canadian, French and Catholic by descent; that is why my sister and I both speak French, with an accent, it is true, and with certain American idioms, but yet in such a manner as to be able to express nearly all we want to say. My husband is a Protestant, but he allows me complete liberty, and my two children are Catholics. That is why, Monsieur l'Abbé, we wished to come and see you the very first day."

"That is one reason," continued Bettina, "but there is also another; but for that reason we shall want our little bags."

"Here they are," said Jean.

While the two little bags passed from the hands of the officer to those of Mrs. Scott and Bettina, the Curé introduced Jean to the two American ladies, but his agitation was so great that the introduction was not made strictly according to rule. The Curé forgot only one thing, it is true, but that was a thing tolerably essential in an introduction,—the family name of Jean.

"This is Jean," said he, "my godson, lieutenant of artillery, now quartered at Souvigny. He is one of the family."

Jean made two deep bows, the ladies two little ones, after which they foraged in their bags, from which each drew a rouleau of 1,000 francs, daintily enclosed in green sheaths of serpent skin, clasped with gold.

"I have brought you this for your poor," said Mrs. Scott.

"And I have brought you this," said Bettina.

"And besides that, Monsieur le Curé, I am going to give you five hundred francs a month," said Mrs. Scott.

"And I will do like my sister."

Delicately they slipped their offerings into the right and left hands of the Curé, who, looking at each hand alternately, said: "What are these bundles? They are very heavy; there must be money in them. Yes, but how much?"

The Abbé Constantin was seventy-two, and much money had passed through his hands, but the money had come to him in small sums, and the idea of such an offering as this had never entered his head. Two thousand francs! Never had he had two thousand francs in his possession—no, not even one thousand. He stammered: "I am very grateful to you, Madame; you are very good, Mademoiselle—"

But after all he could not thank them enough, and Jean thought it necessary to come to his assistance.

"These ladies have just given you two thousand francs!"

And then, full of gratitude, the Curé cried: "Two thousand francs! Two thousand francs for my poor!"

Pauline suddenly reappeared.

"Here, Pauline," said the Curé, "put away this money, and take care—"

Old Pauline filled many positions in this simple household,—cook, maid-of-all-work, treasurer, dispenser. Her hands received with a respectful tremble these two little rouleaux, which represented so much misery alleviated, so much suffering relieved.

"A thousand francs a month! Then there will be no poor left in the country."

"That is just what I wish. I am rich, very rich, and so is my sister; she is even richer than I am, because a young girl has not so many expenses, while I— Ah! well, I spend all that I can—all that I can. When one has a great deal of money, too much, more than one feels to be just, tell me, Monsieur le Curé, is there any other way of obtaining pardon than to keep one's hands open, and give, give, give, all one can, and usefully as one can? Besides, you can give me something in return;" and, turning to Pauline, "Will you be so kind as to give me a glass of water? No, nothing else, a glass of cold water; I am dying of thirst."

"And I," said Bettina, laughing, while Pauline ran to fetch the water, "I am dying of something else—of hunger, to tell the truth. Monsieur le Curé,—I know that I am going to be dreadfully intrusive; I see your cloth is laid,—could you not invite us to dinner?"

"Bettina!" said Mrs. Scott.

"Let me alone, Suzie, let me alone. Won't you, Monsieur le Curé? I am sure you will."

But he could find no reply. The old Curé hardly knew where he was. They had taken his vicarage by storm; they were Catholics; they had promised him a thousand francs a month, and now they wanted to dine with him. Ah! that was the last stroke. Terror seized him at the thought of having to do the honors of his leg of mutton and custard to these two absurdly rich Americans. He murmured:

"Dine!—you would like to dine here?"

Jean thought he must interpose again. "It would be a great pleasure to my godfather," said he, "if you would kindly stay. But I know what disturbs him. We were going to dine together, just the two of us, and you must not expect a feast. You will be very indulgent?"

"Yes, yes, very indulgent," replied Bettina; then, addressing her sister, "Come, Suzie, you must not be cross, because I have been a little—you know it is my way to be a little—let us stay, will you? It will do us good to pass a quiet hour here, after such a day as we have had! On the railway, in the carriage, in the heat, in the dust; we had such a horrid luncheon, in such a horrid hotel. We were to have returned to the same hotel at seven o'clock to dine, and then take the train back to Paris, but dinner here will be really much nicer. You won't say no? Ah! how good you are, Suzie!" She embraced her sister fondly.

"Come," said Jean, "quick, Pauline, two more plates; I will help you."

"And so will I," said Bettina; "I will help, too. Oh! do let me; it will be so amusing."

In a moment she had taken off her mantle, and Jean could admire, in all its exquisite perfection, a figure marvellous for suppleness and grace. Miss Percival then removed her hat, but with a little too much haste, for this was the signal for a charming catastrophe. A whole avalanche descended in torrents, in long cascades, over Bettina's shoulders. She was standing before a window flooded by the rays of the sun, and this golden light, falling full on this golden hair, formed a delicious frame for the sparkling beauty of the young girl. Confused and blushing, Bettina was obliged to call her sister to her aid, and Mrs. Scott had much trouble in introducing order into this disorder.

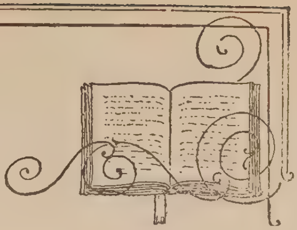
When this disaster was at length repaired, nothing could prevent Bettina from rushing on plates, knives, and forks.

"Oh! indeed," said she to Jean, "I know very well how to lay the cloth. Ask my sister. Suzie, when I was a little girl in New York, didn't I use to lay the cloth very well?"

"Very well, indeed," said Mrs. Scott.

And then, while begging the Curé to excuse Bettina's want of thought, she, too, took off her hat and mantle, so that Jean had again the very agreeable spectacle of a charming figure and beautiful hair; but, to Jean's great regret, the catastrophe had not a second representation.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Scott, Miss Percival, the Curé, and Jean were seated round the little vicarage table; then, thanks partly to the impromptu and original nature of the entertainment, partly to Bettina's good humor and perhaps slightly audacious gayety, the conversation took a turn of the frankest and most cordial familiarity.



GERMAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD VI.

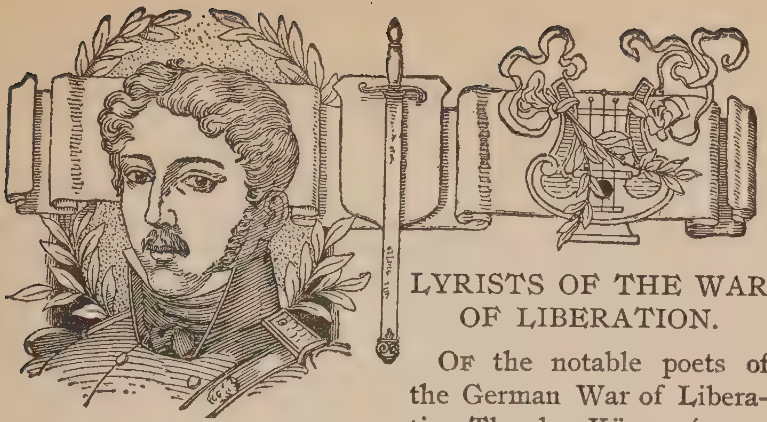
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AT the opening of the nineteenth century all Germany was roused to resist the terrific Napoleonic invasion. The unity of the German race was felt in the presence of imminent destruction. A patriotic fervor pervaded all classes, and became binding religion. War-songs were quickly composed and widely sung by the people. But when the war ended in victory for the old regime, and the old rulers were restored to their thrones, a system of repression was inaugurated. Freedom of speech, which had prevailed among the Romanticists, was stifled by the harshest measures. Goethe, whose genius rose superior to local limitations, and whose acknowledged aim was individual self-culture, was able to work on, and even to produce some of his greatest works. But the minor poets, whose inspiration sprung from love of the Fatherland, were reduced to silence or sought refuge in foreign lands. The philosopher Hegel submitted to the reaction and worshipped the powers that be. But Schopenhauer, despairing of the world, developed pessimism.

Heine, the greatest writer of the succeeding period, was, by his Jewish birth, placed in a certain antagonism to the ideals of the German people. He felt and acknowledged that Napoleon had been not only a liberator of the Jews from the mediæval servitude, but an inspiring force to all the oppressed. Exiled in Paris, and crippled with physical ills, Heine continued to write beautiful poetry and satirical prose. But while the world admired his genius, the German people refused to recognize him as one of themselves. They were content with minor poets and inferior prose-writers, or went for higher entertainment to Goethe and Schiller.

The brief and abortive Revolution of 1848 showed that the spirit of the French Revolution was not extinct. Again a swarm of poets gave vent to the old feelings, but were quickly suppressed. Prussia had seemed to give promise of leadership for the united race, and this was eventually fulfilled in 1870. But the movement is not so plainly discerned in literature as in other departments of human activity. Freytag has perhaps done more to represent the national tendency than any other single writer. In his "Pictures of German Life" there is a panoramic view of the progress of the race from century to century. Auerbach and others have given partial views, as of the Black Forest; while Ebers has found inspiration for romance in ancient Egypt, and Dahn in the wars of the Germans with the Romans.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century there has been a bewildering, social, political and intellectual unrest, and a marked progress in liberalism. It is seen in criticism and philosophy, in theology and Biblical criticism even more plainly than in literature proper. The individualism which Goethe exemplified has been opposed by collectivism and socialism. There is a wide-spread longing for the reconstruction of society, but the agitators are by no means agreed as to the new form to be desired. Karl Gutzkow (1811–1878), in his great drama "Uriel Acosta," pleaded for freedom of thought. He has been succeeded by the dramatists Ernst von Wildenbuch (born in 1845), Hermann Sudermann (1859), and the poet Gerart Hauptmann (1862), who all advocate individual freedom from conventional and social restraints.



LYRISTS OF THE WAR OF LIBERATION.

Of the notable poets of the German War of Liberation Theodor Körner (1791–1813) may be regarded as the chief, for his laurels were sanctified by the blood of martyrdom. In the bright morning of love, happiness, and dawning fame he rode out with that romantic band of Lützow volunteer students of the academies and universities, and composed his stormy battle-songs (afterward published as "Lyre and Sword") to be sung by his soldiers in camp. On the morning of his death—at Gadebusch in Mecklenburg when he was only twenty-two years old—he wrote the rapturous bridal "Song to his Sword." He had just finished reading aloud the last verse when the signal for action was given. Other stirring battle songs of his are "Lützow's Wild Chase," "Father, I Call Thee!" "Heart, let thyself not break!" and his "Farewell to life," written as he lay wounded after a sharp action.

With Körner may be mentioned the kindred spirits Friedrich Förster, his army comrade, Ernst Moritz Arndt (1769–1860), Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), and Max von Schenkendorf (1783–1817). These all contributed war lyrics, expressing the national enthusiasm of those years of struggle with the overwhelming Napoleonic empire. Schenkendorf in sweet, melodious strains foretells a new realm of poetry and freedom. Rückert's bold and fiery spirit fiercely denounces the oppressors of his country. Professor Francke styles Arndt "the Blücher of German lyrics." Arndt hymned "The God who let the iron grow," and also sang the glorious hymns of German unity. His most inspiring song is "What is the German's Fatherland?"

Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811) was regarded by Goethe as "a human form beautifully planned by nature, but infected with an incurable disease." His "Hermannsschlacht"—the lineal sequel of Klopstock's "Hermann and Thusnelda"—has been described as "the glorification of the first great rising of Germanic yeomen against foreign tyranny." It is "like one long-drawn breath of exultant joy that the hour of action has come." Kleist's Hermann is the embodiment of the spirit which Fichte in his "Addresses to the German Nation" had sought to evoke. With Fichtean inspiration Kleist also penned his indignant "Catechism for Germans," and after the crushing blow of Wagram his hate for the French invaders burst forth again in the bitterness of his drama, "Prince Frederick of Hamburg," himself depicted against the background of the Brandenburg of the Great Elector. But this son of a noble old Prussian officer was not destined to die a martyr on the battle-field. The neglect of his genius by his contemporaries, and the loss of even his sister's friendship, led Kleist to exclaim: "Hell gave me my half-talents." Together with Henriette Vogel, he committed suicide. His most popular work in Germany to-day is "Kitty of Heilbronn," a love-romance of a Suabian village.

SWORD-SONG.

(By Theodor Körner.)

"SWORD at my left side gleaming!
Why is thy keen glance beaming
So fondly bent on mine?
I love that smile of thine! Hurrah!"

"Borne by a trooper daring,
My looks his fire-glance wearing,
I arm a freeman's hand:
This well delights thy brand! Hurrah!"

"Ay, good sword! Free I wear thee;
And, true heart's love, I bear thee,
Betrothed one, at my side,
As my dear, chosen bride! Hurrah!"

"To thee till death united,
Thy steel's bright life is plighted;
Ah, were my love but tried!
When wilt thou wed thy bride? Hurrah!"

"The trumpet's festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning;
When loud the cannon chide,
Then clasp I my loved bride! Hurrah!"

"Oh, joy, when thine arms hold me!
I pine until they fold me.
Come to me! bridegroom, come!
Thine is my maiden bloom. Hurrah!"

"Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou wild, dear steel, art ringing?
Why clanging with delight,
So eager for the fight? Hurrah!"

"Well may thy scabbard rattle,
Trooper, I pant for battle;
Right eager for the fight,
I clang with wild delight. Hurrah!"

"Why thus, my love, forth creeping?
Stay, in thy chamber sleeping;
Wait, still i' th' narrow room;
Soon for my bride I come. Hurrah!"

"Keep me not longer pining!
Oh, for Love's garden shining
With roses, bleeding red,
And blooming with the dead! Hurrah!"

"Come from thy sheath, then, treasure!
Thou trooper's true eye-pleasure!
Come forth, my good sword, come!
Enter thy father-home! Hurrah!"

"Ha! in the free air glancing,
How brave this bridal dancing!
How, in the sun's glad beams,
Bride-like thy bright steel gleams! Hurrah!"

Come on, ye German horsemen!
Come on, ye valiant Norsemen!
  Swells not your hearts' warm tide?
  Clasp each in hand his bride! **Hurrah!**

Once at your left side sleeping,
Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping;
  Now, wedded with your right,
  God plights your bride i' th' light. **Hurrah!**

Then press, with warm caresses,
Close lips, and bridal kisses,
  Your steel;—cursed be his head,
  Who fails the bride he wed! **Hurrah!**

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing;
  Day dawns for bridal pride;
  Hurrah, thou iron-bride! Hurrah!

SONG OF THE FATHERLAND.

(By E. M. Arndt.)

THE God who made earth's iron hoard
  Scorned to create a slave,
Hence unto man the spear and sword
  In his right hand he gave.
Hence him with courage he imbued,
  Lent wrath to freedom's voice,
That death or victory in the feud
  Might be his only choice.

What God hath willed will we uphold,
  And with true faith maintain,
And never to the tyrant sold
  Cleave human skulls in twain;
But him whose sword wins shame will we
  In pieces hew and tear,
In German land he ne'er shall be
  Of German men the heir.

O Deutschland, holy Fatherland!
  Thy faith and love how true!

Thou noble land! thou lovely land!
We swear to thee anew.
Our country's ban for knave and slave!
Be they the raven's food!
To freedom's battle march the brave,
'Tis fell revenge we brood.

Let all that glows, let all ye can,
In flames surge high and bright!
Ye Germans all, come, man for man,
And for your country fight!
Now raise your hearts to Heaven's span,
Stretch forth your hands on high,
And cry with shouting, man for man,
"Now slavery shall die!"

Let drum and flute, let all ye can,
Resound with thrilling peal!
This very day, yes, man for man,
Will steep in blood the steel.
In tyrant's blood, in Frenchmen's blood—
O day of sweet revenge!
That sound, to German ears so good,
Will our great cause avenge.

Let flags and banners, all ye can,
Wave o'er our heads on high!
To-day we swear, yes, man for man,
The hero's death to die.
Wave o'er the daring phalanx, wave,
Thou flag of victory!
We'll vanquish, or seek in the grave
The pillow of the free.

BARBAROSSA.

(By Friedrich Rückert.)

In his castle underground
Old Barbarossa dwells,
The Emperor Frederic,
Bound fast by magic spells.

He did not die, he lives
Still in the castle's keep;
From human sight concealed,
He sat him down to sleep.

And with him he took down
  The glories of his realm,
And when his time shall come,
  Again he'll seize the helm.

The throne whereon he sits
  Of ivory is made;
Of marble is the table
  Whereon he rests his head.

His beard is not of flax,
  Like flaming fire it glows,
'Tis through the table grown,
  Where arms and chin repose.

He nods as in a dream,
  His eyes half open blink;
Anon unto a page
  He calls with beck and wink.

In sleep he speaks, "O boy,
  Unto the entrance hie,
See if the ravens still
  Around the mountain fly!

"And if the ancient ravens
  Are flying round and round,
I still must slumber here,
  A hundred years spell-bound."

THE SOLDIER'S MORNING SONG.

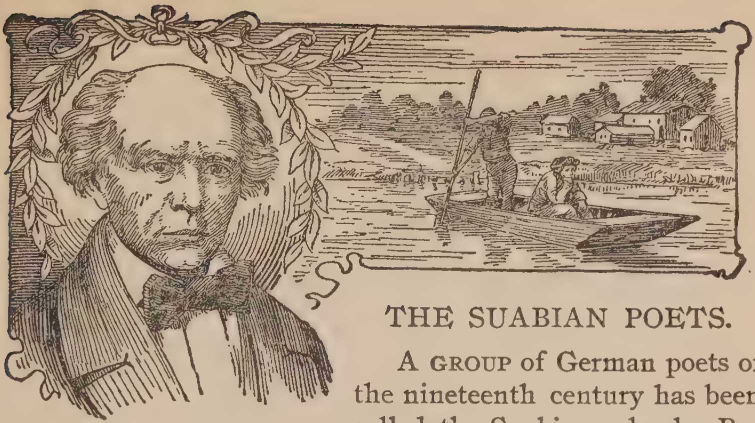
(By Max von Schenkendorf.)

RISE from your grassy couches,
  Ye sleepers, up! 'tis day;
Already do the chargers
  To us good morning neigh.
In morning's glow, so brightly
  Our faithful weapons gleam;
While we of death are thinking,
  Of victory we dream.

Thou God of endless mercy,
  Gaze from Thy azure tent;
For to this field of battle
  By Thee have we been sent.
Grant we be found not wanting,
  And victory accord,
The Christian flags are waving,
  Thine is the war, O Lord!

A morn will dawn upon us,
  Bright, balmy and serene,
The pious all await it,
  By angel hosts 'tis seen.
Soon will its rays, unclouded,
  On every German beam;
O break, thou day of fulness,
  Thou day of freedom, gleam!

Joy echoes from each tower,
  In every bosom glows,
To storms succeed life's pleasures,
  And love, and soft repose.
The victor's songs resounding
  Ring gaily through the air;
And we, ye gallant swordsmen,
  Yes, we were also there!



THE SUABIAN POETS.

A GROUP of German poets of the nineteenth century has been called the Suabian school. Rejecting the affectations of the Romanticists, they were simple in style and theme, and drew their inspiration from nature only. At their head stood Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862). His ballads and songs have been universally popular. The most noted pieces are "The Minstrel's Curse," "The Luck of Edenhall," "The Passage."

To the same school belongs Gustav Schwab (1792–1850), whose chief ballad is "The Knight and the Bodensee;" Eduard Mörike (1804–1875), whose "Song of the Wind" is remarkable for its rhythm; and Justinus Kerner (1786–1862), whose song is a voice of sadness. Kerner's "Kaiser Rudolph's Ride to the Grave," "The Richest Prince," are well known, and his "Poesy" deserves to be better known.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

THERE stood in olden times a castle, tall and grand,
Far shone it o'er the plain, e'en to the blue sea's strand,
And round it gardens wove a wreath of fragrant flowers,
In rainbow radiance played cool fountains 'mid the bowers.

There sat a haughty king, in victories rich and lands,
He sat enthroned so pale, and issued stern commands;
For what he broods is terror, rage his eyeball lights,
And scourge is what he speaks, and blood is what he writes.

Once to this castle went a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden looks, and gray the other's hair;
The old man, with his harp, a noble charger rode
And gaily at his side his blooming comrade strode.

The old man to the stripling spake: "Prepare, my son!
Bethink our deepest songs, awake the fullest tone,
Nerve all thy strength, and sing of grief as well as love!
Our task is the proud monarch's stony heart to move."

Now in the pillared hall the minstrels stand serene,
And on the throne there sit the monarch and his queen;
The king, in awful pomp, like the red northlight's sheen,
And mild and gentle, like the full moon, sat the queen.

The old man struck the chords, he struck them wondrous well,
Upon the ear the tones e'er rich and richer swell,
Then streamed with heavenly tones the stripling's voice of fire,
The old man's voice replied, like spirits' hollow choir.

They sing of spring and love, the golden time they bless
Of freedom and of honor, of faith and holiness.
They sing of all the joys that in the bosom thrill,
With heart-exalting strains the gilded halls they fill.

The crowd of courtiers round forget their scoffing now,
The king's bold warriors to God in meekness bow,
The queen, dissolved in raptures, and in sadness sweet,
The rose upon her breast casts at the minstrels' feet.

"My people led astray, and now ye tempt my queen?"
The monarch, trembling, cried, and rage flashed in his mien,
He hurled his sword, it pierced the stripling as it gleamed,
Instead of golden songs a purple torrent streamed.

Then was the host of hearers scattered as by storm,
The minstrel's outspread arms received the lifeless form,
He wraps his mantle round him, sets him on his steed,
He binds him upright fast, and leaves the hall with speed.

But at the portal's arch the aged minstrel stands,
His harp of matchless fame he seized with both his hands,
And 'gainst a marble pillar dashing it, he cries,
Resounding through the hall the trembling echo flies.

"Woe be to thee, proud pile, may ne'er sweet music's strain,
Amid thy halls resound, nor song, nor harp again!
No! sighs alone and sobs, and slaves that bow their head,
Till thee to dust and ashes the God of vengeance tread!"

"Ye perfumed gardens, too, in May-day's golden light,
Gaze here upon this corpse with horror and affright,
That ye may parch and fade, your every source be sealed,
That ye, in time to come, may lie a barren field!

"Woe, murderer, to thee! let minstrels curse thy name!
In vain shall be thy wish for bloody wreaths of fame,
And be thy name forgot, in deep oblivion veiled,
Be like a dying breath, in empty air exhaled!"

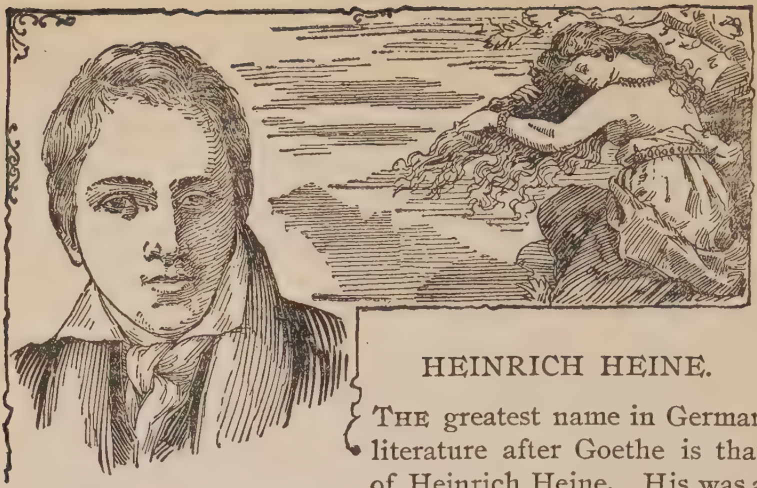
The old man cried aloud, and Heaven heard the sound,
The walls a heap of stones, the pile bestrews the ground,
One pillar stands alone, a wreck of vanished might,
And that, too, rent in twain, may fall ere cometh night.

Around, where gardens smiled, a barren desert land,
No tree spreads there its shade, no fountains pierce the sand,
Nor of this monarch's name speaks song or epic verse;
Extinguished and forgot! such is the minstrel's curse.

THE WATER SPRITE.

(By Justinus Kerner.)

IT was in the balmy glow of May,
The maidens of Tübingen danced so gay.
They danced, and danced right merrily,
In the verdant vale, round the linden tree.
A youthful stranger, proudly arrayed,
Soon bent his steps to the fairest maid.
To the jocund dance the maid he led,
A sea-green wreath he placed on her head:
"Fair youth, O wherefore so cold thy arm?"
In the depths of the Neckar it is not warm.
"Fair youth, O why is thy hand so white?"
The wave is ne'er pierced by the sun's bright light.
With the maiden he dances far from the tree.
"O youth, let me go, my mother hails me!"
He danced with her to the Neckar's shore,
She tremblingly cried, "O youth, no more!"
He flung his arms round the maid, and cried,
"Fair maiden, thou art the water-sprite's bride!"
He danced with her down into the wave.
"O save me, dear father; O mother, save!"
To a crystal hall he conducted the maid,
"Farewell, ye sisters, in the green glade!"



HEINRICH HEINE.

THE greatest name in German literature after Goethe is that of Heinrich Heine. His was a spirit in sharpest contrast to the Hellenic serenity of the Olympian of Weimar. Heine was fire, flame and smoke,—lover, poet and satirist. With bewildering genius he turned from jest and sarcasm to earnest invocation, from verse to prose, from the depths of mockery to the heights of sentimental lyricism. Even in his most vulgar and boisterous cynicism the greatness of his spirit and intellectuality is nevertheless so manifest that he earned for himself the title of the German Aristophanes. "God's satire," he once exclaimed, "weighs heavily upon me. The great Author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, was bent on demonstrating with crushing force to me, the little earthly so-called German Aristophanes, how my weightiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humor, in colossal mockery." In fact, Heine was an almost hopelessly fated bundle of contradictions. He declared: "I am a Jew, I am a Christian. I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one: a Greek, a Hebrew: an adorer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism as embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton; a beast, a devil, a god."

This "continuator of Goethe," as he has been styled by Matthew Arnold, was born at Düsseldorf, on December 13, 1799. In humorous sport he afterwards stated the date to be the first of January following, in order that he might call himself "one of the first men of the century." Truly enough he was destined to be "the representative of a skeptical time of ferment." Born a Jew with the soul of a Hellene, he appreciated "Goethe with his clear Greek eye," but felt himself to be of a new political era, and more modern literary activity. Goethe's calmness could not but irritate this restless protestant against the whims of life. As Matthew Arnold has written:

"The Spirit of the World,
Beholding the absurdity of men,
Their vaunts, their feats, let a sardonic smile
For one brief moment wander o'er his lips,
That smile was Heine."

The environments of his childhood and youth served to develop and accentuate Heine's turbulently kaleidoscopic character. The grandson of the "little Jew with a big beard" was sent to a Franciscan convent and Jesuit academy, learned to kiss the hands of the monks and breathed in that Catholic atmosphere in which Romanticism was then thriving. But his lessons of French philosophy, as well as the French Revolution, stirred his young heart with a new fire. When he kissed his little sweetheart, Sefchen, the executioner's pretty daughter, he did it (he has left it on record) "not merely out of tender inclination, but also out of contempt for the old social order and all its dark prejudices; and in that moment there blazed up in me the first flames of two passions to which the rest of my life was dedicated: love for fair women, and love for the French Revolution—for that modern Frankish furor with which I was seized in the battle with the mercenaries of the Middle Ages" (the old order in politics and the Romanticists in literature). In those days, too, the French rule in Düsseldorf was a blessing for the Jews, and as Heine puts it, "to the friends of freedom Napoleon appeared as a rescuer." In such soil were sown the germs of that hero-worship for Napoleon, which later found utterance in his "Buch le Grand." At the age of eleven he saw the great emperor in the flesh. "The picture," he added years afterward, "will never vanish from my memory. I see him still, high on horseback, with those eternal eyes in his marble imperator face, quiet as destiny, looking down on the guards marching by; and the old grenadiers looked up to him in awful submission,—stern accomplices, deathly proud: *Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant.*" (Those who are about to die salute thee, Cæsar.")

This peculiar Napoleonic sentiment was perhaps at the bottom of Heine's lack of sympathy with Germany's War of Liberation. Regarding Napoleon as the incarnation of genius and of a new age, he thought mere nationalism to be "a contraction of the heart." He wrote his "Buch le Grand" to thunder against the jailers of ideas and suppressors of hallowed rights. He claimed "a very 'extraordinary professorship' in the University of high minds," and wished that not a laurel wreath, but a sword, be placed on his coffin, because "he was a brave soldier in humanity's War of Liberation."

In literature he began as a Romanticist and ended by giving that school its death-blow. In his history of the "Romantic School," he proclaimed himself "its abdicated fable-king. . . . a disfrocked Romanticist." And yet, with that characteristic self-struggle of his entire life, he records, "there came over me once more an endless longing for the Blue Flower in the Romantic dreamland, and I seized the enchanted lute and sang a song ('Atta Troll') in which I surrendered myself to all sweet exaggerations, all moonshine intoxication, all blooming nightingale folly. It was the last free wood-song of Romanticism, and I am its last poet."

Trained as a Catholic in his youth, Heine later came in Berlin under the unsettling influence of Hegel, but after his sad years of exile in the Philistinic atmosphere of London, and after his long years of torture on his "mattress grave" in Paris, he awoke at last to the truth of his inner self. "Often," he wrote to Campe, "a doubt quivers through me whether a man really is a two-legged god as Hegel told me twenty-five years ago. I am no more a divine biped. I am no more the high priest of the Germans after Goethe, no more the Great Heathen No. 2, a Hellene of jovial life and portly person, laughing cheerfully down on dismal Nazarenes. I am only a poor death-sick Jew."

Such was the forlorn Knight of the Rueful Countenance hidden behind Heine's laughing, sneering mask of irony, sarcasm, and mockery of bitter jests and sublime parody. A hopeless love for his cousin Amalie, the rich banker Solomon's daughter, the Molly of his early verses, clouded his whole life. "A hopeless youthful love slumbers still in the heart of the poet," declared Gerard de Nerval, his friend, long afterward in Paris. "When he thinks of it, he may weep even now, or else he presses back his tears in rancor. Heine himself has confessed to me that, after he lost this living paradise, love remained only a trade (métier) for him." Abandoning himself to dissipation and ruining his constitution, he finally became almost blind and voiceless in Paris (his city of refuge) and was brought by a spine disease to a "mattress grave" on the floor of his little attic room. Here, in the height of his fame, he lay, paralyzed and almost sightless, nursed by the faithful Matilde whom he rewarded at last by the name as well as offices of wife. It was, as he described it, "a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed."

This romance of unhappy love and this tragedy of pain have served both to dignify his memory and to furnish a more tenderly human interpretation to his writings, often so full of bitterness and wrath. Even in the grasp of Death, the usually witty sufferer could not quite forget the cruelties of life. "I have them," he exclaimed while inditing his Memoirs. "Dead or alive they shall not escape me. Let whoever has insulted me guard himself from these lines. Heine dies not like any beast. The claws of the tiger will outlive the tiger himself."

It was this constant battle of emotions, this restless ocean-play of wit, humor, satire, tenderness, indignation and pathos, that make his prose and verse both aglow with brilliant human interest. His "Reisebilder" (Pictures of Travel) is a masterpiece of satiric wit. His "Lyric Intermezzo" is full of perfect lyrics, such as "In the wondrous month of May," "An ashtree stood alone," etc. His "Heimkehr," and "Nord-See," cycles of songs, breathe the mystery and greatness of the sea in the noblest Byronic style. The

"Journey in the Hartz Mountains" is a mingling of all the chords of the emotions.

The loves of Heine may be treated in a paragraph, although they themselves were innumerable. He was scarcely eleven years old when he fell violently in love with "little Veronica," whose death he has so touchingly related. Then came Josepha, the executioner's daughter, already alluded to as Sefchen the Red. Amalie Heine was married to Johan Friedländer, of Königsberg. Heine's love for her enshrined itself in the "Intermezzo." After this unhappy episode came "double, triple, multiple love." In Paris in 1823, however, he met Matilde, then eighteen years old, and a milliner's assistant at her aunt's shop. Heine actually bargained with the aunt for her, but she proved to be an angel to him in his latter years of suffering. Another woman who cast a ray over his final years was Mme. de Krienitz, whose literary pseudonym was Camille Selden.

Gautier described the Heine of thirty-five as "a German Apollo. . . . A slight curve altered, but did not destroy, the outline of his nose. . . . To the divine smile of the Musagete succeeded the sneer of the satyr."

BOYHOOD IN DÜSSELDORF.

THE Prince-Elector, Jan Wilhelm, must have been a brave gentleman, very fond of art and skillful himself. He founded the picture-gallery in Düsseldorf, and in the observatory there they show a very artistic piece of woodwork which he himself had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four-and-twenty. In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are: the crown grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their night-caps over it and slept peacefully, and their people slumbered peacefully at their feet; and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and he replied, "Good morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this. One morning when we awoke in Düsseldorf and wished to say, "Good morning, father," the father had traveled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently to the market and read the long paper on the door of the Town Hall. It was bad weather, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in his nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and his blue woolen stockings hung down so that his little bare legs peeped out in a troubled way, and his thin lips quivered as he murmured the placard. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it rather louder, and at some words a clear tear ran down his white, honorable old moustache. I stood near him, crying too, and asked why we were crying. And he replied, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words, "for the long manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when an old man, in faded uniform and scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Prince-Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as anxiously dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The town councillors went about at an abdicating, wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals with foolish grimaces, while tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira! Ça ira!*

But I went home crying and lamenting, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." My mother might do what she would, I knew what I knew, and went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end—the fair flower-gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled away like carpets from the floor; the beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead, and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker—a few stars glimmered on high, and even these fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; men gradually vanished, and I, poor child, wandered around in anguish, until before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head, but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave; and behind me stood the Palatine soldier sobbing and spelling, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated."

When I awoke, the sun shone as usual through the window; there was a sound of drums in the street; and as I entered our sitting-room and wished my father, who sat in his white dressing-gown, Good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town Hall to the Archduke Joachim. I heard too that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man; that he wore his beautiful black hair in curls; that he would shortly enter the town, and would certainly please all the ladies. Meanwhile the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching—those joyous and famous people who swept over the world—singing and playing, the merry, serious faces of the Grenadiers, the bear-skin shakoes, the tri-colored cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of vivacity and *point d'honneur*, and the giant-like, silver-laced drum major, who cast his *baton* with the gilded head as high as the first story, and his eyes to the second, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house—my mother was not glad—and I hastened to the Market Place. There everything looked changed; it was as though the world had been new whitewashed. A new coat-of-arms was placed on the Town Hall; its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery, French grenadiers stood as sentinels, the old town councillors had put on new faces and Sunday coats, and looked at each other French fashion, and said, "*Bon jour!*" Ladies peeped from every window, inquisitive citizens and soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the shining Prince-Elector's great bronze horse, and looked down on the motley crowd.

Neighbor Peter and Long Conrad nearly broke their necks on this occasion, and that would have been well, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence; while the other, having made geographical researches in strange pockets, became a working member of a public tread-mill institute! But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London, in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Long Conrad told us that there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time till this was over. At last the balcony of the Council House was filled with gay gentlemen, flags and trumpets; and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like india-rubber, or like a nightcap into which one has thrown a stone—only that it was not the stone of wisdom—and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases; for instance, that "We are now to be made happy"—and at the last words the trumpets and drums sounded, and the flags waved, and the people cried Hurrah!—and as I, myself, cried Hurrah! I held fast to the old Prince-Elector. And that was necessary, for I began to grow giddy; it seemed to me that the people were standing on their heads while the world whizzed round, and the Prince-Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, "Hold fast to me:" and not till the cannon re-echoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climb slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home I saw crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg while he chattered the names of French generals, and crooked Gumpertz was rolling in the gutter drunk and growling *Ça ira*, *Ça ira*—and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and so there was no school to-day.

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman kings, chronology—the *nomina* in *im*, the *verba irregularia*—Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be learned by heart. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman kings by heart it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned chronology how could I ever in later years have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water, or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head? Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met an acquaintance. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the well-dressed banker, Christian Gumpel. I thought of the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the University Judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. *Ach, lieber Himmel!* the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Take her for all in all; she was a hag—we oft shall look upon her like again!" As I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who knew exactly where to look for the right houses, and are, moreover, regular professors. But oh! the trouble I had at school with dates!—and it went even worse with arithmetic. I understood *subtraction* best, and for this I had a very practical rule—"Four from three won't go, I must borrow one;" but I advise every one, in such a case, to borrow a few extra shillings, for one never knows.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
  This thought so full of woe,
But a tale of times departed
  Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
  And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
  In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
  The fairest of the fair;
With gold in her garment glittering,
  And she combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
  And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
  And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
  With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
  His gaze is fixed above,

Till over the boat and boatman
  The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
  The Lorelei has done!

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

(Translated by Henry W. Longfellow.)

THE sea hath its pearls,
  The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart,
  My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,
  Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
  Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
  Come unto my great heart,
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
  Are melting away with love.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

(Translated by Rev. James Freeman Clarke.)

I.

THE mother stood at the window;
  In the chamber lay her son:
"Arise, arise, dear William,
  And see the crowd march on."
"I am so sick, my mother,
  I cannot hear or see:
I think of my dead Gretchen,
  And my heart is sad in me."

"Then we will go to Kevlaar,
  With book and rosary,
And there God's gracious mother
  Will heal thy heart for thee."

The banners flutter gaily,
  The church-bells ring aloud;
Past proud Cologne it marches,
  The singing, praying crowd.
The son he leads his mother,
  And all go marching on:
"All hail to thee, Maria!"
  They sing with solemn tone.

II.

God's mother sits at Kevlaar,
  With jewels in her hair;
To-day she wears her diamonds,
  For many guests are there.
The sick with votive offerings
  Have come from many lands,
To hang upon her altar
  Their waxen feet and hands.
For when one offers a waxen hand.
  His hand is cured of its wound;
And when one offers a waxen foot,
  His foot at once is sound.
Many who came on crutches
  Go running and dancing away,

And those whose fingers were stiff as sticks
  On the violin can play.
Out of a waxen candle.
  The mother formed a heart:
"Give this to Holy Mary,
  And she will cure thy smart!"
Sadly he took the image,
  Went sadly to the shrine,
And words with tears commingled,
  He cried, "O Maid divine,
O Queen of heaven and angels,
  Receive my bitter moan.
I dwell with my poor mother
  In a street of fair Cologne,
Where, in three hundred churches,
  Men go to sing and pray;
And near to us lived Gretchen,
  And she is dead to-day!
I bring this waxen image,
  The image of my heart;
Heal thou my bitter sorrow,
  And cure my deadly smart!
Do this, and every morning,
  Evening, and all day long,
Hail to thee, Blessed Mary,
  Shall be my prayer and song!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
  Slept in a little room,
Then came the Blessed Virgin,
  Soft-stepping through the gloom.
She bent above the sick man,
  And on his heart she laid
Her gentle hand; then, smiling,
  Passed like a mist the maid.
The mother in her slumber
  Had seen the whole event,
Then wakened, for the frightened dogs
  Howled, as the Virgin went.
He lay stretched out before her,
  Her son—and he was dead;

And on his thin and pallid cheek
The morning sun burnt red,
The mother knew not how she felt:
But bent in peace her head:
"God bless thee! Holy Mother!"
Were all the words she said.

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

(Translated by Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.)

To France were traveling two grenadiers,
From prison in Russia returning,
And when they came to the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads in mourning.

There came the heart-breaking news to their ears
That France was by fortune forsaken;
Scattered and slain were her brave grenadiers,
And Napoleon—Napoleon was taken.

Then wept together those two grenadiers
O'er their country's departed glory;
"Woe's me," cried one, in the midst of his tears,
"My old wound,—how it burns at the story!"

The other said: "The end has come,
What avails any longer living?
Yet have I a wife and child at home,
For an absent father grieving."

"Who cares for wife? Who cares for child?
Dearer thoughts in my bosom awaken;
Go beg, wife and child, when with hunger wild,
For Napoleon—Napoleon is taken!

'Oh, grant me, brother, my only prayer,
When death my eyes is closing:
Take me to France, and bury me there;
In France be my ashes reposing.

"This cross of the Legion of Honor bright,
Let it lie near my heart, upon me;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And gird my sabre on me.

"So will I lie, and arise no more,
My watch like a sentinel keeping,
Till I hear the cannon's thundering roar,
And the squadrons above me sweeping.

"Then the Emperor comes! and his banners wave,
With their eagles o'er him bending;
And I will come forth, all in arms, from my grave,
Napoleon, Napoleon attending!"

ONLY KISS AND SWEAR NO OATH.

OH! only kiss and swear no oath,
What women swear to trust I'm loth!
Thy words are sweet, yet sweeter is,
When I have taken it, thy kiss.
The one I have and know it's true—
Words are but breath and vapor too.

Oh! swear, my loved one, ever swear—
Thy simplest words oaths' force shall bear.
I lay me gently on thy breast,
And quite believe that I am blessed,
And I believe, my sweet, that me
Thou lov'st beyond eternity.

ENFANT PERDU.

(Translated by Lord Houghton.)

IN Freedom's War, of "Thirty Years" and more,
A lonely outpost have I held—in vain!
With no triumphant hope or prize in store,
Without a thought to see my home again.

I watched both day and night: I could not sleep
Like my well-tented comrades far behind,
Though near enough to let their snoring keep
A friend awake, if e'er to doze inclined.

And thus, when solitude my spirits shook,
Or fear—for all but fools know fear sometimes,—
To rouse myself and them, I piped and took
A gay revenge in all my wanton rhymes.

Yes! there I stood, my musket always ready,
And when some sneaking rascal showed his head,
My eye was vigilant, my aim was steady,
And gave his brains an extra dose of lead.

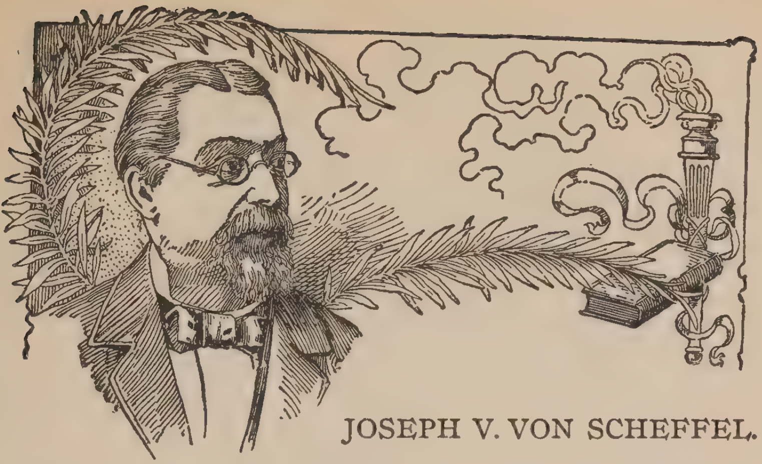
But war and justice have far different laws,
And worthless acts are often done right well;
The rascals' shots were better than their cause,
And I was hit—and hit again, and fell!

That outpost is abandoned: while the one
Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart;
Unconquered—I have done what could be done,
With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.

THE DEVIL.

(Translated by Alfred Baskerville.)

I CALLED the Devil and he came,
To view him with wonder I began.
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
Far from it, he is a charming man,
A man in the vigor still of his years,
A man of the world and polite he appears.
His talent is as diplomatist great,
He speaks right well upon Church and State.
No wonder he's pale, and wrinkled his brow,
Since Sanscrit and Hegel he studies now;
His favorite poet is Fouqué still.
In criticism he does no more,
He hath abandoned for evermore
To his grandam Hecate the critic's quill.
He was glad my studies in law to view,
'Twas once his favorite study, too.
My friendship could not be, he said,
Too dear for him, then nodded his head,
And asked if we had not once before,
At the Spanish ambassador's, seen each other;
And when I looked at his face once more,
I found we already knew one another.



JOSEPH V. VON SCHEFFEL.

THE old German spirit of bright simplicity and childlike gaiety has again come to light in Joseph Victor von Scheffel (1826–86). Born at Karlsruhe, Baden, and trained for jurisprudence, his mind turned, nevertheless, to the charming romance of the past. His tale of "Ekkehard" (1855) is already a German classic. In it he painted a genial picture of courtly and monastic life in the tenth century. The hero is a monk of St. Gall, teacher of Duchess Hedwig of Suabia. He discovered their mutual love only when it was too late, and his obtuseness caused his banishment, where Scheffel feigns that he wrote "Walter of Aquitaine." (See Vol. I., p. 287.) The humor is mild in this story, but two years before Scheffel had given all his exuberant, over-bubbling fancy and nerve full play in his song—from the upper Rhine—"The Trumpeter of Sackingen," which contains all the sunlight and romance of the Black Forest. The long poem relates the artless love of young Werner, the trumpeter, for the daughter of the Baron von Schönau. The wandering musician had once been a student of law at old Heidelberg, where he fought a duel. Becoming the Baron's trumpeter, he is wounded in the Hauenstein riot, which event reveals to him Margaretha's love. The Baron will not listen to the match, however, and Werner wanders away to fight in the wars. At last he rises, by his art, to be Pope Innocent's chapel-master, and marries Margaretha. A curious character in the poem is the Baron's mystical black tom-cat, Hiddigeigei, a true philosopher.

THE BARON'S CAT HIDDIGEIGEI.

(From "The Trumpeter of Sackingen." Canto V.)

STRETCHED beside the Baron's footstool
Daintily lay the gallant tom-cat
Hiddigeigei, with the sable
Velvet coat and tail majestic.
Heirloom he left to the Baron
By his sainted, well-loved lady,
Leonor Montfort du Plessys.
Far in Hungary, Hiddigeigei
Saw the light, for he was born there
By a daughter of Angora
To a wild-cat of the Puszta.
To fair Paris, as a kitten,
Was he sent in sign of homage,
By a brave Hungarian noble,
Who in Debreczin, far distant,
Cherished still, in recollection,
Leonor's clear eyes of azure
And the rats who, like an army,
Overran her father's castle.

Hiddigeigei to the Rhineland
Came with haughty Leonora,
Loyal and trusted. Somewhat lonely
Ran the thread of his existence,
For he hated all communion
With the German vulgar cat-folk.
"Certes," he reflected proudly,
In his feline self-reliance,
"They may have good hearts, these creatures,
And a fund of kindly feeling,
All these native cats untutored,
Aboriginal and common,
In these wilds brought up and nurtured.
But in style, they're sadly lacking,
They want breeding, manners, finish.
One who gained his spurs at Paris,
Following the chase full boldly

In the salons of Montfaucon,
Cannot, certes, in the country
Look to find congenial spirits,
Fit companions for his leisure."

Dignified, though isolated,
Always dignified and stately,
Dwelt he in the Baron's castle,
Paced its halls with measured footsteps.
Deeply tuneful was his purring,
And, in anger, when indignant
He would arch his supple backbone,
When each hair rose bristling upward,
Gentleness he still would study
To unite with dignity.
But when over roof and gable
He would clamber, agile, daring,
Sallying forth upon a mouse-hunt,
When mysterious in the moonlight
Flashed his emerald eyes and sparkled,
Then e'en envy must acknowledge
Hiddigeigei was imposing.

THE BARON'S TOBACCO PIPE.

(From "The Trumpeter of Sackingen." Canto V.)

PENSIVE sat the white-haired Baron,
From his eyes a light shot often
Like a flash, oft like a kindly
Ray from out the glowing sunset,
As on days of yore he pondered.
'Tis, in truth, the sweetest cordial
Of old age from out its watch-tower
To gaze back on all that has been,
And the old are never lonely.
Troops of shadows hover round him,
Whilom friends, long since departed,
Dressed in faded, yellow doublets,
In old-fashioned, stately garments.
But the memory knows no mildew,
Freshest youth, unfading beauty,
Rise again from bones and ashes
And they prate of days forgotten

Till the old man's heart throbs faster,
And his fist is clinched unwitting.
On the balcony he sees her,
Smiling, once again, upon him,
Hears again the trumpets blaring
And his swarthy charger, neighing,
Bears him where the battle rages.
Well-contented sat the Baron
While these mem'ries passed before him.
And when ofttimes toward the goblet
He would reach his hand, and quickly
Quaff a lengthy draught of Rhenish,
Then would rise, in tend'rest colors,
One fair image, prized and cherished.

Through the hall, sedately tripping,
Came the Baron's lovely daughter,
Margaretha; and her father
Smiled approval as she entered.
Hiddigeigei's patient visage
Beamed, likewise, with feline welcome.
She had changed her snowy raiment
For a robe of dusky velvet.
On her curly flaxen tresses
Saucy sat a pointed wimple,
And with matronly demureness
Her blue eyes surveyed the world.
Ponderous keys and leathern pocket,
German housewife's badge of honor,
From her girdle were suspended.
And she kissed the Baron's forehead,
Saying: "Pray, my father, chide not
That I long have left you lonely,
But the gracious Lady Abbess
Held me close in earnest converse,
While she told me wondrous stories;
Taught me too, how age comes creeping
And how winter follows summer.
Now unto your earnest censure
Am I waiting to submit me,
And am ready now to read you
Out of Theuerdank's mighty volume.

For you love his bluff adventures
And his hunting-tales, I wot well,
Better than the sentimental
Pastoral poets of our era.

"But, O Father, why for ever
Must you smoke that evil-smelling
Hurtful poisonous tobacco?
I am frightened when you sit there
Deep in rolling clouds enveloped,
As in morning mists Mont Eggberg.
And I grieve me for the golden
Picture-frames that hang above us,
And the whiteness of the curtains.
Hear you not their low lamenting,
That the smoke from out your clay-pipe
Makes them pale and gray and tarnished?
Doubtless 'tis a wondrous country,
Yon America, discovered
Erstwhile by the gallant Spaniard.
And I, too, rejoice at thought of
Paroquets all gaily painted
And of strings of rosy coral.
Through my dreams come floating, sometimes,
Lofty palmwoods silent bowers,
Cocoa-nuts and mighty flowers,
And wild monkeys full of mischief.
Yet I almost wish it rested
Undiscovered in the ocean,
All because of that tobacco,
Which has come to us from thither.
Sooth, a man I gladly pardon
Though he oft, with scant occasion,
Draw the red wine from the barrel;
Even might, if need were pressing,
With a red nose reconcile me,
Never with tobacco smoking."

Smilingly the Baron heard her,
Smiling blew fresh clouds around him
From his clay-pipe as he answered:
"Dear, my child, you women daily

Prate of many things full lightly
Which surpass your understanding.
True, a soldier oft possesses
Many rough, unpolished habits
For withdrawing-rooms unfitted,
But my child, above all others,
Should not gibe, methinks, at smoking,
Since through that I won her mother.
And because old battle-stories
Through my head to-night are buzzing,
Sit thee down; instead of reading,
I myself will tell thee somewhat
Of the weed which thou misprizest,
Somewhat of thy sainted mother."

Wondering Margaretha scanned him,
With her eyes of deepest azure,
Fetched her tapestry and needle
And her wools of motley colors,
By the arm-chair of her father
Placed a footstool, and right graceful
Set her by him. In the forest
Springs the wild rose, young and lovely,
Thus beside the gnarled oak-tree.
With a steady draught the Baron
Drained his goblet, and continued:

"It was in the evil war-time,
Once, with some few German troopers,
Into Alsace I made inroad.
Hans von Weerth was then our Colonel.
Swedes and French were camped by Breisach,
And with many a deed of daring
Soon we made their camp re-echo.
But the fleetest hare may perish.
One black day they loosed upon us
All their yelping pack,—confound them!
And, with bleeding gashes covered,
We were forced to yield our rapiers;
So, as prisoners, we were carried
By the Frenchmen to fair Paris,—
To the prison of Vincennes.

'Zounds!' so spake our gallant Colonel,
Hans von Weerth, 'sure 'twere more lively
With a naked sword to gallop
Leading on a storming party,
Than in Vincennes here to moulder,
Tilting with the heavy moments.
'Gainst such foes no weapon helps us,
Wine and dice alike are powerless,
Only smoking,—that I've tested
In the promised land of Boredom,
'Mong the mynheers. Let us try it;
Here, too, it may do good service.'

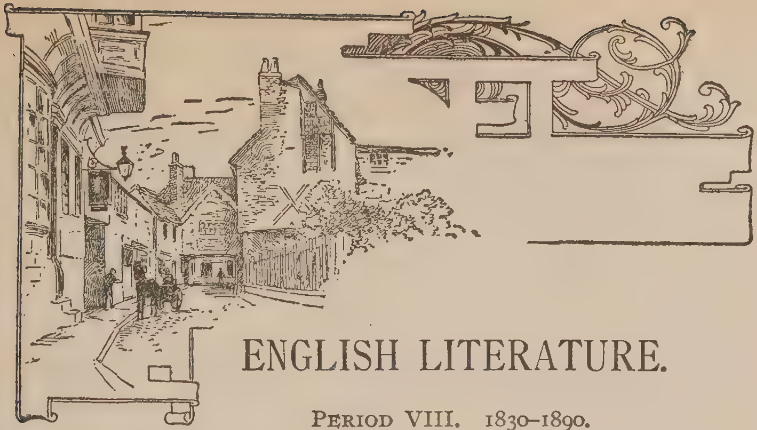
"So the Governor procured us
From a Netherlandish merchant
Straight a barrel of tobacco,
And of burnt-clay pipes abundance.
Soon from all the German captives
There arose a monstrous smoking,
Puffing, fuming, cloud-creating,
Such as erst in polished Paris
Never mortal eye had witnessed.
All amazed our warders saw it,
To the king the news was carried
And he came himself in splendor
To behold the cloudy marvel.

"Soon the whole of Paris gossiped
Of the savage bears of Germans,
And of their extraordinary
Quite unheard-of trick of smoking.
Up drove coaches; down sprang pages;
Cavaliers and stately ladies
Crowded to our narrow guard-room.
And she, too, came; she the haughty
Leonor Montfort du Plessys.
Still to-day, methinks I see her
On the earth floor coyly stepping,
Hear her train of satin rustle.
And my heart beats as aforetime
In the roaring tide of battle,
And the smoke from out my clay-pipe

Rose as from a row of cannons.
And 'twas well. Upon the cloudlet
Which I blew aloft so stoutly,
Cupid sat and shot his arrows,
And his aim was sure and steady.
Wonder shortly changed to interest,
Interest changed to something dearer,
And she found the German bruin
Nobler, in his honest roughness,
Than the gilded Paris lions.

"When our prison-gates were opened,
And the joyous news of freedom
Brought us by the welcome herald,
Then I first became a captive
Bound in softest silken traces,
Hopeless of release. Our marriage
And the happy homeward journey
Did but draw them closer, closer.
Thinking on it all, the tear-drops
Fall upon my gray moustachios.
What remains of all my glory?
Her sweet memory, ever with me;
The black cat, old Hiddigeigei;
And my Leonor's sweet image,
Thou, my child,—God keep thee ever!

Thus he spake and knocked the ashes
From his pipe, and meditative
Stroked the cat, old Hiddigeigei.
But, half-laughingly, his daughter
Fell upon her knees before him,
Saying: "Father, of your goodness,
Grant me general absolution;
Mortal syllable shall never
O'er my lips get leave to wander,
Henceforth, in dispraise of smoking."



ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD VIII. 1830–1890.

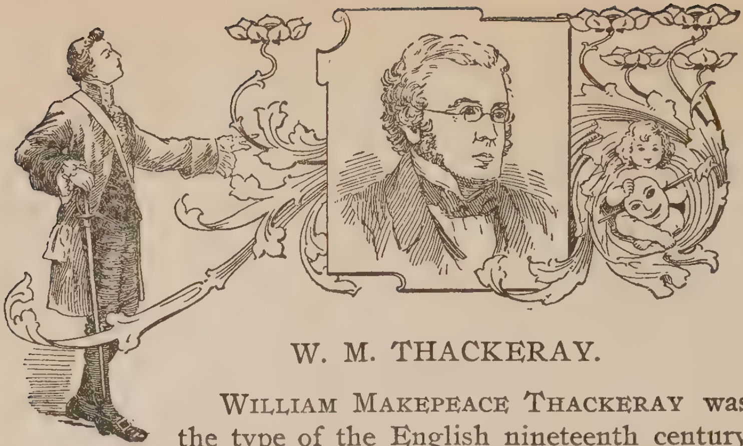
BEWILDERING in its richness, extent and variety is the English literature of the nineteenth century. It is impossible for critics of the present day to decide accurately on the merit of the work of each author, or to estimate clearly the value of the whole. Yet it may be said that the great writers of this age have reached heights surpassed only by Shakespeare and Milton, while hundreds more are conspicuous by achievements worthy at least of local and temporary fame. A most striking characteristic of the reign of Queen Victoria has been the general diffusion of knowledge. One of the chief results of this diffusion has been to free the author from immediate dependence on royal or noble patrons and to enable him to appeal for recognition and approval directly to the people. These in turn have been instructed by the literary critics whose labor has been fostered by the periodical press. Quarterly reviews began with the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802; then came literary magazines and journals; and finally every newspaper of any pretensions gives its notices of new books. England, which at the opening of the century was ruled by an aristocracy, has become strongly democratic. The contemporary literature has strongly reflected these changes. Some of the greatest writers, as Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, have resisted or deprecated them, while others have encouraged, urged and supported them.

Another striking characteristic of the times has been the vast improvement in the physical surroundings of the people, the facilities for quick and easy intercourse, and the marvelous progress of science. Local ignorance has been removed by the breaking down of the barriers which shut out knowledge of the outer world. But on the other hand the seclusion which fostered contemplation has been lost. In the swift movement of the world, in which all are compelled to take part, present temporal advantage becomes man's chief end, spiritual truth is overwhelmed and lost. Even in those who are subject to its sway, the incessant movement produces weariness and ennui. There follows complaint of the emptiness of all things, which is found not only in poets and philosophers, but even in popular novelists.

Victoria's reign has been blessed with a grand chorus of noble poets. Chief among them is Alfred Tennyson, who began modestly in 1830 with "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," and advanced from these musical dreamy fancies to the noble performances of his riper years, "In Memoriam" and "The Idylls of the King." In the same decade Robert Browning, with more rugged and independent genius, addressed the public, but by his obscurity and jerky style, failed to secure general audience. Gradually a select few gave this master of psychological insight their devotion, and later societies of cultivated people were formed to study the profound thought of his mysterious works. His wife had attained vogue as a poet before she won his love. She excelled him in musical performance, though taking many liberties with rhyme and metre. Matthew Arnold, both poet and prose-writer, represents the conflict between doubt and faith, yet inculcates self-reliance. His keen intellect demanded demonstration even in matters incapable of it. In essays and criticism his manner was always urbane, but his expression of opinion was severe and crushing. His poetry recalls the Greek classics, his prose the French essayists. Swinburne entered the arena as a pronounced pagan, rejecting the restraints of modern morality, yet displaying matchless powers of musical rendering. Though an aristocrat by birth, he was a sentimental radical in opinion. In his later works he became conservative, but his early effusions prevented his being made poet laureate on the death of Tennyson. Dante G. Rossetti was a lyric poet of great sweetness and power, but his morbid life prevented him from accomplishing adequate works.

Three great prose-writers have adorned the century. Lord Macaulay was a typical man of letters, devoted to books and writing from childhood, gifted with a prodigious memory and wonderful power of language. His brilliant essays made history and literature familiar to the masses. His "History of England" was intended to be more fascinating than a novel, and for a time accomplished its purpose. In marked contrast with him is the rugged Scotch peasant, Thomas Carlyle, who became a prophet to his generation. Regarding life as tragically earnest, he was vehement in his denunciation of wrong, and his prediction of disasters. Usually scornful of his fellow-men, except a few select heroes whom he worshipped, he revealed at times a surprisingly tender heart. The "Sartor Resartus," a discourse on clothes, is an allegory of his own life. His "French Revolution," full of dithyrambic eloquence, is a vivid presentation of that great episode in the world's history. John Ruskin, a more attractive prose-poet, has been a prophet of art and lover of nature. His "Modern Painters" is an eloquent discourse on the fundamental principles of art. In other works he carried on his teaching, insisting that true appreciation of art depends on purity of heart and leads to the love of God. In later writings he urged in more subdued style social reforms and new principles of political economy.

But the most extensive field of modern literature is that of the novel, which has advanced from being a record of adventures or exhibition of scenes to an exposition of character developed in dialogue and action. In some hands it has become an engine of social reform. It has steadily extended its domain until it threatens to become the field of discussion of questions in science and religion, in fact to include all human action and thought as its province.



W. M. THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray was the type of the English nineteenth century gentleman in literature, as was Fielding of the eighteenth. He was a British aristocrat, tempered by genius. He was born in Calcutta, British India, in 1811, and died in London at the age of fifty-two, the greatest English novelist, satirist and humorist of his time.

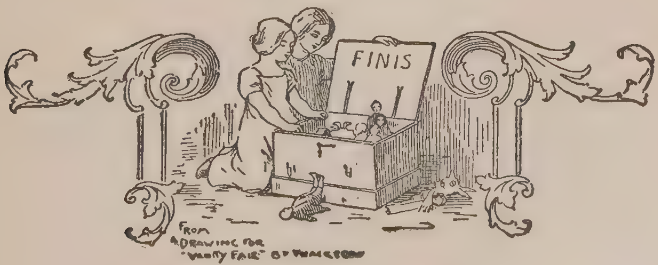
He was brought up to the use and expectation of wealth; but became poor during his twenties, and had to do something for a living. Trade was not to his taste; politics not within his capacities; but he had made little excursions in amateur art and letters, and so drifted into the use of pen and pencil as means of support. His work, at first, was hardly serious in purpose; in art he never got beyond a peculiar kind of caricature, though he wrote witty and telling art-criticism, and illustrated many of his own stories. In his early sketches and tales, he eschewed formality, and wrote as the educated and witty man-of-the-world of his time and nation talked. This style, and the sociable attitude towards the reader which he adopted, though it recalls the way of Fielding, whom he admired, was not the fruit of imitation, but of sympathy. No writer ever expressed his exact self in his compositions more thoroughly than Thackeray. He matured early, though to the last there was much boyishness in his complex nature, and his literary style from the first had almost the maturity of his latest work; it was easy, flexible, rich, various: it lent itself without effort to the precise shade of meaning which he might wish to convey; it was pure literature and pure naturalness—as natural as the unrestrained chat of men at a club; there is not a passage in his writings that he might not have uttered normally in conversation; yet from beginning to end there is no touch of vulgarity or unworthiness. He was vigorously sane at all times; but there was a soul as well as a body in his sanity; he laughed at humbug, but he deeply reverenced what deserved honor; his pathos is always true, and his sentiment naïve and winning. Poetic feeling was also his; and although most of his verse is merely comedy or satire in rhyme, he could upon occasion be sincerely touching, as his "Mahogany Tree," and his "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse" prove. In reading Thackeray (except to some extent in "Barry Lyndon," and more in "Henry Esmond"), the personality of the author is always present to us; but it is a personality of that unique kind which aids instead of detracting from the literary effect. We might say that the man himself was a part of, or an element in, his own literature. All attempts to imitate his method have proved ruinous; but that is because there has been but one Thackeray. Fielding, Sterne, and long before them, the great Rabelais, adopted a personal tone; but they too were men of commanding genius, and each was as distinctly himself as Thackeray was.

Some of Thackeray's earlier pieces, such as "The Ravenswing," and "Memorials of Gormandizing," are as masterly in form and treatment as anything he wrote afterwards; their excellence, finish and apparent facility are positively amazing. In "Barry Lyndon" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" are studies of character which, so far as they go, he never surpassed; but his later books take a broader view of life than his earlier ones, and involve more serious themes. The emphatic success of "Vanity Fair" awakened him to the responsibility of his literary position; his modesty was commensurate with his genius, but he could not but recognize the effects of his power, and he never afterwards reverted to the vein of "The Book of Snobs" and "The Yellow-Plush Papers," which are masterpieces in their way, but it is not the high way of "Esmond" and "The Newcomes." The several great novels, from "Vanity Fair" onward, are rich and multifarious pictures of life, with little of what is technically called plot, but redolent of the humor, the pathos, the littleness and the greatness of human nature. In construction they are not seldom loose, and once in a while the author actually forgets what he had written in a previous chapter, and a character whose death had been mentioned comes to life again, or some similar lapse occurs. Thackeray was by disposition indolent, and averse from continuous and methodical work; he bent himself to his task with pain; though, once caught in the current of his narrative, he entered livingly and intensely into the scenes he was portraying. The method of publication prevailing at the time, in monthly numbers, tended to encourage the habit of postponing the labor till the last moment, and added to the difficulty of laying out a detailed plan in advance. Nevertheless, Thackeray, during the thirty years of his literary activity, accomplished work large in amount and of the finest quality; and he died at last in the midst of what promised to be one of his best stories. What he did was done so well as to be and to remain inimitable.

Thackeray had the dramatic faculty of throwing himself imaginatively into other times and persons, and of writing in character. As "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" he made himself a power in *Fraser's Magazine* and elsewhere; he assumed the guise of a Snob in the "Snob Papers," of a Cockney footman in the "Yellow-Plush" series, of an adventurer in "Barry Lyndon," of an eighteenth century gentleman and officer in "Esmond," of Pendennis in the novels following the work of that name. In "Barry Lyndon" and in "Esmond" the make-up is elaborate and well-sustained; in the Titmarsh series and in the Pendennis books the change is in the name only; in the others we have a capital study of character as revealed in dialect or in social foibles, but the Master who manages the puppets is not hidden. But some costuming, be it ever so slight and transparent, made composition easier for Thackeray, just as the accessories of the stage help out an actor; and it suited his humor to refer to his characters as if they were the stock-in-trade of a puppet-show, instead of being, as they were, among the most real personages in fiction. It was a singular survival in him—

who was a master writer,—of an affectation or shrinking common to amateurs, who seek to distinguish between themselves in their private capacity, and the profession in which they dabble. Thackeray would always be the London clubman; he would be an author only in make-believe. The writer, of course, immeasurably transcended the clubman, as Thackeray himself knew; but habit, and the artistic temperament, made him cling to the form of the disguise long after it had become as transparent as that of "The Author of Waverly."

Thackeray visited the East in his thirty-third year, and America eight years later; he often sojourned in Paris and other parts of the Continent. In America and in England he delivered two series of lectures, on "The Four Georges" and on "The English Humorists," which were worthy of his genius, though not the best exposition of it. He wrote and illustrated his travels, and made America one of the scenes of his great novel, "The Virginians." His life, from his thirtieth year, was overshadowed by a great sorrow—the insanity of his young wife, whom he had married three or four years before. She survived her husband, but never regained her reason. Thackeray's character, apart from his genius, was tender, noble and manly; but he was subject to moods and dark hours, and was abnormally sensitive at times. In person he was very tall and of massive build, with abundant wavy hair which early turned white. His fame did not reach its apogee until after his death; but as he recedes in time his literary stature constantly increases. After all criticisms, he remains, upon the whole, the greatest English figure in the prose literature of his generation.



FROM A DRAWING FOR "VANITY FAIR" BY THACKERAY

The Mahogany Tree.

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we,
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

RAWDON CRAWLEY GOES HOME.

(From "Vanity Fair.")

COLONEL RAWDON CRAWLEY, who had married Becky Sharp, was arrested on Saturday night and taken to a sponging-house for a debt of £150. He wrote to his wife, begging her to get him released, if she had to pawn her jewelry, and she wrote a deceitful reply that she had made the effort without success, and was ill in bed. The prisoner then applied to his brother, Sir Pitt Crawley, whose wife came to the rescue.

WHEELS were heard whirling up to the gate—the young Janitor went out with his gate-keys. It was a lady whom he let in at the bailiff's door.

"Colonel Crawley," she said, trembling very much. He, with a knowing look, locked the outer door upon her—then unlocked and opened the inner one, and calling out, "Colonel, you're wanted," led her into the back parlor, which he occupied.

Rawdon came in from the dining-parlor where all those people were carousing, into his back room, a flare of coarse light following him into the apartment where the lady stood, still very nervous.

"It is I, Rawdon," she said, in a timid voice, which she strove to render cheerful. "It is Jane." Rawdon was quite overcome by that kind voice and presence. He ran up to her—caught her in his arms—gasped out some inarticulate words of thanks, and fairly sobbed on her shoulder. She did not know the cause of his emotion.

The bills of Mr. Moss were quickly settled, perhaps to the disappointment of that gentleman, who had counted on having the Colonel as his guest over Sunday at least; and Jane, with beaming smiles and happiness in her eyes, carried away Rawdon from the bailiff's house, and they went homewards in the cab in which she had hastened to his release. "Pitt was gone to a parliamentary dinner," she said, "when Rawdon's note came, and so, dear Rawdon, I—I came myself;" and she put her kind hand in his. Perhaps it was well for Rawdon Crawley that Pitt was away at that dinner. Rawdon thanked his sister a hundred times, and with an ardor of gratitude which touched and almost alarmed that soft-hearted woman. "Oh," said he, in his rude, artless way, "you—you don't know how I'm changed since I've known you, and—and little Rawdy. I—I'd like to change somehow. You see I want—I want—to be —." He did not finish the sentence, but she could interpret it. And that night after he left her, and as she sat by her own little boy's bed, she prayed humbly for that poor way-worn sinner.

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets, and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door-key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He was in the ball-dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the banisters at the stair-head.—Nobody was stirring in the house besides —all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava! Brava!"—it was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband: and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh—and came forward holding out his hand. "What, come back! How d'ye do, Crawley?" he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. "I am innocent, Rawdon," she said; "before God, I am innocent." She clung hold of his coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. "I am innocent.—Say I am innocent," she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. "You innocent! Damn you," he screamed out. "You innocent! Why every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by ——! You're as innocent as your mother, the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;" and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious.

"Come here," he said.—She came up at once.

"Take off those things."—She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come up stairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said. He laughed savagely.—"I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca, "that is —"

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one; and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love-letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

"Did he give you this?" Rawdon said.

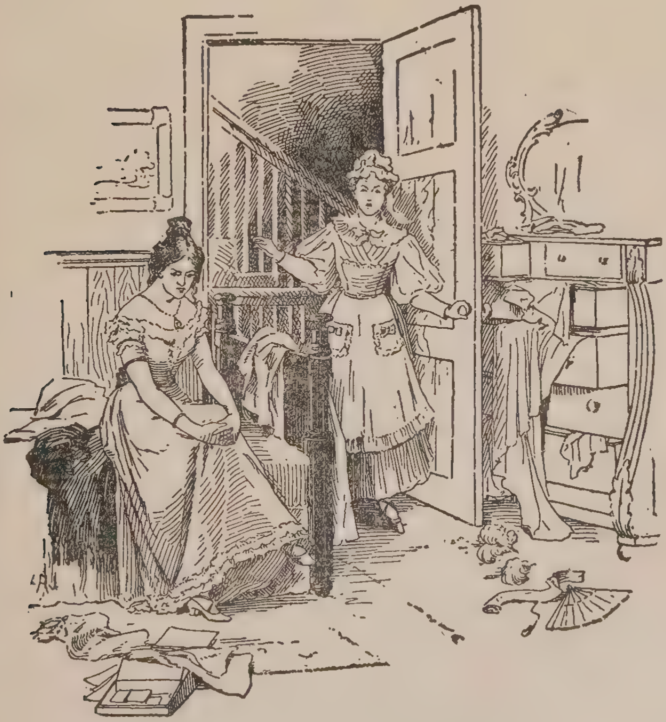
"Yes," Rebecca answered.

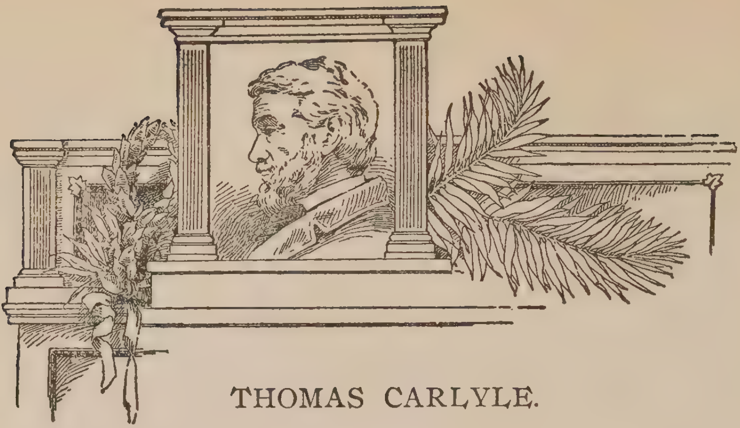
"I'll send it to him to-day," Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), "and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you."

"I am innocent," said Becky. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about—dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders; her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go down stairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone for ever. Would he kill himself?—she thought—not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable, lonely and profitless! Should she take laudanum, and end it, too—have done with all hopes, schemes, debts and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position—sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice, and in Steyne's pay. "Mon Dieu, Madame, what has happened?" she asked.

What *had* happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips; or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband's orders, and Lord Steyne went away.





THOMAS CARLYLE.

During the first forty years of his long life, Carlyle was practically unknown. He was born in a little Scotch village in 1795, the son of poor peasants, with no visible likelihood of ever making himself heard of ten miles beyond his native parish. But there were, it appeared, a brain and a heart in the child, and its parents were able to afford it a grammar-school education; and the boy afterwards attended Edinburgh University, and obviously did not misuse his time there. At the age of twenty he was teaching mathematics in Annan, and two years later was schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, where began his friendship with young Edward Irving. It was a long journey from the Scotch pedagogue's desk to the primacy of English literature. He determined to become a barrister, and studied law for three or four years, maintaining himself the while by hammering algebra and geometry into hard Scotch heads, and contributing articles to encyclopædias. In 1822, being then twenty-seven years old, the Bullen boys hired him as tutor; and he visited the great world of London and Paris before he was thirty. At this time, all he had written was a Life of Schiller, a translation of Legendre's "Geometry," and a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." The latter has held its place ever since, but, by itself could not be considered a hopeful basis for a reputation. But the German genius had a strong attraction for Carlyle, and influenced the central years of his life. Some specimens of the work of other German writers, and essays upon German authors, were printed by him about this time; as literature and criticism they are in some respects among the most agreeable reading that has come from his pen. He did not at that time know the great destiny that awaited him; and he had not yet begun that whimsical, chronic quarrel with the world which grew upon him as his position in the world of letters became dominant. He had faith and enthusiasm, and the power of saying the thing he meant in such phrase as made his reader rejoice. The great new light which came into English literature with Carlyle was already shining in these early essays, with a softer and clearer lustre than in after years, when it was rendered lurid and portentous, sometimes, by the clouds and storms which assailed the giant mind which was its medium.

In 1826 Carlyle married Jane Welsh. Probably the inner life of a married couple has never been more widely published than was that of these two queer and gifted beings, who were greatly averse from publicity of that kind during their lifetime. And it is precisely because the annals of their domestic affairs is so full, that it is still difficult to arrive at any final conclusion upon it. It reads like a rugged and harrowing journey; and yet, for aught we can say, so might the story of any two other nervous and exacting persons, if described with equal minuteness by either of them. It is not improbable that they had quite as much average happiness as do most couples; their ideal was higher and their irritability greater than the ordinary, and their power of giving vivid expression to their thoughts and experiences was certainly far beyond the common. But after all allowances have been made, we cannot affirm that Jane and Thomas were an easy wife and husband to get on with. They kept each other on edge. On the other hand, it seems quite likely that his domestic jars, added to his dyspeptic tendency, may have stimulated Carlyle to write more and more poignantly, than he would otherwise have done. That the two loved and admired each other in the bottom of their hearts is unquestionable.

Seven years after his marriage Carlyle published "Sartor Resartus," and thereby conquered fame among those who know what original thought and literary faculty are. It was a great book to have been written at that time, and it still remains a high and unique example of genius and humor. It breaks the bonds of Eighteenth Century ideas, and gives us the freedom and perception of the Nineteenth. It is a veiled autobiography of a mind, and shows on its author's part a grasp of the philosophy of creation, and of the meaning of the world, which is attained only by master intellects. No doubt he was somewhat indebted to Goethe; but Carlyle could not help being independent, and though his orbit crossed that of the great German, it never coincided with it. This first work fairly gives the measure of the writer; his "French Revolution," published in 1837 (after having been rewritten, owing to the burning of the first MS. while in the custody of John Stuart Mill), confirmed the promise of "Sartor," and is assuredly a masterpiece of forcible and picturesque narrative, and of marvellous scope and conciseness. Its abrupt and almost fantastic style repels many; but it has many passages of splendid eloquence, and is pervaded by the grim undercurrent of humor which was peculiar to Carlyle. Since the book was written further research and ampler materials have somewhat abated its value as mere history; but its worth as literature is indestructible, and it paints a picture of the great Revolution, and announces a meaning in it, such as is possible only to a mind of Carlyle's synthetic insight.

But it also gives evidence of a curious contrariety in Carlyle's view of the world, which became more accentuated as he grew older. He was a champion of the rights of man, and yet he was a hero-worshipper—a believer in the divine right of great men to rule. The distinction between the common and the superior man seems to him to be one of kind as well as of degree; and this view opposes the best thought of the race. The essential unity of the human race is a truth which did not appeal to him. He fell into contradictions and obscurities, and his mighty force wasted itself in them. He dazzles more than he convinces, and always appears somewhat sensational, in the higher sense of the word. He harangues us with almost fierce earnestness, and calls upon the verities and eternities; but somehow we seem to feel a pose and an unreality beneath it all. Doubtless Carlyle was sincere—he believed in himself; but he may have expended an energy in persuading himself so to believe which might more usefully have been expended in other directions.

The remaining forty years of his literary activity were devoted to biographical writing, and to essays on the questions of the times, usually of a warning or denunciatory character. His "Oliver Cromwell," "John Sterling," and "Frederick the Great" are impressive works; but in reading them for information we must bear in mind the powerful predilections of the writer. In truth, Carlyle's works are more interesting and valuable as portrayals of his own trenchant and singular judgments upon men and life, than as trustworthy pictures of life and men themselves. Even so, his books are an awakening and an educating force of which every intelligent mind should avail itself. Carlyle's career ended sadly; the message which he so strenuously proclaimed failed to win the assent of his generation. Yet he was, upon the whole, the greatest man of letters of his time in England, great even in his errors, and modern thought, without his influence, would have been less independent and honest than it is to-day.

THE ATTACK UPON THE BASTILLE.

(From "The French Revolution.")

ALL morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere, "To the Bastille!" Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled: cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale:* the suburb Sainte-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot! as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of other phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering spectral realities which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt. "Que voulez-vous?" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, "what mean you? Consider if I could not precipitate both of us from this height"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, rule circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is as questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new deputation of citizens (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter; which has kindled the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; and overhead, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we could do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never over nave or felloe did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious; and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers with their Invalides' musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths still soar aloft intact: ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its back towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

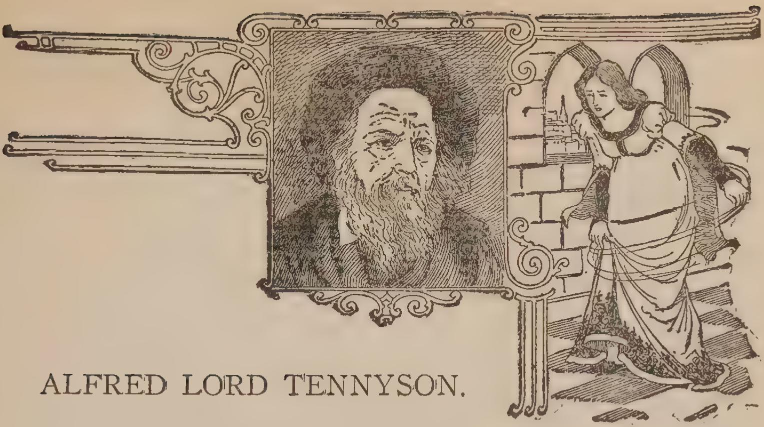
WORK.

BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge: a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone." . . .

Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old Graves, with their long mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdom—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.



ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, born in that famous birth-year of great men, 1809, lived to a great age, companioned by noble thoughts and by his eminent contemporaries, supported by the strong unfaltering fire of his own genius, honored by his queen, held by millions of readers as the foremost poet of his time, and exceptionally happy in the domestic sphere of wife and children. Poor in his youth, he died a rich man, from the honorable exercise of his extraordinary gifts. A fuller, more influential and successful life has seldom been lived by any man; his rich nature was characterized by that trenchant masculinity which admits the refinement of the Eternal Feminine; his sterling sense was softened and led by the spirit, and he was initiate in the incommunicable mysteries of the soul. His career and character, not less than his poetry, must remain a profitable study for many generations. The poetry of no other Englishman since Shakespeare has become so familiar in men's mouths as his, and its effect has been succulent both to literature and to life. He is beyond dispute the English poet of his century and one of the few writers great enough to make a century memorable. Always (to use his own words) "he gave the people of his best:" and though, in the much that he has written, there is not a little which mature criticism rates far below his best, and more that could be spared as being reproductions in fresh forms of thoughts treated by him before; yet there stands to his credit a body of poetry which only the finest and noblest genius could have created, and without which the literature of his time would lack some of its most exquisite graces and most felicitous and penetrating interpretations.

Tennyson's outward life was uneventful. He entered Cambridge in 1828, with Hallam (son of the historian), Trench and Houghton; was compelled by his slender income to defer his marriage until 1850, when he was forty-one; was raised to the laureate-ship of England in the same year, and accepted a peerage in 1884. He was no traveler, rarely leaving England, and never realizing the hope of his youth, "To see, before I die, the palms and temples of the south." He died in 1892, well past the age of fourscore, but with the fineness of his genius unabated. His history is that of his mind and heart, which is shadowed forth in his writings, yet ever veiled beneath the reticences of pure art. He was great enough to eschew the individual and singular in the published expression of his thought, and to offer only those ideas and feelings which are catholic in the race. All who have loved and lost have experienced the emotions of "In Memoriam;" no one who has meditated deeply on the problems of the age can fail to find his best conclusions in "Locksley Hall;" scepticism may find its utterance and its answer in "The Two Voices;" the refusal of the soul to stay in mortal limitations resounds in "Ulysses;" the passion, purity and exaltation of love are portrayed in "Œnone," "Maud," "Love and Duty," "Tears, Idle Tears," "The Gardener's Daughter," and many other lovely poems; the mockery of beauty without God is shown in "The Palace of Art;" the grandeur of patriotism, civil and military, is expressed in the "Ode on the Death of Wellington" and in "England;" and so we might continue. In a word, the life of his age flowed through Tennyson, and found in him its broadest utterance. Philosophy, science, history and art were elemental spirits employed by this Prospero to give body, color and pertinence to his harmonious creations; his brain was balanced by his heart, and the first was as lofty as the last was deep.

The beginnings of the poet's career were not ambitious. Before he was twenty, he and his brother published a small volume of "Poems by Two Brothers," which showed faculty, but no definite aim. His "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," appearing when he was twenty-one, were studies in form, sentiment and beauty, but only his more sagacious critics were able to foretell from it his future eminence. In 1842 another volume was brought out; and in this we find the first specimen of a work destined to be the most voluminous and one of the most important of his life—the fragment called "Morte d'Arthur." The plan of the "Epic of Arthur" had then been for some time in his mind; but he had not satisfied himself with his treatment of it. The fragment, however, was so generally praised that he was encouraged to take up the subject with renewed vigor; and, at intervals during the fifty years that followed, he gradually elaborated the whole stately series of poems bearing upon the story of Uther's mystic Son. The work as a whole is sufficient basis for a great reputation; but the merit of the various parts is not equal; there is poetry in all of them, but some of the earlier ones—"Enid," "Guenevere," "Elaine," and the "Morte d'Arthur" itself, seem to touch a higher level than the rest. The material was derived chiefly from the prose narrative of Malory; as an individual effort to put in homogeneous metrical form the legends of the beginnings of a nation, perhaps nothing since Homer's Iliad and Odyssey has been done to compare with it. But it is somewhat too long for the taste of the present day, and the general sameness of treatment and tone militate against its cumulative effect.

The most important fact of Tennyson's young manhood, in its influence upon his mind, was the death of his friend Arthur Hallam. The sad event took place in 1833, when Tennyson was twenty-four years old; "In Memoriam," the poem which commemorates it, was not published till 1850. During these seventeen years he had been enabled to pass through the acuter stages of grief into a calmer and deeper state, in which became visible to him the mercy of the God who giveth and who taketh away. The poem, therefore, shows the balance and symmetry of high art; it shows pain compensated by spiritual growth and the consolations of religion and philosophy. It has probably been more widely read than any other of Tennyson's productions; and the wonderful perfection of its form, and the truth and insight of its expression, its passion, its reverence and its sincerity, make it worthy of its reputation. The personal lineaments of Arthur Hallam, lovable as these were, disappear in the deeper beauty and significance of that for which he stands—the human love and companionship which death interrupts, but does not destroy. Tennyson, in this poem, made his private suffering the means of comfort to his race; and no poet can perform a loftier service.

"The Princess," published in 1847, embodies a discussion of various modern social topics, prominent among them that of woman's position in the community. It is presented in unique form, the exponents of the ideas of the day being attired in mediæval costume, and the scenery being that of the Age of Chivalry. It would indeed have been difficult if not impossible to treat the subject poetically on any other plan. The poem is in blank verse, every line packed with meaning, to such an extent as sometimes to render the thought obscure. Its progress is relieved by the introduction of several exquisite songs, one at least of which—"Tears, idle Tears,"—is one of the most delicious lyrics ever written. "The Princess" holds a noble argument; but the main problem which it attacks cannot be finally solved by any individual; only in the lapse of ages will the divine purpose be revealed.

The concluding twenty years of Tennyson's life, from 1870 onwards, were largely occupied with essays in dramatic literature. He produced six or seven plays, in the Shakespearian form, based on historic or quasi-historic subjects; and all of them were acted on the stage by competent performers, with measurable success. Worthy and admirable productions they certainly are; but the challenge to the great Elizabethan dramatists was too obvious; and the lack of humor in the nineteenth century poet, as well as the habit of fifty years in other forms of poetic art, prevents these plays from ranking with his most satisfactory work. We are disposed to regret that the force and genius which went to their making had not been applied in other directions. They contain many splendid lines and stirring passages, many fine situations, and masterly delineations of character; but they do not show Tennyson at his best; and the greater a writer is, the more stringent is our demand that he maintain his highest level.

To many, Tennyson's shorter pieces will remain the favorites. Some of them seem the very flower of human speech. "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "The Lady of Shallott," "The Lotus Eaters," "Love and Death," "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Sleeping Beauty," and that last noble message—"Crossing the Bar;" these and many another as we read them, seem to attain the limits of beauty in measure, rhyme and thought. But it is still too early to decide what of Tennyson is most nearly immortal. He lies in Westminster Abbey; and it is enough for us to know that so long as that historic church stands, his fame is likely to endure. Or we might say that the English language which he has dignified and enriched will not outlast the noble creations which he has incarnated in it.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with thè human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face—

Grave Mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

ELAINE'S LETTER TO GUINEVERE.

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat;
"Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
For anger: these are slanders: never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,

Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, tho' my love had no return:
Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire;
For if I could believe the things you say
I should but die the sooner; wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean and die."
So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word; and when he asked
"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
Then will I bear it gladly;" she replied,
"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised; which being writ
And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—"you never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest: lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me, he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased: her father promised; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh

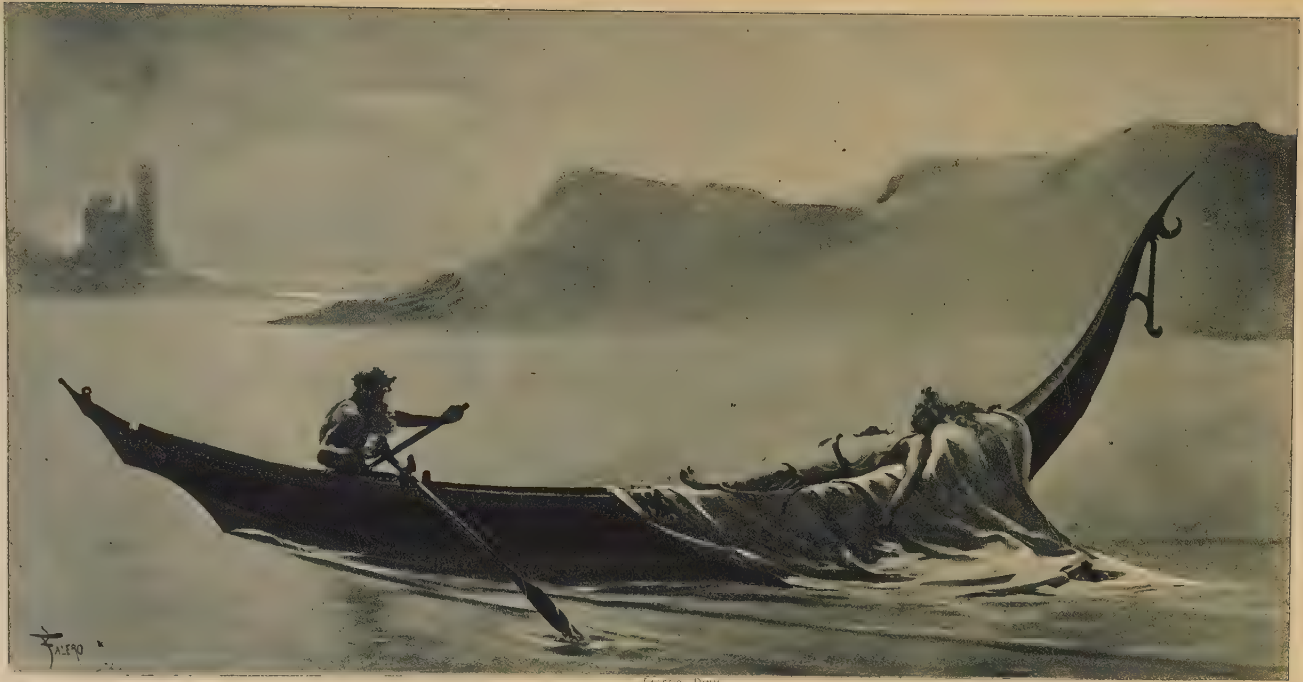
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Passed like a shadow through the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,
"Sister, farewell forever," and again,
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

. . . .

Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly passed the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.
There two stood armed, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,



L FALERO, PINX

ELAINE BEARS HER LETTER TO GUINEVERE.

Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd
"What is it?' but that oarsman's haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,
"He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! what are they? flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to fairy land?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,
But that he passes into fairy land."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King
Came girt with knights: then turned the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose
And pointed to the damsel and the doors.
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
And reverently they bore her into hall.
Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
At last the Queen herself and pitied her:
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took, brake seal and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan.
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read,
And ever in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,
So touched were they, half-thinking that her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more,
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along,
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

Crossing the Bar.

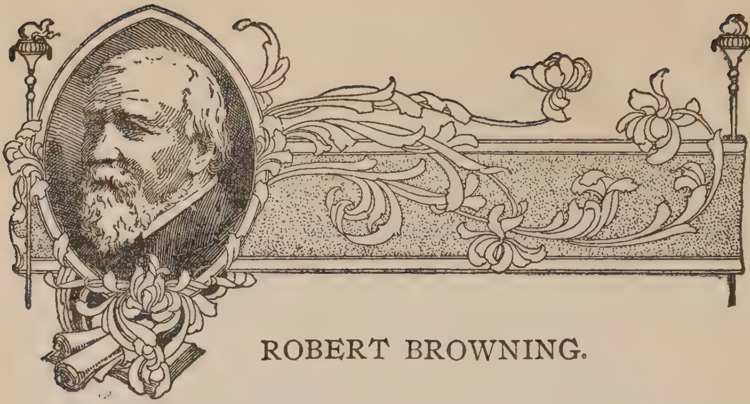
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

VIA VNA
COR VNVM



ROBERT BROWNING.

THE beautiful romance of Browning's life is a part of his own and his wife's poetry. He was about two-and-thirty when they met and loved each other, and they ran away and were married in 1846, when he was thirty-four. During the fifteen years that followed, their happiness in each other was full and complete, with no shadow on it; and Browning even had the happiness of knowing that his love had prolonged her life and freed it from much physical pain, as well as transfiguring it with spiritual joy. She died in 1861, and he survived her twenty-eight years, dying in Venice in 1889. But in soul they were never apart; it was a true marriage; and as they were both persons of the finest genius, their felicity was a final answer to the doubt whether high souls can be truly mated. Most of their married life was passed in Italy, partly on account of Mrs. Browning's delicate health, partly because her father was never reconciled to their marriage, but died the surly and selfish tyrant that he had always lived; and partly because the political hopes and struggles of Italy were ardently espoused by both the poets, and largely tinged much of their verse. Their only child, a son, was born in Florence; and Mrs. Browning lived long enough to see her hopes of the emancipation of Italy from the Austrian yoke accomplished.

Browning is the most interesting figure among modern poets; he has been for years the subject of study on the part of numerous "societies," and the final word on him has not yet been said. He is a philosopher, a man of the world, a poet and a lover these dissimilar elements are united, but not completely fused in him. His music is broken, but when it does ring true, there is no sweeter sound in literature. "Your poetry doesn't sing!" Swinburne once said to him; and no one who has read him can question the truth of the criticism. Browning himself admitted it; he recognized his ruggedness and obscurity as faults; he did what he could to overcome them; but in spite of his efforts his thoughts would "break thro' language and escape." We must accept him as he is; and there is no keener, subtler, and at the same time braver and truer mind among the poets of this century. His field of exploration is human nature in its deeper and more remote manifestations; his activity is thus in a world scarcely known to exist by the ordinary person; and the surprises he announces and the treasures he brings to light are therefore a cause of perplexity and doubt to the spectators, much as if an Oriental magician were to produce before them strange objects apparently created out of empty air. Browning does his best to make all clear to them; but the material he works with has not yet been reduced to recognizable form; it is like ore from the mine, which to the uninstructed looks like anything but precious metal.

The difficulty of Browning's verse, the need of study to understand most of it, and the real value which careful study shows it to possess, have led many to assign him a place in literature higher than he deserves. He is a great writer and often a great poet; but in no respect is he the greatest. His apprehension of the relativity of all things is imperfect; were it otherwise he would be able to state his message in terms as simple as those of Shakespeare, and so accommodate it to the understanding of the simple. Browning himself was a scholar of high attainments, and he often used his acquired knowledge as if it were a common possession, like the multiplication table. Such is the fault of "Sordello," in order to understand which one must begin with a thorough mastery of the mediæval history of Italy. Nor is familiarity with the various dialectics of modern philosophy less indispensable to an adequate comprehension of much that he has written; and the public naturally and rightly revolts from such requirements. The profoundest truths can be stated plainly; they can be disentangled from accidental conditions, and made to shine by their own light. Browning constantly fails to free them from these trammels of temporary clothing, and display them in the grandeur of their nakedness. He needs an expositor, an annotator, an editor; and this necessity disables him from conveying to the world more than a small part of the good he tried to do. The world awaits a stronger unifying force, a more synthetic genius. Doubtless, no truth that Browning perceived will be lost; but it will come to us by the medium of other minds than his. In many of his poems his power of brilliant costuming and of dramatic statement blinds us to the thing which was his real object, and we praise him for achievements which were merely accessory to his intent. But this is as much his fault as ours, and he must pay the penalty of it.

Browning has been truly called one of the most suggestive of poets. Vivid and impressive pictures start into view under his pen as if spontaneously; he gives us the word which tells and omits the rest; and often he hits the very nerve of meaning. Color and sparkle cover his work with a splendid sheen and iridescence, dazzling and enchanting the eye. He places the external of a man or woman before us with a few masterly touches, and then proceeds to dive into their inmost souls and reveal the hidden springs of their action and thought. He brings similes and illustrations from afar; he sets his picture in a splendid frame, and throws behind it the shadows of a mystic or mysterious background. At times he fills the listening soul with music that seems to come from Heaven itself; but anon a discord jars upon us, and we forgive it less easily because but now we had been so deeply delighted. To read him is like driving with Phaëton in the chariot of the Sun; we brush the stars and then plunge headlong earthwards. The emotions which he portrays are the most impassioned known to our nature; his landscapes are fierce, ominous, appalling, transcendently lovely, but seldom soothing and inviting. The serene middle path was rarely trodden by his Muse. Our pulse beats faster as we follow her, but we are not won by those gentle and sweet fascinations which make us forget the means in the end.

The length of many of Browning's poems is portentous; such a work as "The Ring and the Book" could not be adequately perused in months, having in view the complicated psychical analysis which is its warp and woof. Nor can it be said that, for any but students, the fruit to be gathered repays the time and effort of the gathering. "The Ring and the Book" is indeed full of superb poetry; but this is involved with much that is of less value, but which, on the other hand, is instrumental to the complete effect. Many attempts have been made to isolate the "Beauties of Browning," but they have failed, as might have been expected; no vital work can be thus eviscerated without losing more than is gained. Detached apothegms, no matter how trenchant or penetrating, have little weight; to detach them is as if one were to bring down to the plain the rock which caps the mountain; in its true place it was sublime, but thus displaced it is a rock and no more. Finally, we must take Browning as he is, or do without him. There is no golden road to him.

Nevertheless, there are many of his poems which all who run may read, and profit by. Such are "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Ben Ezra," "Pippa Passes," and many shorter pieces in "Bells and Pomegranates" and "Men and Women." His poem, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," is one of his strangest and most captivating productions, and characteristic of his genius, inasmuch as it is open to many interpretations, and is probably read by each student according to the fashion of his own nature and knowledge. "Waring" is another of these absorbing problems which Browning gives us, possessing a meaning transcending what any specific solution can afford. We feel the spirit breathing through the form, and bringing inspiration; but the form itself is dim to our apprehension, and the more we seek to define it, the further does the true soul retire from us.

The latter years of Browning's life were spent in England, with annual excursions to Italy. He was fond of society, and could be met at certain London houses almost daily during the season. His conversation was that of an accomplished man of the world, with something else added; one who did not know who he was might have wondered what this some thing was, but to those who knew it was the magic influence of a great soul. He continued to write up to nearly the time of his death, and the force and edge of his wonderful intellect were never abated or dulled. His fame will increase as time goes on, though the actual knowledge of his writings will probably remain the possession of the few. But in indirect ways he will lead and enlighten the race, and he was of too lofty a mind to care whether the good that came through him was credited to himself or another.

Pippa's Song.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's due-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

The Lost Leader.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud.
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
—He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
  There will be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
  Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon:
  A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
  Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how
  Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
  Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
  That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
  Waver at yonder wall,—"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
  A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping: nor bridle drew
  Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through)

You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

(The first six and last two stanzas are given.)

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

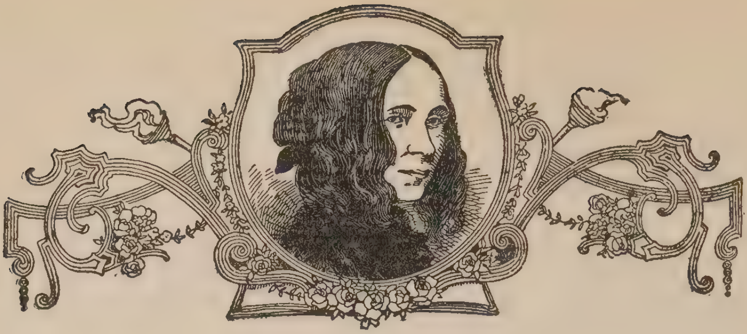
Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

. . . .

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men!
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!



MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

THE greatest female poet of England belongs to the reign of Queen Victoria. Elizabeth Barrett, born in 1809, began verse-making at a very early age, and her father published a volume of hers when she was but sixteen. The version of "Prometheus Bound," published in 1853, she afterwards pronounced an "early failure," and substituted another. A volume issued in 1838 contained some fine short poems. Though her health was delicate, her life was a studious and happy one up to this time, when the rupture of a blood-vessel brought her to the verge of death. Her elder brother accompanied her to Torquay, and in a few days he was drowned by the capsizing of a sail-boat. Miss Barrett, filled with horror of the place, was taken back to London, and there, in a darkened room, continued her studies and composition. Few friends were admitted, but Robert Browning called to thank her for a graceful compliment to him in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The acquaintance ripened into intimacy and love. Her health improved, and, though her father strongly objected, she left home and was married to the poet. He took her to Italy, where they resided in Florence. The depth of her love is shown in her poems called "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Her interest in Italian affairs appears in "Casa Guidi Windows." Her longest work is "Aurora Leigh," a kind of versified novel in nine books, describing the life of an educated English lady of the time. She died in June, 1861.

The seclusion of her life, and her fondness for high study, especially of classical poetry, caused her early utterances to seem to come from a remote sphere. She was always too fluent and unrestrained in expression. She was careless about rhymes, and capricious in the use of words. Yet she excels her husband in the intelligibility and singing quality of her verses. On the other hand, while he has filled his works with studies of numerous characters, her views of human nature are wanting in exactness and variety. The great change wrought by her marriage gave her writings more strength as well as sweetness. Her residence in Italy led her to take a special interest in social and political affairs. But her best work is seen in poems exhibiting tenderness and strong feeling, as in "The Cry of the Children," "Cowper's Grave," and "The Sonnets from the Portuguese."

COWPER'S GRAVE.

IT is a place where poets crown'd
  May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
  May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
  As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
  To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
  Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
  A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood,
  Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
  And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
  Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
  And darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds,
  And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
  Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
  The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
  In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
  By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
  Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
  I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
  On God, whose heaven hath won him.
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
  Towards his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
  Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain
  Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
  Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
  His own did calmly number;
And silent shadows from the trees
  Fell o'er him like a slumber.

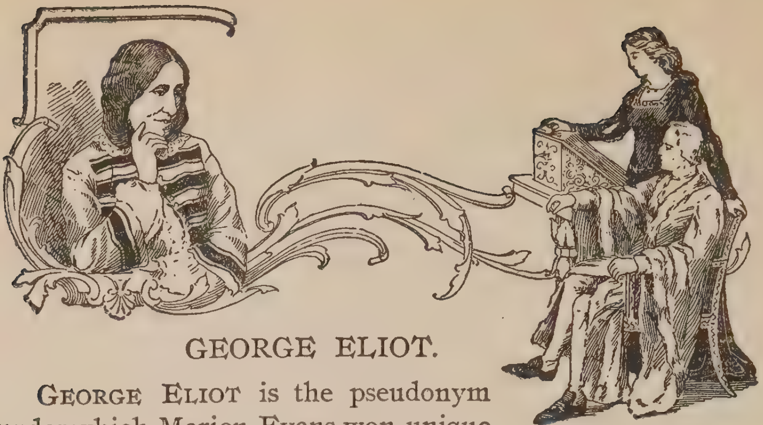
The very world, by God's constraint,
  From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
  Beside him true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods
  To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes,
  With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remained,
  Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
  The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
  Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
  Whom only God created.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,—
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery while I strove,—
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang—"Not Death, but Love."

My own beloved, who hast lifted me
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,
And in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully
Shines out again, as all the angels see,
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,
Who camest to me when the world was gone,
And I who looked for only God, found *thee!*
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.
As one who stands in dewless asphodel,
Looks backward on the tedious time he had
In the upper life—so I, with bosom-swell,
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.



GEORGE ELIOT.

George Eliot is the pseudonym under which Marion Evans won unique fame in literature. She was born near Nuneaton in Warwickshire, England, in 1820. She was well educated, and after her mother's death, when she was only sixteen, she kept house for her father, a land agent. When he removed to Coventry she studied German, Italian and music, of which she was passionately fond. Always retiring in disposition, she made friends with difficulty, but when the shy girl had done so, the results proved startling and far-reaching. Under the influence of the Brays of Coventry, she broke away from the Evangelical faith in which she had been trained, and translated from the German Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Her father was greatly offended, and her brother completely estranged. On her father's death she went to Geneva for further study, and on her return to England she resided with Mr. Chapman, editor of the *Westminster Review*. To this review she contributed learned articles, and also made more translations. She was brought in contact with some of the free-thinkers of the time, and among them with George Henry Lewes, the biographer of Goethe. This new influence changed the current of her life. She went to live with Lewes as his wife, though the law did not allow her that name, and there was no formal ceremony of marriage, civil or religious. Mr. Lewes had already been married, but his wife, who had been forgiven for adultery and taken back, had repeated the offence. Under English law there was no remedy because the first offence had been condoned. This is Lewes's story, which Marian Evans believed, but Mrs. Lewes gave a different version of the case. In course of time the London world, which had severely condemned Lewes and his new consort, found that they lived in harmony and mutual helpfulness, and practically restored them to its favor. They lived together for nearly a quarter of a century till Mr. Lewes's death in 1878. In May, 1880, George Eliot, then sixty years of age, was formally married to John W. Cross, an old friend, but she died suddenly before the close of that year. Mr. Cross published her biography. Many others have discussed her career and works.

Lewes, who was an industrious author, was the first to recognize the real bent of his wife's genius, and under the stimulus of his encouragement she wrote "Scenes of Clerical Life." They were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and met with popular approval. Her first years with Mr. Lewes were a period of struggle, almost to penury, but her grea success came with the publication of "Adam Bede." Henceforth the pecuniary returns from her work were enormous. The later novels were "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Her "Spanish Gypsy" and other poems are of less importance. Her "Letters" are stilted in style and give little insight into her own personality.

George Eliot was wisely directed by her husband to the novel as the most available form for conveying her views on life. Though her intellect had rejected the dogma of Christianity, her nature had been so steeped in its self-sacrificing spirit, that her stories reveal it. In her earlier books her moral earnestness led her to add to the story much unnecessary preaching, and the influence of Thackeray caused her to introduce some social satire. But in the later ones sober philosophy prevails. Her first attempts to depict life were in drawing characters that had been familiar to her youth. Her efforts resulted in a distinct advance in the novel of character. She exhibits the real complexity of life, making no character absolutely good or evil, but showing the curious mingling of their diverse elements. From her own experience she had acquired a comprehension of weakness and an understanding of the tragedies of common lives.

"Adam Bede" was the first adequate literary report of the spirit of Methodism. The Quaker preacher, Dinah Morris, was drawn from the author's aunt. Similar sketches of provincial life in the midland counties are found in "Silas Marner" and the more tragic "Mill on the Floss," in which Maggie Tulliver's happiness is ruined by her brother's cruel uprightness and by her own affectionate trustfulness. The greatest of her works is "Middlemarch," a pathetic story of failure. The scholar Casaubon never finishes the work of his life and disappoints the wife who had looked up to his superior attainments. "Romola," her only historical novel, treats of Florence in Savonarola's times, but while the preaching monk is accurately portrayed the interest lies with the other characters. In "Daniel Deronda" she departs so far from her usual practice as to present a faultless hero, in an effort to produce interest on behalf of the Jews and their aspirations as a race. But the work, in spite of some excellent characters, has not retained general interest. "Felix Holt" is the least worthy of her novels, though it returns to English ground, on which she had won her fame.

Had not this distinguished woman been so renowned for her fiction she would have been remarkable for her learning. In appearance she was slender and delicate, with a long, plain, grief-stricken face, a look of restrained power, and a personality at once magnetic and commanding. Her genius enabled her not merely to reflect the image of English society seventy years ago, but to indicate the hopes and desires of the best thinkers of her time.

ROMOLA AND HER FATHER.

THE voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso; a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs severed from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts, and two or three vases of Magna Græcia. A large table in the centre was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery. The color of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre; the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little relief to the marble livid with long burial; the once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room had long been worn to dimness; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams of brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

The only spot of bright color in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved *leggio*, or reading-desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold color, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black *rascia*, or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her; one long white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside towards his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuousness; an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread; the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's *Miscellanea*, from which she was reading aloud at the eightieth chapter, to the following effect:

"There was a certain nymph of Thebes named Chariclo, especially dear to Pallas; and this nymph was the mother of Teiresias. But once when, in the heat of summer, Pallas, in company with Chariclo, was bathing her disrobed limbs in the Heliconian Hippocrene, it happened that Teiresias, coming as a hunter to quench his thirst at the same fountain, inadvertently beheld Minerva unveiled, and immediately became blind. For it is declared in the Saturnian laws that he who beholds the gods against their will shall atone for it by a heavy penalty. . . . When Teiresias had fallen into this calamity, Pallas, moved by the tears of Chariclo, endowed him with prophecy and length of days, and even caused his prudence and wisdom to continue after he had entered among the shades, so that an oracle spake from his tomb; and she gave him a staff, wherewith, as by a guide, he might walk without stumbling. . . . And hence Nonnus, in the fifth book of the *Dionysiaca*, introduces Actæon exclaiming that he calls Teiresias happy, since, without dying, and with the loss of his eyesight merely, he had beheld Minerva unveiled, and thus, though blind, could for evermore carry her image in his soul."

At this point in the reading the daughter's hand slipped from the back of the chair and met her father's, which he had that moment uplifted; but she had not looked round, and was going on, though with a voice a little altered by some suppressed feeling, to read the Greek quotation from Nonnus, when the old man said:

"Stay, Romola; reach me my own copy of Nonnus. It is a more correct copy than any in Poliziano's hands, for I made emendations in it which have not yet been communicated to any man. I finished it in 1477, when my sight was fast failing me."

Romola walked to the farther end of the room, with the queenly step which was the simple action of her tall, finely-wrought frame, without the slightest conscious adjustment of herself.

"Is it in the right place, Romola?" asked Bardo, who was perpetually seeking the assurance that the outward fact continued to correspond with the image which lived to the minutest detail in his mind.

"Yes, father; at the west end of the room, on the third shelf from the bottom, behind the bust of Hadrian, above Apollonius Rhodius and Callimachus, and below Lucan and Silius Italicus."

As Romola said this a fine ear would have detected in her clear voice and distinct utterance a faint suggestion of weariness struggling with habitual patience. But as she approached her father, and saw his arms stretched out a little with nervous excitement to seize the volume, her hazel eyes filled with pity; she hastened to lay the book on his lap, and kneeled down by him, looking up at him as if she believed that the love in her face must surely make its way through the dark obstruction that shut out every thing else. At that moment the doubtful attractiveness of Romola's face, in which pride and passion seemed to be quivering in the balance with native refinement and intelligence, was transfigured to the most lovable womanliness by mingled pity and affection; it was evident that the deepest fount of feeling within her had not yet wrought its way to the less changeful features, and only found its outlet through her eyes.

But the father, unconscious of that soft radiance, looked flushed and agitated as his hand explored the edges and back of the large book.

"The vellum is yellowed in these thirteen years, Romola?"

"Yes, father," said Romola, gently; "but your letters at the back are dark and plain still—fine Roman letters; and the Greek character," she continued, laying the book open on her father's knee, "is more beautiful than that of any of your bought manuscripts."

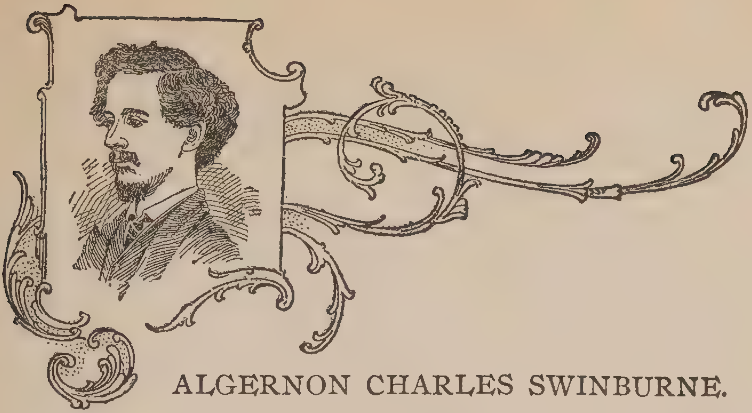
"Assuredly, child," said Bardo, passing his finger across the page as if he hoped to discriminate line and margin. "What hired amanuensis can be equal to the scribe who loves the words that grow under his hand, and to whom an error or indistinctness in the text is more painful than a sudden darkness or obstacle across his path? And even these mechanical printers who threaten to make learning a base and vulgar thing—even they must depend on the manuscript over which we scholars have bent with that insight into the poet's meaning which is closely akin to the *mens divinior* of the poet himself—unless they would flood the world with grammatical falsities and inexplicable anomalies that would turn the very fountains of Parnassus into a deluge of poisonous mud. But find the passage in the fifth book to which Poliziano refers. I know it very well."

Seating herself on a low stool close to her father's knee, Romola took the book on her lap and read the four verses containing the exclamation of Actæon.

"It is true, Romola," said Bardo, when she had finished; "it is a true conception of the poet; for what is that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them, compared with that far-stretching, lasting light which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the life of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest and left us to glean in their furrows? For me, Romola, even when I could see, it was with the great dead that I lived; while the living often seemed to me mere spectres—shadows dispossessed of true feeling and intelligence."

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence. . . .
. . . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused.
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In the veins of this poet flows the blood of an English admiral and of a peer of the realm. This fact is significant in estimating his literary career. An aristocrat by birth and associations, he turned, by a sort of reaction, to a sentimental radicalism, to which much of his poetry gives expression. His politics are emotional, but the emotion is violent, and Swinburne's unequalled powers of statement and superb imagination tempt him to indulge more than he otherwise might in the pleasure of wordy warfare. As Disraeli once said of Gladstone, he is at times "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Swinburne's intellect is active and subtle, and his cunning in the use of forms of speech has never been surpassed; yet his intellectual weight is but moderate, and in judgment and self-restraint he is markedly deficient. Neither his political nor his literary criticism has serious value, except as specimens of English composition, and as characteristic effusions. Even his poetry, voluminous though it is, is narrow in its scope and monotonous in its mastery of rhythm and melody; but it is real poetry, and no English writer has ever surpassed it in the qualities which give it distinction. Its sensuous beauty and splendor are often amazing, and were it as commendable in point of ethics and common sense, Swinburne would be the poet of the century. His early work was received with a mingling of astonishment, rapture and denunciation; but his advance since then has been small. "Atalanta in Calydon," published in 1864, when the author was twenty-eight years old, has passages as delicious as anything he has since accomplished·

and in his "Laus Veneris," which appeared two years later, though written previously, he gave his measure and quality, and struck a keynote of feeling and character which has not been essentially modified since then.

Swinburne was educated at Eton and Oxford, though he took no degree; he is a good classical scholar, and his love of Greek paganism is apparent in all his writings. He has touched many subjects, but this classical bent is traceable throughout. In English history he has made studies of Henry II.'s Rosamond, of Mary Queen of Scots ("Chastelard," "Bothwell," "Mary Stuart"), "The Armada" (a magnificent poem), and some minor pieces; in prose literary criticism he has produced "William Blake," "George Chapman," "A Note on Charlotte Bronte," "A Study of Shakespeare," "A Study of Victor Hugo," "A Study of Ben Jonson," and other essays; he has tried his hand in Arthurian legend, in "Tristram of Lyonesse," and is the author of a Greek and of an Italian tragedy—"Erechtheus" and "Marino Faliero." He has even written a novel of English society—and a very good one—published serially in London in 1879, under the pen-name of "Mrs. Horace Manners." It was called "A Year's Letters," but has never been reprinted, or acknowledged by the author. Whatever he has done has fascination and distinction, and is irreproachable in form. But his best and most lasting work is to be sought in his poems and ballads, and in passages of his dramas. He sees and depicts character vividly, but always through a Swinburnian atmosphere, so that he cannot be regarded as a dramatist in the Shakespearian sense. He has wit, irony and passion, but not humor. Speaking broadly, he is a sign of the times, but not a leader nor a maker.

Moreover, with all his beauty, there is something unwholesome and unsound about Swinburne. His passion is woman ish rather than masculine, and yet not normally womanish. He is violent rather than powerful. His delicacies and refinements are something other than manly. In youth he had a tendency to finger forbidden subjects; his later work is free from such improprieties. Whatever he does shows good workmanship, and possesses literary importance; but his stature has not increased of late years, and, at the age of sixty, he had lapsed into the background of things.

THE MAKING OF MAN.

(Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon.")

BEFORE the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
  Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
  And madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
  And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took it in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
  And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be,
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
  And death beneath and above;
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the souls therein;

A time for labor and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin.
They gave him a light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight;
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire,
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves and is clothed with derision;
  Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
  Between a sleep and a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NOT if men's tongues and angels' all in one
  Spake, might the word be said that might speak Thee.
  Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, mountains, yea, the sea,
What power is in them all to praise the sun?
His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.
  Man, woman, child, praise God for him; but he
  Exults not to be worshiped, but to be.
He is; and, being, beholds his work well done.
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all mirth,
Are his: without him, day were night on earth.
  Time knows not his from time's own period.
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres,
Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.
  All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

BEN JONSON.

BROAD-BASED, broad-fronted, bounteous, multiform,
  With many a valley impleached with ivy and vine,
  Wherein the springs of all the streams run wine,
And many a crag full-faced against the storm,
The mountain where thy Muse's feet made warm
  Those lawns that revelled with her dance divine
  Shines yet with fire as it was wont to shine
From tossing torches round the dance aswarm.

Nor less, high-stationed on the grey grave heights,
High-thoughted seers with heaven's heart-kindling lights
Hold converse: and the herd of meaner things
Knows or by fiery scourge or fiery shaft
When wrath on thy broad brows has risen, and laughed,
Darkening thy soul with shadow of thunderous wings.

IN A GARDEN.

BABY, see the flowers!
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
—Baby knows
Better songs then those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

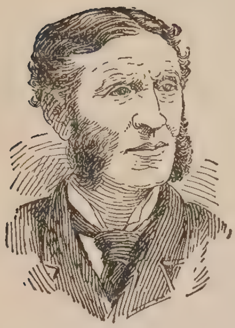
Baby, hear the sea!
—Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
—Baby's hand
Opens warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
—Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



MATTHEW ARNOLD, the apostle of "sweetness and light," was a man with a message to the cultured only. He had little sympathy with the uncultured, with the uneducated, who still form by far the greater portion of mankind. He was a poet, critic, essayist for scholars, for literary men, for the refined; a thoroughly literary writer who had acquired an exquisite style, but who was more sensitive to influences than fertile in original impulse. He has uttered some exquisite notes for cultured ears to catch, but he will always be *caviare* to the general public.

Matthew Arnold was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, and was born at Laleham in 1822. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby and Oxford, and was elected to a fellowship in Oriel College in 1845. In 1851 he was appointed Lay-Inspector of Schools, which position he retained until shortly before his death. He traveled frequently in France and Germany, and made elaborate reports on foreign systems of education. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1849 his first volume of verse, "The Strayed Reveller," was published; and in 1853 "Empedocles and other Poems" appeared. In 1859 he published "Merope," a tragedy after the antique, and the year following a volume entitled "New Poems." Subsequently he published but little poetry, but devoted himself principally to critical essays. His poems are mainly one long variation on a single theme, the divorce between the soul and the intellect, and the depths of spiritual regret and yearning which that divorce produces.

In 1865 his "Essays on Criticism" were published, and at once gave him indisputable rank as a writer of English prose. The volume had an almost immediate influence upon students of literature in England. Soon afterwards he began a series of prose works in a sort of middle region between literature, politics and ethics. The best known of them are "Culture and Anarchy," "St. Paul and Protestantism," "Literature and Dogma," and "Last Essays on Church and Religion." Not able to rest content with earlier dogma and inspiration, yet shrinking from an unsympathetic rationalism, he wanders, as he puts it, "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." Later Arnold returned to more purely literary criticism, though diverging from it somewhat in his "Mixed Essays" and "Irish Essays," among the last works that he published. He died suddenly in 1888.

The keynote of Matthew Arnold's work is a yearning for sweetness and light, for calm peace and beauty in a restless world that to him is out of joint. Unfortunately he deemed himself born with a mission to set it right. His hope for the future is that sweetness and light will grow, and that the authority of what he styled the remnant or elect, *i. e.*, people who accepted his dicta, would come to be finally established.

BALDER DEAD.

(For the death of Balder, the Norse Apollo, as told in the Scandinavian mythology, see Volume II., p. 369.)

So on the floor lay Balder dead; and round
Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts and spears,
Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove:
But in his breast stood fixed the fatal bough
Of mistletoe, which Lok the Accuser gave
To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw:
'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.
And all the Gods and all the Heroes came
And stood round Balder on the bloody floor,
Weeping and wailing; and Valhalla rang
Up to its golden roof with sobs and cries:
And on the tables stood the untasted meats,
And in the horns and gold-rimmed skulls the wine:
And now would Night have fallen, and found them yet
Wailing; but otherwise was Odin's will:
And thus the Father of the Ages spake:
"Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail!
Not to lament in was Valhalla made.

If any here might weep for Balder's death
I most might weep, his Father; such a son
I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God.
But he has met that doom which long ago
The Nornies, when his mother bare him, spun,
And Fate set seal, that so his end must be.
Balder has met his death, and ye survive:
Weep him an hour; but what can grief avail?
For you yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
All ye who hear me, and inhabit Heaven,
And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all;
But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,
With woman's tears and weak, complaining cries—
Why should we meet another's portion so?
Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
With cold, dry eyes, and hearts composed and stern,
To live, as erst your daily life in Heaven:
By me shall vengeance on the murderer Lok,
The Foe, the Accuser, whom, though Gods, we hate,
Be strictly cared for, in the appointed day.
Meanwhile to-morrow, when the morning dawns,
Bring wood to the sea-shore, to Balder's ship,
And on the deck build high a funeral pile,
And on the top lay Balder's corpse, and put
Fire to the wood, and send him out to sea
To burn; for that is what the dead desire."
    So having spoken, the King of Gods arose
And mounted his horse Sleipner, whom he rode,
And from the hall of Heaven he rode away
To Lidskialf, and sate upon his throne,
The Mount, from whence his eye surveys the world.

THE REMNANT IN AMERICA.

(From "Discourses in America.")

In these United States you are fifty millions and more. I suppose that, as in England, as in France, as everywhere else, so likewise here, the majority of the people doubt very much whether the majority is unsound; or, rather, they have no doubt at all about the matter—they are sure that it is not unsound. But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along, and let us suppose that in the present actual stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has passed hitherto, the majority be, in general, unsound everywhere. Where is the failure? I suppose that in a democratic community like this—with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality—the danger is in the absence of the discipline of respect; in hardness and materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. "Whatsoever things are *elevated*"—Whatsoever things are noble, serious, have true elevation—that, perhaps, in our mind is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority, in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie. At any rate, let us for a moment agree to suppose so. And the philosophers and the prophets—whom I at any rate am disposed to believe—and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably be impaired more and more until it perish.

Then from this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves to the more comfortable doctrine of *the remnant.* "The remnant shall return;" shall convert and be healed itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majority. And you are fifty millions, and growing apace. What a remnant yours may be surely! A remnant of how great numbers, how mighty strength, how irresistible efficacy! Yet we must not go too fast, either, nor make too sure of our efficacious remnant. Mere multitudes will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian empire had multitude, the Roman empire had multitude! yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant, any more than

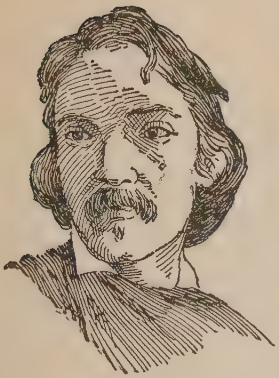
Athens or Judah could produce it; and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.

But you are something more than a people of fifty millions. You are fifty millions mainly sprung—as we in England are mainly sprung—from that German stock, which has faults indeed—faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction, and the interest of its history. Yet of that German stock it is, I think true—as my father said more than fifty years ago—that it has been a stock "of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues." You come, therefore, of about the best parentage which a modern nation can have.

Then you have had, as we in England have also had—but more entirely than we, and more exclusively—the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever, or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as means for enabling that poor, inattentive and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate, and make part of his being, divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value.

Well, then, you are not merely a multitude of fifty millions; you are fifty millions sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country. Even supposing, therefore, that by the necessity of things your majority must in the present stage of the world probably be unsound, what a remnant, I say—what an incomparable, all-transforming remnant—you may fairly hope, with your number—if things go happily—to have.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



It is not generally safe to anticipate the verdict of posterity, but there are things which this writer has produced which may be trusted to survive the tests of time. Stevenson was literary, first by organization, then by resolute study and training; his heart was in his work, and he never ceased to try to improve himself yet further, and to satisfy, if it were possible, himself as well as his public. In this age of gross adulation of success, few have received so much adulation as he; but he would not let it spoil him; he kept his ideal ever in view, and pursued it as it fled, horizon-like, before him.

He was born in 1850 and educated in Edinburgh, and was admitted there to the Bar, but never practiced. He was a delicate boy, and his health, for all he could do, was never robust; and he died at last with half his work, as it seemed, unachieved, at an age when many men are but just beginning to feel the reality of their powers. But geniuses before him have died younger than he, and left imperishable names. He traveled much, taking long journeys and short, partly in quest of health, always with an eye for whatever was of picturesque and human interest. He saw this country as well as Europe, and he ended his travels in an island on the south Pacific, and lies buried there "under the wide and brilliant sky," as he wished to be. It was a complete and honorable life, in spite of its brevity; and it was long enough to give many thousand readers reason to respect and love him.

He won the favor of critics from the start. His "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey" were received with cordial encouragement; and his "New Arabian Nights," first published serially in the London *World*, showed that a new charm had come into literature. "Treasure Island," concerning the composition and circumstances of which he has left us some account, was his first story of adventure, and was admittedly based upon the models in that branch of literature; but it was as good as the best, and has ever since remained one of his most popular productions. It contains all the elements of a good story of action and suspense, and has withal a delightful flavor, a sympathetic quality, that belongs only to a few fortunate creations. The style is perfectly suited to the character and tone of the narrative; it is Stevenson's style, and yet it subtly differs from the styles of his other stories; for he had the rare faculty of setting his medium in tune with his theme. This faculty was again exemplified in his most famous story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is written in a homely, hushed phraseology, greatly enhancing its ghastly subject matter. The double life which exists in all of us was never more strikingly portrayed than in this realistic allegory or parable. It is a work of concentrated genius; but it was in a sense a *jeu d'esprit*, and Stevenson was not content to follow up the lead this opened to him, as lesser men would gladly have done. He had ambitions towards the historical novel; and in "Kidnapped," and its sequel, "David Balfour," he gave masterly illustrations of his power to make the past live again, and mingle harmoniously with the creations of his own imagination. He cultivated this vein in other fictions, not always with the same success, but never unworthily. Another side of his versatile power was shown in the volume of short tales called "The Merry Men," and still others in his pictures of Samoan life and character, and in his delightful verses for children. His last novel, left unfinished, was published after his death, with a conclusion by the English writer Quiller Couch.

Stevenson married an American woman, but left no children. In person he was slender and of sallow complexion, with singular dark eyes; his manner had an irresistible fascination, and his conversation was full of sparkle and substance. His death took place suddenly, in 1894, when he was four and forty years of age. He had much endeared himself to the natives of his island, to whose welfare he had devoted himself, and who gave him the title of Chief, and bore him to his grave on the mountain-top, overlooking the mighty ocean which he had made the scene of more than one of his most effective tales.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

(From "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.")

TWELVE o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

"Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me "Yes" by a constrained gesture; and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's eye open; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set my eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighborhood. This bore some resemblance to incipient rigor, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable: his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to re-inforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I. "You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my pre-occupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood . . ." he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—"I understood a drawer . . ."

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked. I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in color, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapor. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows; what follows is under the seal of our profession. And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment, I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

"O God!" I screamed, and "O God!" again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half-fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll.

What he told me in the next hour, I cannot bring my mind to set on paper. I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it; and yet now when that sight has faded from my eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous. As for the moral turpitude that man unveiled to me, even with tears of penitence, I cannot, even in memory, dwell on it without a start of horror. I will say, but one thing, Utterson, and that (if you can bring your mind to credit it) will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll's own confession, known by the name of Hyde and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

One of the youngest, and the most powerful of contemporary poets and prose writers was born in 1865 in India of English parents, and educated partly there and partly in England; though he is not a graduate of any university. Bombay was the city of his birth; his father, John Lockwood Kipling, was principal of the School of Industrial Art at Lahore. After some years of schooling in Devonshire, Rudyard, in 1880, returned to India, and worked as sub-editor of a newspaper in Lahore. Here he learned the art of writing the terse and telling prose which enables him at once to plunge into the heart of his subject, and to keep there throughout. His experience in this respect resembles that of Bret Harte, and the results are also similar; though Kipling is inevitably original—a strong and new force in literature. The subjects he treats are of his own discovering; and his insight into human nature is both broad and deep; he is earnest, straightforward and massive: there is in all he does a rank, masculine flavor, sometimes amounting to brutality, but often admitting the finest and tenderest touches. Nothing seems too high or too low for him to possess a sympathetic comprehension of it; he enters imaginatively even into wild animals in the jungle, and presents us with what we feel are true pictures of their thoughts and instincts. His power of observation is as rapid as that of Dickens, and never betrays him into the exaggerations and caricature of the latter; his style and manner were from the first singularly mature; and the facility with which he familiarizes himself with the nature and details of new subjects is a constant source of surprise to his readers. He passed through America in 1889, writing descriptive letters as he went; and these contain more accurate observation and just comment than any cognate articles that have been published. His novel, "Captains Courageous," deals with the life and character of the New England cod-fishermen, and shows a remarkable command of their character and speech, as well as of the industry in which they are engaged. He seems no less at home with all forms of dialect, English and American, and with the brogue of Irishmen and the broken English of Germans and Frenchmen; and he represents these in his own way, from the testimony of his own senses. But signal though are these external and obvious merits, they are the least of Kipling's gifts as a writer. He goes to the centre of things; he knows what to say and what to leave unsaid; he always controls his theme; his imagination generates forms which have the hues and substance of truth; his motives are vital and suggestive. In spite of the strength of his effects, he always gives the impression of keeping in reserve more than he has displayed; he never disappoints expectation, but often surpasses it; and nowhere in his work are to be found traces of carelessness or ignorance. His poems are quite as original and powerful as his prose. Such ballads as "Danny Deever," such lyrics as "The Recessional," are surpassed, if at all, only by the best products of the great masters of English song.

Kipling is better known as a writer of short tales than as a novelist; the former have hitherto been the more successful. It is too soon yet to determine whether he is capable of producing a long novel commensurate with his reputation in other directions. His books of Indian tales contain many masterpieces; the series of "Soldiers Three" has already entered into the language. The "Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" and "The Taking of Lungtukpen" are as good as any of these; but it is impossible to select any as definitely the best. In spite of his frankness, there is a great deal of reticence in Kipling; we feel that what he withholds is, if possible, more significant than what he imparts; but the forbearing to impart it enhances the artistic effect of what is given. From the promise of what he has accomplished, there is almost nothing which we would not be justified in anticipating from him. Kipling married an American girl a few years ago, and for a time had a home in New England; but he is of a restless humor, and the world is his dwelling-place.

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD.

(Told by Private Mulvaney.)

"WANST, bein' a fool, I went into the married lines, more for the sake av spakin' to our ould color-sergint Shadd than for any thruck wid wimmen-folk. I was a corp'ril then—rejuced aftherwards; but a corp'ril then. I've got a photograft av mesilf to prove ut. 'You'll take a cup av tay wid us?' sez he. 'I will that,' I sez; 'tho' tay is not my divarsion.' ''Twud be better for you if ut were,' sez ould Mother Shadd. An' she had ought to know, for Shadd, in the ind av his service, dhrank bung-full each night.

"Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there was pipe-clay in thim so that they stud alone—an' pulled up my chair, lookin' round at the china ornamints an' bits av things in the Shadds' quarters. They were things that belonged to a woman, an' no camp kit, here to-day an' dishipated next. 'You're comfortable in this place, sergint,' sez I. ''Tis the wife that did ut, boy,' sez he, pointin' the stem av his pipe to ould Mother Shadd, an' she smacked the top av his bald head apon the compliment. 'That manes you want money,' sez she.

"An' thin—an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow, an' her hair in a gowlden glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread of her two feet lighter than waste paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly room when ut's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me moustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall. Never show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot heels."

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you," said I, remembering that unhallowed wooing, and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

"I'm layin' down the gin'ral theory av the attack," said Mulvaney, driving his foot into the dying fire. "If you read the 'Soldier's Pocket-Book,' which never any soldier reads, you'll see that there are exceptions. When Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as tho' the sunlight had gone too), 'Mother av Hiven, sergint!' sez I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' sez ould Shadd, his eyes twinklin'. 'But Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion, like ivry other woman.' ''Tis wid yours this time, for a mericle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?' sez I. 'Bekaze you've been thraipsin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez ould Mother Shadd. 'I'll thraipse no more,' sez I. 'D'you mane that?' sez ould Mother Shadd, lookin' at me sideways, like a hen looks at a hawk whin the chickens are runnin' free. 'Try me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at gen'ral p'rade, for well I know that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'lryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarthers or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday morning'! 'Twas 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good-day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekaze av the respict I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wud ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in those days. Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—ould Dinah, an' never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-thrigger those days, you will understand—an', 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'Dempsey which,' sez I, 'ye unwashed limb av Satan?' 'Of the Bobtailed Dhragoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child,' sez I, dhroppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. Presintly I found him—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son av a she mule he was, wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastons an' all. But he niver flinched a hair.

"'A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, ye shovel-futted, clod-breakin' infantry lance-corp'ril.'

"Before I cud gyard he had his gloved fist home on me cheek, an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' on his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Grays orf'cer. 'Content?' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take off your spurs, peel your jackut, and onglove. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture. Stand up!'

"He stud all he knew, but he niver peeled his jackut, an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on me cheek. What hope had he forninst me? 'Stand up!' sez I, time an' again, when he was beginnin' to quarter the ground an' gyard high an' go large. 'This isn't ridin'-school,' sez I. 'Oh, man, stand up, an' let me get at ye!' But whin I saw he wud be runnin' about, I grup his shtock in me left an' his waist-belt in me right an' swung him clear to me right front, head undher, he hammerin' me nose till the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest.' An' I wud ha' done ut, too, so ragin' mad I was.

"'Me collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' So I helped him back.

"And was his collar-bone broken?" I asked, for I fancied that only Learoyd could neatly accomplish that terrible throw.

"He pitched on his left shoulder-point. It was. Next day the news was in both barracks; an' whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek like all the reg'mintal tailors' samples, there was no 'Good-mornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' what have I done, Miss Shadd,' sez I, very bould, plantin' mesilf forninst her, 'that ye should not pass the time of day?'

"'Ye've half killed rough-rider Dempsey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin' up.

"'Maybe,' sez I. 'Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in a fortnight?'

"'Yes,' sez she, very bould; but her mouth was down at the corners. 'An'—an' what's that to you?'

"'Ask Dempsey,' sez I, purtendin' to go away.

"'Did you fight for me then, ye silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"'Who else?' sez I; an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

"'I wasn't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' her apron.

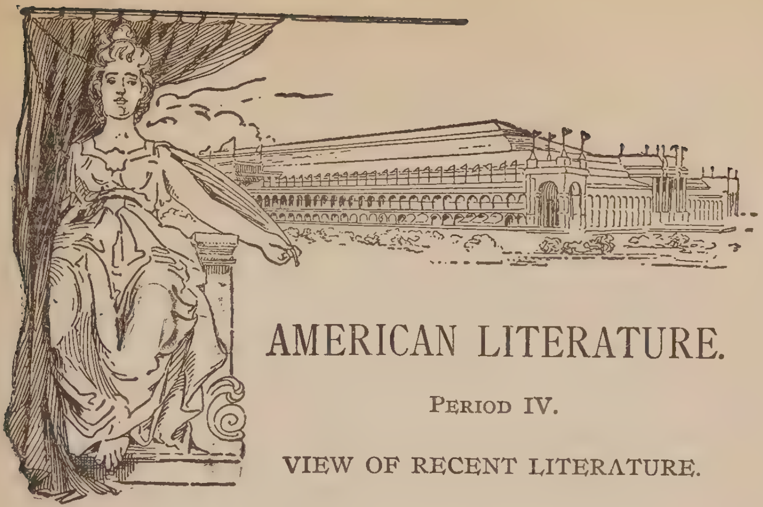
"'That's for me to say,' sez I. 'Shall I say ut?'

"'Yes,' sez she, in a saint's whisper; an' at that I explained mesilf; an' she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an' many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

"'But what made ye cry at startin', Dinah darlin'?' sez I.

"'Your—your bloody cheek,' sez she, duckin' her little head down on my sash (I was duty for the day), an' whimperin' like a sorrowful angel.

"'Now a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an' my first kiss wid ut. Mother av Innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' undher the eye, an' a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd like two little childher, an' she said it was no bad thing; an' ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an' Dinah ran away to her own room."



AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD IV.

VIEW OF RECENT LITERATURE.

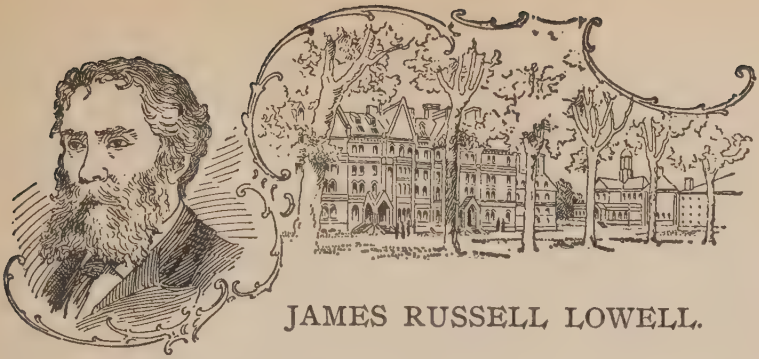
AMERICA, even yet physically undeveloped, has had few minds of the best quality devoted to literature. The objective activities of pioneering, agriculture, commerce, business, science, have thus far almost monopolized the genius of the nation. Severely winnowed of chaff, the fruit of our literary effort from the beginning to the present day, is very small; but it may reasonably be pronounced good. The best work of men like Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell (the list might be enlarged), has withstood and will sustain the test of time. But nations, like individuals, must build their house before they adorn it; and our adornment, if choice, has not been copious.

Of books and fugitive writings there has, on the other hand, been a vast supply. It has seemed as if almost everybody wrote. But their product must be called echoes and expansions, not literature. Often commendable in respect of outward technical form, inwardly they are empty. The criterion of true literary development is poetry, and no poetry is being written in America to-day—only interminable rhymes. Our last singing voices are those of Stedman and Stoddard.

The Civil War marked the division between our contemporary and our former literary epochs. The best work of our great writers was then done, and the new writers had not yet come in sight. But about 1870 Bret Harte struck a fresh note, and thenceforth a new mental attitude began to be observable in our writers. Howells and James sowed the seeds of distrust in that kind of romance of which Theodore Winthrop was a typical cultivator, which consists in exaggerating, coloring or misrepresenting facts, in order to exploit a sentiment or round out a plot. Fidelity to actual life was their basis; analysis of motive was refined and brought down to detail, and care was taken to avoid sensational episodes and striking conclusions. The theory was in the nature of a reaction, and like all reactions, its merit was found to have limitations; it approached life from the outside, critically instead of creatively, and thus missed the more important part of it; it practically substituted the experiences of the writer for the possibilities of the race. Its delicate and reserved pictures had the charm of veracity and finish; but they were not pictures in the full sense; studies was their fitter title. The reader left them without the feeling of inward repose which is the final effect of a true work of art.

But the value of the new departure which they illustrated was very great. It was no longer possible to revert to the false drawing and forced effects of the preceding interval. Backgrounds and figures could no longer be evolved from the flabby world of fancy, feeling and former writings; they must be investigated after the scientific manner, and at first hand; physiology, biology, sociology, must warrant every statement, portrait and episode. The gain is unquestionable. Haphazard work was excluded from those magazines whose favor was supposed to confer distinction. On the other hand, there were drawbacks: imagination, even of the finer sort, was regarded with suspicion. While our great magazines chastened style, purified material, and improved handling, they repressed independent imaginative development.

But if the finer products of imagination are temporarily delayed, historical study has brought forth good and useful fruits, and the literature of travel and exploration has been cultivated. The age is not decadent: there is power in abundance; all that is needed is inspiration, and faith to yield to it when it comes.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"IN a liberal sense," wrote Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman some years ago, "and somewhat as Emerson stands for American thought, the poet Lowell has become our representative man of letters." Lowell still stands as America's representative man of letters, not because he has struck the highest note, but because he has the greatest breadth and versatility, and has woven into his prose and verse more of the warp and woof of American life and thought than any one else. It is a far cry from the noble and lofty strain of the "Commemoration Ode" to the quaint humor and shrewdness of Hosea Biglow, and yet both have made a strong appeal in widely different ways, not only to America, but to all the English-speaking world.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1819. His father was the Rev, Charles Lowell, and his grandfather was the Judge John Lowell who founded the Lowell Institute in Boston. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1840. He never practiced law, however, but began his career as an author shortly after his admission to the bar, by publishing a volume of poems under the title of "A Year's Life." His first book was never republished, though a few of the poems in it were preserved by the author. In 1844 Lowell married Maria White, the gifted woman who had inspired "A Year's Life." Being an ardent abolitionist, she influenced Lowell into becoming a warm advocate of this cause, which he espoused with his whole heart and soul, and advocated with glowing words and flaming pen.

Indignation at the Mexican War and hatred of slavery were the direct inspiration of the humorous but caustic "Biglow Papers," which Lowell began in 1846 and continued till 1848. A second, but less successful series appeared during the Civil War, in 1864. In both his mastery of the Yankee dialect and insight into the Yankee mind contributed to the effect intended.

Notwithstanding his intense interest in the issues of the day, slavery and the Civil War, Lowell found time for general literary work. As early as 1845 appeared one of the most beautiful of his poems, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," a poem on the quest of the Holy Grail. In another vein was the "Fable for Critics," which appeared anonymously, and keenly criticised the writers of the day, including himself.

In 1851 Lowell and his second wife traveled in Europe, remaining for over a year, the fruits of this residence abroad being essays on Italian art and literature and studies of Dante. In 1855 Lowell was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard University; he was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, founded in 1857, and for ten years he was joint editor of the *North American Review.* His critical and miscellaneous essays in these periodicals he subsequently collected and published under the titles of "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows." On July 21, 1865, he delivered his noble "Commemoration Ode," in honor of the graduates of Harvard University who had fallen in the Civil War. This is Lowell's greatest poetical achievement, and immeasurably the finest poem called forth by the war. In 1869 appeared "Under the Willows and other Poems," and in 1870 "The Cathedral," one of the highest expressions of the poet's genius. In 1877 Lowell was appointed by President Hayes American Minister to Spain, and afterwards he was transferred to the Court of St. James, where he remained until 1885. During his residence in England, Oxford and Cambridge conferred upon him the degrees of D. C. L. and LL. D. On returning to the United States, he took up his residence at Cambridge, where he died August 12, 1891. Three years before his death he published "Heartsease and Rue," and "Political Essays." "American Ideas for English Readers," "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses," and "Old English Dramatists," were issued posthumously in 1892.

The record of his life, as well as his works themselves, show that Lowell was eminently a scholar, yet not a recluse; on the contrary, he was active and efficient in all the public affairs of his time. Yet he is known best both here and in England as a humorist. His "John P. Robinson" and "The Courtin'" traveled the length and breadth of the land, and are familiar to-day to thousands who never read "The Cathedral" or the grand "Harvard Commemoration Ode." Noble as are Lowell's higher poetical flights, they have not stamped themselves upon the life and thought of the people. As a poet he lacks spontaneity, the writing of what Wordsworth calls "an inevitable line." Consequently he has not enriched our stock of familiar quotations as much as have some of our lesser poets. But the future may hold for him a wider appreciation as a poet. His essays rank among the best specimens of their class in America; but it is as a critic and humorist that Lowell stands pre-eminent among American men of letters.

(The following examples of Lowell's work are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with the authorized publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Courtin'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
  An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'Ith no one nigh to hender.

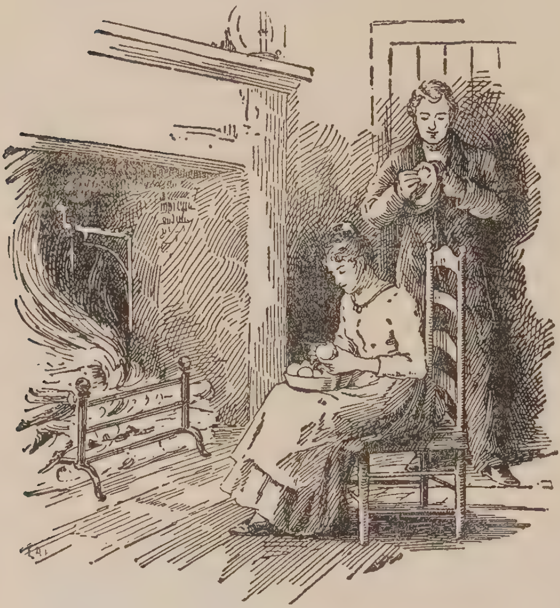
A fireplace filled the room's one side
  With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out,
  Towards the pootiest, bless her,

An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin' the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',



An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

. . . . . .

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
  A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat
  Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk,
  Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
  Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
  "Wall . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"
"To see my Ma? She is sprinklin' clo'es
  Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
  Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*,
  Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
That last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' . . . Wall, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
  An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
  And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then the red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay of Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

The Day of Decision.

(From "The Present Crisis," 1844.)

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 't is Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

A Ruined Life.

(From "Extreme Unction.")

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me;
He sunned me with His ripening looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years
A spark of the eternal God;
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 't is more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain

Ye enter at this ruined shrine
  Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
  The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
  The image of the God is gone.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(From the "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration," July 21, 1865.)

SUCH was he, our Martyr-Chief,
    Whom late the Nation he had led,
    With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
      Nature, they say, doth dote,
      And cannot make a man
      Save on some worn-out plan,
      Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
    And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
    Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
      How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
    Not lured by any cheat of birth,
    But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
    They knew that outward grace is dust;
    They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
      And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
    His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
    Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
    A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

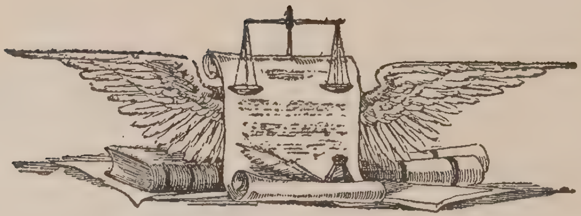
ENGLISH VIEW OF AMERICA.

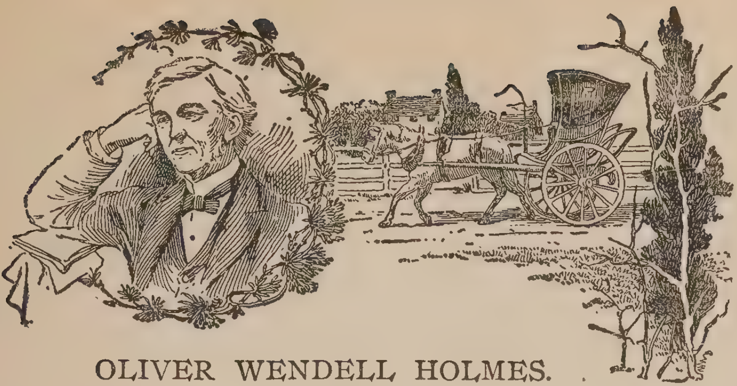
(From essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners.")

TILL after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. "By Jove, you know, fellahs don't fight like that for a shop-till!" No, I rather think not. To Americans America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these as from some burly beggar who came over with Willhemus Conquestor, unless, indeed, a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors? And for history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books, but, for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. I have admitted that Carlyle's sneer had a show of truth in it. But what does he himself, like a true Scot, admire in the Hohenzollerns? First of all, that they were *canny*, a thrifty, forehanded race. Next, that they made a good fight from generation to generation with the chaos around them. That is precisely the battle which the English race on this continent has been carrying doughtily on for two centuries and a half. Doughtily and silently, for you cannot hear in Europe "that crash, the death-song of the perfect tree," that has been going on here from sturdy father to sturdy son, and making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century. If ever men did a good stroke of work on this planet, it was the forefathers of those whom you are wondering whether it would not be prudent to acknowledge as far-off cousins. Alas, man of genius, to whom we owe so much, could you see nothing more than the burning of a foul chimney in that clash of Michael and Satan which flamed up under your very eyes?

Before our war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shop-keepers. Leigh Hunt expressed it well enough when he said that he could never think of America without seeing a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard. Feudalism had by degrees made commerce, the great civilizer, contemptible. But a tradesman with sword on thigh, and very prompt of stroke, was not only redoubtable, he had become respectable, also. Few people, I suspect, alluded twice to a needle in Sir John Hawkwood's presence, after that doughty fighter had exchanged it for a more dangerous tool of the same metal. Democracy had been hitherto only a ludicrous effort to reverse the laws of nature by thrusting Cleon into the place of Pericles. But a democracy that could fight for an abstraction, whose members held life and goods cheap compared with that larger life which we call country, was not merely unheard-of, but portentous. It was the nightmare of the Old World taking upon itself flesh and blood, turning out to be substance and not dream. Since the Norman crusader clanged down upon the throne of the *porphyro-geniti*, carefully draped appearances had never received such a shock, had never been so rudely called on to produce their titles to the empire of the world. Authority has had its periods not unlike those of geology, and at last comes Man claiming kingship in right of his mere manhood. The world of the Saurians might be in some respects more picturesque, but the march of events is inexorable, and it is by-gone.

The young giant had certainly got out of long-clothes. He had become the *enfant terrible* of the human household. It was not and will not be easy for the world (especially for our British cousins) to look upon us as grown up. The youngest of nations, its people must also be young and to be treated accordingly, was the syllogism,—as if libraries did not make all nations equally old in all those respects, at least, where age is an advantage and not a defect. Youth, no doubt, has its good qualities, as people feel who are losing it, but boyishness is another thing. We had been somewhat boyish as a nation, a little loud, a little pushing, a little braggart. But might it not partly have been because we felt that we had certain claims to respect that were not admitted? The war which established our position as a vigorous nationality has also sobered us. A nation, like a man, cannot look death in the eye for four years, without some strange reflections, without arriving at some clearer consciousness of the stuff it is made of, without some great moral change. Such a change, or the beginning of it, no observant person can fail to see here. Our thought and our politics, our bearing as a people, are assuming a manlier tone. We have been compelled to see what was weak in democracy as well as what was strong. We have begun obscurely to recognize that things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function. Above all, it looks as if we were on the way to be persuaded that no government can be carried on by declamation. It is noticeable also that facility of communication has made the best English and French thought far more directly operative here than ever before. Without being Europeanized, our discussion of important questions in statesmanship, in political economy, in æsthetics, is taking a broader scope and a higher tone. It had certainly been provincial, one might also say local, to a very unpleasant extent. Perhaps our experience in soldiership has taught us to value training more than we have been popularly wont. We may possibly come to the conclusion, one of these days, that self-made men may not be always equally skillful in the manufacture of wisdom, may not be divinely commissioned to fabricate the higher qualities of opinion on all possible topics of human interest.





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Holmes, born in 1809, and dying in 1894, was the descendant of a scholarly New England ancestry. After graduating at Harvard, he began life as a professor and practitioner in medicine; he was married in 1840, and lived all his life in Boston. He twice visited Europe, first as a young fellow of one-and-twenty, and again, after more than half a century, as a veteran of letters, known and loved in both hemispheres. Of all our writers, he is the sunniest, the wittiest, the most discursive, and one of the least uneven.

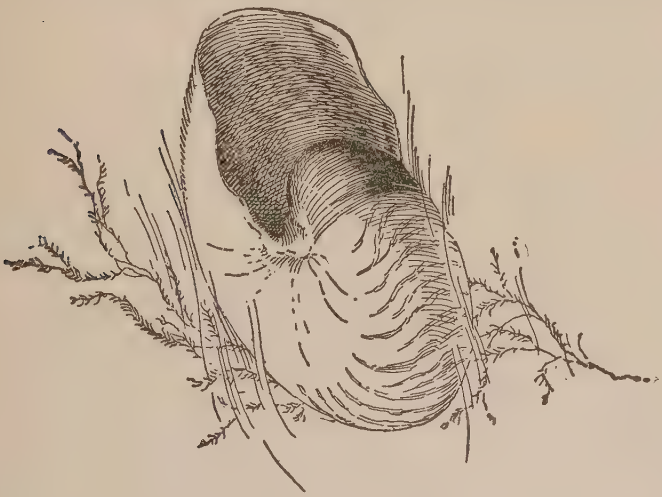
Until 1857, Holmes had written nothing beyond occasional poems, excellent of their kind, but not of themselves sufficient to make a reputation. But in that year, the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, and Holmes contributed to it a series of unique essays entitled, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." They had the form of familiar dialogues between a group of diverse but common types in a boarding-house, upon all manner of topics. They immediately caught the fancy of all readers, and lifted Holmes to a literary altitude where he ever after remained. Two years later "Elsie Venner," his first novel, a study in heredity and in American village character, was published; it is good, but not in the same class with the best imaginative work. The same criticism must be passed on "The Guardian Angel," his second effort in fiction, which appeared in 1867. Both have so much merit that one wonders not to find them better. But they make it plain that Holmes's proper field was the discursive essay and the occasional poem; and here his fame is solid and secure.

Wit rather than humor characterizes Holmes; yet he has the tenderness which usually accompanies only the latter. His mind is swift in movement, and catches remote analogies; he brings together the near and the far, with the effect of a pleasing surprise. His thought tends to shape itself in epigram; he says more "good things"—which are not merely good, but often wise—than any of his contemporaries. The habit of his mind was discursive and independent, rather than deeply original; he had opinions on all subjects; he stated them so brightly and aptly that they often seemed new; but in truth Holmes is orthodox. His quick sympathies and excellent taste, combined with the harmony of nature which creates the synthetic attitude, make him a poet whose productions not seldom reach a high plane, as for example in "The Chambered Nautilus." He is an optimist, and a moralizer, and turns both characteristics to sound literary advantage. The comic bias of his general outlook upon life leads him to be so constantly funny and acute, that the reader is in some danger of losing the fine edge of appreciation; the writer becomes his own rival. Once in a while, however, as in "Old Ironsides," the fervor of his patriotism, or of some other high emotion, thrills him into seriousness, and then he strikes a pure and lofty note. There is something lovable in all that he has done; and no man of letters among us has been the object of more widespread personal affection than has Holmes.

We return from other appreciations to the Autocrat series—for he wrote a number of books of a character similar to these first essays. The untrammeled plan of them suits his genius; he can spring here and there as chance or humor suggests, and entertain us in a hundred different ways one after another. He preaches charming lay sermons, on a score of texts at once, and unless unintermittent entertainment can be tedious, tediousness is impossible to Holmes. He opens no unknown worlds, but he makes us see the world we know better. He penetrates beneath the surface of human nature, though he falls short of creative insight. After reading him, we rise with a kindlier feeling towards men and things, and a wiser understanding of them.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadow'd main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.



Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd,—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

The Three Johns.

(From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.")

When John and Thomas are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects,—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto*, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns.
1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases: {
1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the higher powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he *is*, so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

[A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *via* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.]

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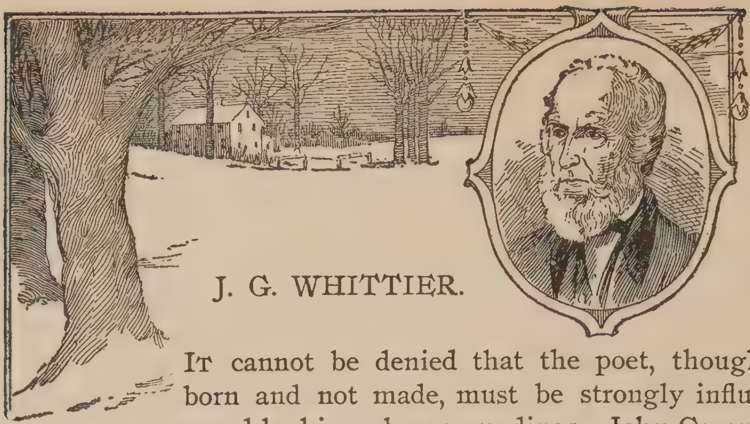


J. G. WHITTIER.

It cannot be denied that the poet, though born and not made, must be strongly influenced by his early surroundings. John Greenleaf Whittier was but little indebted to scholarly culture or to art or to literary companionship; he was self-made and largely self-taught. Born near Haverhill, Mass., on December 17th, 1807, he worked on his father's farm and received the rudiments of education at home. After he was seventeen years old, he attended the Haverhill Academy for two terms, and at nineteen he began to contribnte anonymous poems to the *Free Press*, edited by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Then began a friendship between the editor and the young poet which was cemented by their joint activity in the great Abolition Contest. Whittier wrote fervid anti-slavery lyrics, edited newspapers in Boston, Haverhill and Hartford, and was for a year a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In 1831, he published his first collection of poems, "Legends of New England," a number of Indian traditions, and shortly afterwards a poetical tale, "Mogg Megone." In 1836 he was appointed secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and later became editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, in Philadelphia. But the abolition cause was intensely unpopular; the printing office was at one time sacked and burned, and the editor was forced many times to face enraged mobs. In the *Freeman* appeared some of Whittier's best anti-slavery lyrics. There was crude force in these scornfully indignant lyrics, for though Whittier inherited Quaker blood, and adhered to the Quaker practice, he was a fiery apostle of human brotherhood. His health was always delicate, which he attributed to the "toughening" process, common when he was a boy. In

1840, he settled down at Amesbury, Mass., where his sister and afterwards his niece abode with him. But for the last twenty years of his life he was deprived of the companionship of relatives.

Poems inspired by the passion of political events as a rule are not of a lasting quality,—they pass away when the political questions that evoked them have been settled. Few readers to-day dip into the anti-slavery lyrics. But in writing them Whittier thought of other things than literary fame. He himself said that though he was not insensible to literary reputation, he set a higher value on his "name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book."

Whittier wrote with ease and freedom and was a voluminous author. Among his best known books are, "Voices of Freedom," "Songs of Labor," "National Lyrics," "Snow-Bound," "Ballads of New England," "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," "The King's Missive" and "At Sundown." A complete collection of the poet's writings in prose and verse revised by himself appeared a few years previous to his death, which took place on September 7th, 1892.

Whittier will always be best remembered for his charming New England idyll "Snow-Bound," into which his own early life and experiences on the farm were woven, and for such poems as "Maud Muller," "Barbara Frietchie," "In School Days," "Skipper Ireson's Ride" and "Telling the Bees." He is at his best in depicting peaceful and simple country scenes and characters. He lived close to the homely heart and life of the New England country people, and was to them a kind of lesser Robert Burns, not a writer of songs, yet a laureate of the woodlands, and of farm life, and of inland lakes and streams. His life was as simple and sweet as is most of his poetry. There was a harmony rarely found that intimately blended the poet's life with his poems.

(The following examples of Whittier's poems are used by special permission of, and special arrangement with the authorized publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

DAY by day the Indian tiger
  Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
  Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
  Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
  And the wrong and shame we dread."

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
  Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
  Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
  With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
  The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Like the march of soundless music
  Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
  Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
  She knew the Campbell's call;
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
  The grandest o' them all!"

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
  And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
  Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
  Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
  The piping of the clans!"

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
  Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
  The air of Auld Lang Syne.

O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
  Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
  As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
  And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
  The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
  O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
  The Pipes at Lucknow played!

THE MOTHER.

(From "Snow Bound.")

  OUR mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
  So rich and picturesque and free,
  (The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways,)
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks's black squadron anchored lay,

And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,

Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
  "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
  Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

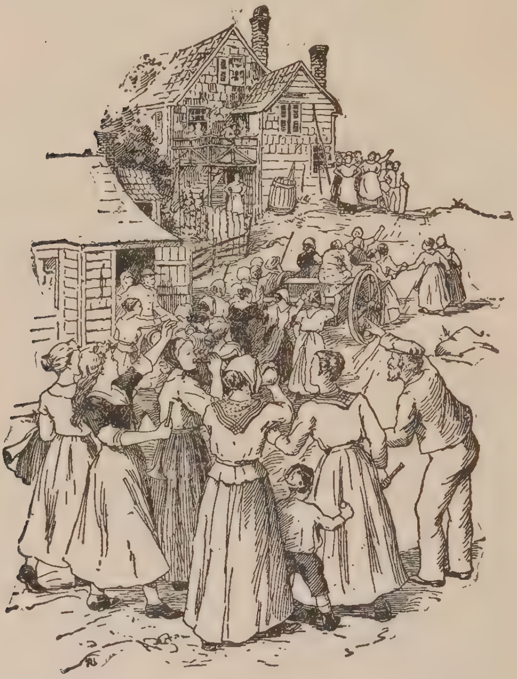
Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
  "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
  Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
  Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
  Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
    By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,



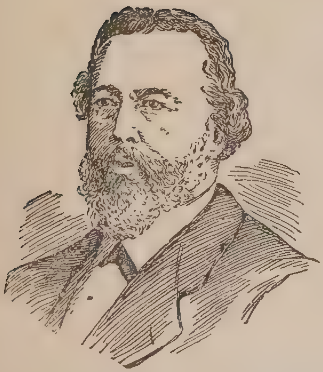
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

BAYARD TAYLOR.



Bayard Taylor was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, on January 11th, 1825. His father was a farmer, belonging to the Society of Friends, and Bayard was apprenticed to a printing office. He soon began to contribute verses to the papers, and a collection of these early poems entitled "Ximena" was published in 1844. Then he made a pedestrian tour through Europe, and his vivacious account of his travels and experiences, entitled "Views Afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff" (1846), gained him a position on the staff of the *New York Tribune* in whose columns many of his sketches of travel first appeared.

The titles of his books of travel indicate the many countries he visited. "El Dorado" describes a visit to California and Mexico in 1848. Then followed "Journey to Central Africa," "Land of the Saracens," "Visit to India, China, and Japan" (1853); "Northern Travel" (1857), an account of a tour through Sweden, Denmark and Lapland; "Travels in Greece and Russia" (1859). But besides these books of travel, Taylor had put forth seven volumes of poetry. "Poems of Home and Travel" (1855) contain such collected poems as the author wished then to acknowledge. His first novel, "Hannah Thurston" was published in 1863. Three others followed: "John Godfrey's Fortunes," "The Story of Kennett," and "Joseph and His Friend." None of these, however, won much approval, and it is as a lyric poet that Bayard Taylor shows his best qualities. Some of his songs, his Oriental idyls, and his Pennsylvania ballads are sure of an abiding place in American literature. His more elaborate poetical works are "The Poet's Journal" (1862), "The Picture of St. John" (1866), "The Masque of the Gods" (1872), "Lars" (1873), and "The Prophet" (1874), "Home Pastorals," (1875), and "Prince Deukalion," (1878). "The Echo Club" is a series of clever parodies of the poets of the century. In 1876 Taylor composed the "National Ode," which was read at the Centennial Festival. His most famous work, however, is his translation of "Faust" in the original metres. He is undoubtedly the greatest of Goethe's English interpreters.

Taylor had been brought up among the Pennsylvania Quakers, but he found in later life, that in spite of his affectionate regard for them, he could not dwell happily among them. He had become a cosmopolitan and preferred the manners and customs of the Germans. In 1878 he was gratified at being appointed American minister to Berlin. There he died a year later.

Taylor's travels are written in unaffected and often vivid prose. His literary criticisms have the quality of plain, good sense. His longer poems are more ambitious than successful. His minor lyrics and his masterly rendition of Faust are his chief claims to immortality.

(The following extracts from Bayard Taylor's poems are used by special permission of, and special arrangement with the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee,—I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

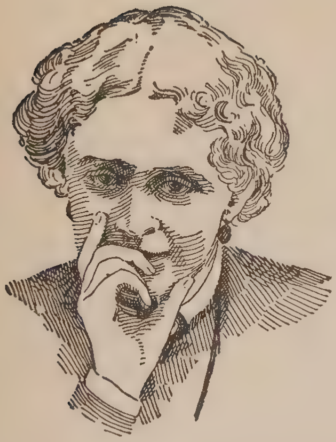
And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,

With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



MRS. JACKSON, known in literature as "H. H." and "Helen Hunt," was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1831, and died at San Francisco, California, in 1885. She was married to Captain Hunt, an engineer officer, who was killed by an explosion. The widow on recovering from profound grief for her loss, solaced herself with poetry. She did not begin her literary career until her thirty-fifth year. When her verses appeared in print, they immediately compelled attention. Her poetry was earnest as well as graceful, her themes generally being high spiritual hopes and wonderings. Afterwards she was persuaded to write prose of light vein, and in this she displayed a fine sense of humor and of knowledge of the seamy side of domestic affairs. She published two novels—"Mercy Philbrick's Choice" and "Hetty's Strange History," and she is believed to have written the clever magazine stories that appeared over the pseudonym "Saxe Holm."

The books to which she herself attached most importance, however, were "A Century of Dishonor," which was an arraignment of the nation for wrongs done the Indians, and

"Ramona," a novel written with similar purpose. These books were not based on hearsay and sentimental theory; for during the lifetime of her first husband, the author had resided at military posts on the frontier and had noted the unjust treatment of Indians by all whites with whom they came in contact. Through the remainder of her life her most earnest purpose was to influence the American people to compel the undoing of wrongs done in their name to the helpless "wards of the nation."

ONLY AN INDIAN BABY.

(This extract from "Ramona" is used by special permission of the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

IN a week, Alessandro appeared again at the Agency doctor's door. This time he had come with a request which to his mind seemed not unreasonable. He had brought Baba for the doctor to ride. Could the doctor then refuse to go to Saboba? Baba would carry him there in three hours, and it would be like a cradle all the way. Alessandro's name was in the Agency books. It was for this he had written it,—for this and nothing else,—to save the baby's life. Having thus enrolled himself as one of the Agency Indians, he had a claim on this the Agency doctor. And that his application might be all in due form, he took with him the Agency interpreter. He had had a misgiving before, that Aunt Ri's kindly volubility had not been well timed. Not one unnecessary word, was Alessandro's motto.

To say that the Agency doctor was astonished at being requested to ride thirty miles to prescribe for an ailing Indian baby, would be a mild statement of the doctor's emotion. He could hardly keep from laughing, when it was made clear to him that this was what the Indian father expected.

"Good Lord!" he said, turning to a crony who chanced to be lounging in the office. "Listen to that beggar, will you? I wonder what he thinks the Government pays me a year for doctoring Indians!"

Alessandro listened so closely it attracted the doctor's attention. "Do you understand English?" he asked sharply.

"A very little, Señor," replied Alessandro.

The doctor would be more careful in his speech, then. But he made it most emphatically clear that the thing Alessandro had asked was not only out of the question, but preposterous. Alessandro pleaded. For the child's sake he could do it. The horse was at the door; there was no such horse in San Bernardino County; he went like the wind, and one would not know he was in motion, it was so easy. Would not the doctor come down and look at the horse? Then he would see what it would be like to ride him.

"Oh, I've seen plenty of your Indian ponies," said the doctor. "I know they can run."

Alessandro lingered. He could not give up this last hope. The tears came into his eyes. "It is our only child, Señor," he said. "It will take you but six hours in all. My wife counts the moments till you come! If the child dies, she will die."

"No! no!" The doctor was weary of being importuned. "Tell the man it is impossible! I'd soon have my hands full, if I began to go about the country this way. They'd be sending for me down to Agua Caliente next, and bringing up their ponies to carry me."

"He will not go?" asked Alessandro.

The interpreter shook his head. "He cannot," he said.

Without a word Alessandro left the room. Presently he returned. "Ask him if he will come for money?" he said. "I have gold at home. I will pay him what the white men pay him."

"Tell him no man of any color could pay me for going sixty miles!" said the doctor.

And Alessandro departed again, walking so slowly, however, that he heard the coarse laugh, and the words, "Gold! Looked like it, didn't he?" which followed his departure from the room.

When Ramona saw him returning alone, she wrung her hands. Her heart seemed breaking. The baby had lain in a sort of stupor since noon; she was plainly worse, and Ramona had been going from the door to the cradle, from the cradle to the door, for an hour, looking each moment for the hoped-for aid. It had not once crossed her mind that the doctor would not come. She had accepted in much fuller faith than Alessandro the account of the appointment by the Government of these two men to look after the Indians' interests. What else could their coming mean, except that, at last, the Indians were to have justice! She thought, in her simplicity, that the doctor must have died, since Alessandro was riding home alone.

"He would not come!" said Alessandro, as he threw himself off his horse, wearily.

"Would not!" cried Ramona. "Would not! Did you not say the Government had sent him to be the doctor for Indians?"

"That was what they said," he replied. "You see it is a lie, like the rest! But I offered him gold, and he would not come then. The child must die, Majella!"

"She shall not die!" cried Ramona. "We will carry her to him!" The thought struck them both as an inspiration. Why had they not thought of it before? "You can fasten the cradle on Baba's back, and he will go so gently, she will think it is but play; and I will walk by her side, or you, all the way!" she continued. "And we can sleep at Aunt Ri's house. Oh, why, why did we not do it before? Early in the morning we will start."

All through the night they sat watching the little creature. If they had ever seen death, they would have known that there was no hope for the child. But how should Ramona and Alessandro know?

The sun rose bright and warm. Before it was up, the cradle was ready, ingeniously strapped on Baba's back. When the baby was placed in it, she smiled. "The first smile she has given for days," cried Ramona. "Oh, the air itself will do good to her! Let me walk by her first! Come, Baba! Dear Baba!" and Ramona stepped almost joyfully by the horse's side, Alessandro riding Benito. As they paced along, their eyes never leaving the baby's face, Ramona said, in a low tone, "Alessandro, I am almost afraid to tell you what I have done. I took the little Jesus out of the Madonna's arms and hid it! Did you never hear, that if you do that, the Madonna will grant you anything, to get him back again in her arms? Did you ever hear of it?"

"Never!" exclaimed Alessandro, with horror in his tone. "Never, Majella! How dared you?"

"I dare anything now!" said Ramona. "I have been thinking to do it for some days, and to tell her she could not have him any more till she gave me back the baby well and strong; but I knew I could not have courage to sit and look at her all lonely without him in her arms, so I did not do it. But now we are to be away, I thought, that is the time; and I told her, 'When we come back with our baby well, you shall have your little Jesus again, too; now, Holy Mother, you go with us, and make the doctor cure our baby!' Oh, I have heard, many times, women tell the Señora they had done this, and always they got what they wanted. Never will she let the Jesus be out of her arms more than three weeks before she will grant any prayer one can make. It was that way she brought you to me, Alessandro. I never before told you. I was afraid. I think she had brought you sooner, but I could keep the little Jesus hid from her only at night. In the day I could not, because the Señora would see. So she did not miss him so much; else she had brought you quicker."

"But, Majella," said the logical Alessandro, "it was because I could not leave my father that I did not come. As soon as he was buried, I came."

"If it had not been for the Virgin, you would never have come at all," said Ramona, confidently.

For the first hour of this sad journey it seemed as if the child were really rallying; the air, the sunlight, the novel motion, the smiling mother by her side, the big black horses she had already learned to love, all roused her to an animation she had not shown for days. But it was only the last flicker of the expiring flame. The eyes drooped, closed; a strange pallor came over the face. Alessandro saw it first. He was now walking, Ramona riding Benito. "Majella!" he cried, in a tone which told her all.

In a second she was at the baby's side, with a cry which smote the dying child's consciousness. Once more the eyelids lifted; she knew her mother; a swift spasm shook the little frame; a convulsion as of agony swept over the face, then it was at peace. Majella's shrieks were heart-rending. Fiercely she put Alessandro away from her, as he strove to caress her. She stretched her arms up towards the sky. "I have killed her! I have killed her!" she cried. "Oh, let me die!"

Slowly Alessandro turned Baba's head homeward again.

"Oh, give her to me! Let her lie on my breast! I will hold her warm!" gasped Ramona.

Silently Alessandro laid the body in her arms. He had not spoken since his first cry of alarm. If Ramona had looked at him, she would have forgotten her grief for her dead child. Alessandro's face seemed turned to stone.

When they reached the house, Ramona, laying the child on the bed, ran hastily to a corner of the room, and lifting the deerskin, drew from its hiding-place the little wooden Jesus. With tears streaming, she laid it again in the Madonna's arms, and flinging herself on her knees, sobbed out prayers for forgiveness. Alessandro stood at the foot of the bed, his arms folded, his eyes riveted on the child.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE was born at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1822. Although for fifty years a hard-working and popular pastor, he has found time to write dozens of books and hundreds of essays and stories, besides some poems. He was also the originator and editor of *Old and New*, a monthly magazine. His work has been more varied than that of almost any other American writer, for among his books are histories, biographies, political treatises, humanitarian efforts and fiction. His fiction is almost alone in its class, since it treats that which is impossible and even fantastic, with a gravity, directness and skill that makes the result appear entirely reasonable. Hale's "purpose" stories "Ten Times One Are Ten" and "In His Name" caused the organization of thousands of societies for self-improvement and for philanthropic purposes. In any department of literature to which he has contributed he might have taken leadership had he confined himself to it. His mental nature is as strong as it is broad, and the quality of his work has been well sustained. His most impossible yet most popular story is "The Man Without a Country"—a tale of a young officer who for speaking disrespectfully of the United States was sentenced by court-martial to be kept at sea on war vessels and never allowed to hear the name of his country.

DEATH OF PHILIP NOLAN.

(From "The Man Without a Country," published by J. Stillman Smith, Boston. Copyright by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D. Used here by special permission of the author.)

"'MR. NOLAN,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"O the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' 'Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon,—that he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the 'Leopard,' and whether Burr was tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the 'Java,'—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; I told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. . . .

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs,—of inventions, and books, and literature,—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion.

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away . Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him, and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

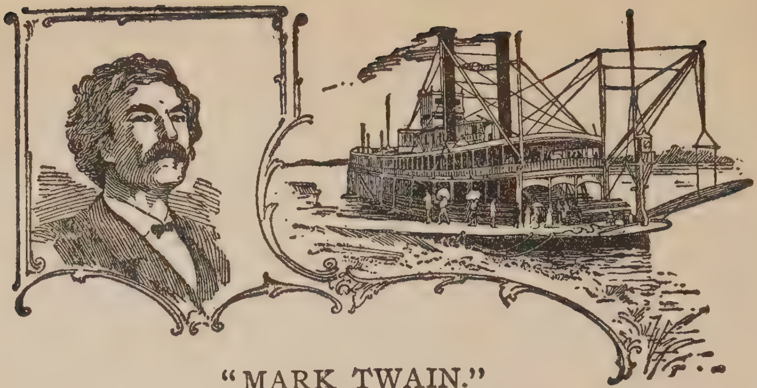
"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his Father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:—

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.' On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

"'IN MEMORY OF
"'PHILIP NOLAN,
"'*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*
"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"



"MARK TWAIN."

"Mark Twain" is still the popular designation of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, accepted throughout the world as a typical American humorist. He was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835 and from a village school passed to a village printing-office, and thence to a Mississippi steamboat, to become a river pilot. This occupation afterwards supplied the pseudonym "Mark Twain," that being a frequent cry in sounding to signify that the water is two fathoms deep. But the civil war broke the business up, and in 1862 Clemens went to Nevada to assist his brother, then secretary of the Territory. After some mining in a desultory way, Clemens wrote sketches for the newspapers, and was soon regularly employed on the San Francisco press. His visit to Hawaii in 1866 was the subject of later lectures. A collection of his sketches, under the title "The Jumping Frog" was published in New York in 1867 and gained for him recognition as a humorist of a new style. Greater success came from his taking part in a tourists' excursion to Europe and the Holy Land. In "The Innocents Abroad" he chronicled the adventures of those pilgrims in such a mirth-provoking way as to put an end to the solemn stereotyped reports which American travelers had previously imposed on their friends who had not been abroad.

Mark Twain's popularity was now established, and he was called to rehearse his experience on the Pacific Coast. This was done in "Roughing It," and in "The Gilded Age," he joined with C. D. Warner in satirizing the Yankee race for riches. He had now settled in Hartford, Connecticut, where he enjoyed highly intellectual society. He continued his droll sketches of Western life, and occasionally put forth moral and social essays replete with common sense, expressed in an uncommon way. In some books, as "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," he assumed the character of a growing Western boy and presented vivid pictures of life on and near the Mississippi river in the days of slavery. These books brought ample pecuniary returns, and Clemens ventured into book-publishing. For a while his firm was highly successful, but eventually it became bankrupt. With indomitable energy Clemens undertook to restore his fortunes by writing and lecturing, and with this object made a tour to Australia and India.

Besides the sketches of life on the Pacific Coast and in the Mississippi Valley, by which Mark Twain is universally recognized, he has attempted some peculiar historical romances. In "The Prince and the Pauper," which deals with the time of Edward VI. he went counter to the verdict of the historians. Still more boldly in "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" he jumbled the present with the past in humorous incongruity. Perhaps to make amends for this escapade he next published anonymously what professed to be an account of Joan of Arc by a faithful attendant. The story of the Maid of Orleans has never been more ingeniously and sympathetically related. In these and other writings Clemens has revealed a serious, inquiring, contemplative spirit, but the public whom he has entertained for many years insist on his retaining and exhibiting his earlier characteristics as a droll humorist of national and local peculiarities.

Scotty's Interview with the Minister.

(From "Roughing It." Copyright, 1872, by the American Publishing Company. Used here by permission of the publishers.)

Scotty was on a sorrowful mission, now, and his face was the picture of woe. Being admitted to the presence he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of his business. He choked, and even shed tears; but with an effort he mastered his voice and said in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand?"

With another sigh and a half-sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you would give us a lift, if we'd tackle you—that is, if

I've got the rights of it and you are the head clerk of the doxology-works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said: "You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them in some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unencumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause, and more reflection. Then, said Scotty:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yourn is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to thought. Presently his face came up, sorrowful but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," he said. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before! I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind my snuffling a little—becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throwed up the sponge, you understand."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return! I reckon not. Why pard, he's *dead!*"

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"*Again?* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No! Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet you he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I know a man and like him, I freeze to him—you hear *me*. Take him all round, pard, there was never a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know, it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him."

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes indeed. It's kind of a hard world, after all, *ain't* it? But pard, he was a rustler! You ought to seen him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drawed breath. Pard, he was *on* it! He was on it bigger than an Injun?"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. *He* didn't give a continental for *any*body. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss-word—but you see I'm on an awful strain, in this palaver, on account of having to cramp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it—that's our little game. We are going to get the thing up regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch—solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box in a biled shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There'll be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want, you just 'scape out and we'll 'tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind, in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town quiet and peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he* warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself." . . .

"That was very well indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and everybody said he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a spanner in one hand and a trumpet in the other, and sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody ever got a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the

Methodis' Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply!' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard! He could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whisky without spilling it, than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard!—it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what *I* say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so so."

"In my opinion the man that would offer personal violence to his own mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard! you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a drivin' at, was, that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don't you see? No indeedy. He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox I'm d——d if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, pard, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it *there!*" [Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such a marvel of funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half mast, the long, plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of officials, and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs and windows; and for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display in Virginia was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

THE most attractive vein of folk-lore ever worked in the United States was that which Joel Chandler Harris disclosed by the publication of his "Uncle Remus" sketches. These tales, all brought from Africa by the progenitors of our colored population, had passed down through generations by word-of-mouth only; scarcely one of them had appeared in print until the appearance of "Uncle Remus." They might have been printed in such manner as to be as uninteresting as some volumes of folk-lore that have been issued by learned societies, only to gather dust on book-shelves; but who ever saw, outside of a bookstore, a volume of "Uncle Remus" that did not show sign of many readings? The difference is due less to the matter than to the manner of telling; the old negro who relates the tales is, despite his rags, his rheumatism, and his fondness for stimulants, an engaging personality. The author was born at Eatonton, Georgia, in 1848, and has been chiefly engaged in journalism. It is not alone through Uncle Remus, however, that the author has interested the reading world; he has written some realistic sketches of life in modern Georgia,—sketches full of unusual incidents and characters, all of which he handles with genuine dramatic sense. All his literary work has been done in moments stolen from exacting journalistic duties.

WHY THE MOON'S FACE IS SMUTTY.

(This chapter from "Uncle Remus" is used by special permission of, and special arrangement with the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

"HIT'S money, honey, de worl' over," replied Uncle Remus, after a somewhat prolonged silence. "Go whar you will, en go when you may, en stay ez long ez mought be, en you 'll fin' folks huntin' atter money—mornin' en evenin', day en night.

"Look at um! Why, dars de Moon,"—something in the attitude or the countenance of the child caused Uncle Remus to stop suddenly and laugh.

"The Moon, Uncle Remus?" exclaimed the youngster. "What about the Moon?"

"Well, you know how folks talk 'bout de Moon. You'll hear um say she's on her fus' quarter, den on 'er las' quarter; en dat des 'zackly de way dey talk 'bout money. I hear tell dat one time dey wuz a man gwine 'long en de woods, en he hear a mighty jinglin' en rattlin'. He look 'roun', en see it wuz de Moon er changin'. Seem like she lacked a quarter, en de man pulled out his money-purse en flung de quarter in, en den she change all right.

"But dat ain't no tale; hit des a rig," Uncle Remus continued, not waiting to see the effect of this venerable joke. "De tale dat I been hearin' 'bout de moon ain't got no money in it, en dat mighty funny, too, kaze it look like money is mix up wid mos' eve'ything.

"In dem days, way back yander, de Moon use ter come down en get behime a big poplar log, when she wanter make a change. She ain't want nobody to see 'er. She'd rise later en later eve'y night, des like she do now, en den to'rds de las' she'd drap down on de fur een er de lan', over dat away, en slip behime de poplar log en change all she want er.

"But one time dey wuz a man gwine 'long thoo de woods totin' a bag er charcoal, what he been burnin'. He been watchin' de coal kil' since midnight de night befo', en he uz so tired out en broke down, dat stidder singin' er whistlin', like folks does when dey go thoo de woods, he uz des gwine 'bout his business widout making any fuss. He was axin hisse'f if dey'd be any hot ashcake waitin' for 'im, en whedder de ole 'oman 'd save 'im any pot liquor fum dinner.

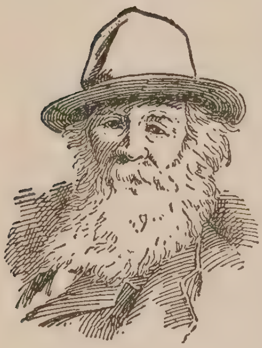
"He was gwine 'long dis way when de fus' news he know, he come right 'pon de Moon whiles she was changin.' Man, suh! Dey wuz de bigges' flutterment den en dar dat dey 's ever been befo' er since. Folks 'way off thought dey could hear thunder, dough dey wan't nothin' in de roun' worl' but de Moon tryin' fer ter git out de way er de man.

"De man, he drapt de bag er charcoal en run like ole Scratch wuz atter 'im. He des tored thoo de woods like a harrycane was blowin' 'im 'long. He 'uz gwine one way en de Moon anudder, but de Moon she tripped en fell right topper de bag er charcoal, en you kin see de signs un it down ter dis day. Look at 'er when you will, en you 'll see dat she look like she been hit 'cross de face wid a sut-bag. Don't take my word fer it. Des look fer yo'se'f! Der 't is! Ever sence dat day de Moon done got so she do 'er changin' up in de elements."

After a while the little boy asked what became of the man that had the bag of charcoal.

"What dat got ter do wid de tale?" said Uncle Remus, sharply. "Long ez de Moon is up dar all safe en soun', 'ceppin' de smut, it don't make no diffunce 'bout no man."

WALT WHITMAN.



WALT WHITMAN was born at West Hills, Long Island, on May 31, 1819. He was first a printer, then a teacher in country schools, and subsequently learned the carpenter's trade. He also contributed to newspapers and magazines and was at intervals connected with various papers in an editorial capacity. In 1849 he traveled through the western States, and afterwards took up his residence in New York City, where he frequented the society of newspaper men and litterateurs. In 1855 he published his notable work "Leaves of Grass," in which he preaches the gospel of democracy and the natural man. It is a series of poems without rhyme or metrical form, dealing with moral, social and political problems. It was a new departure in literature, an unwonted method of conveying frank and untrammeled utterances. The book at first attracted but little attention, though it at once found some staunch admirers. Ralph Waldo Emerson said of it: "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." This book Walt Whitman elaborated and added to for thirty years, and several editions have been published. It has excited bitter denunciation and warm approval. Original and forceful, Whitman cannot be judged by ordinary literary standards. His scornful trampling upon all metrical rules, and his freedom in treating of matters usually passed in silence, have so far been a decided barrier to the approval of his work.

During the war, Whitman became an hospital nurse at Washington. His experiences were wrought into a volume called "Drum Taps," since embodied with "Leaves of Grass." After the war he was for some years in the Government employ at Washington. He moved to Camden, New Jersey, in 1873. Besides adding to "Leaves of Grass," he published "Specimen Days and Collects" in 1883, "November Boughs" 1885, "Sands at Seventy" 1888, "Good-bye, my Fancy!" 1890.

Whitman died on March 26, 1892. His ambition was to be something more than a mere singer; a prophet and seer to his country and time. He has not yet been accepted by the people at large. He has won the approbation of some great minds, but so far he has not won the hearts of the people, to whom he dedicated his labors.

IN ALL, MYSELF.

I AM the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there everyone, and still pass on.
I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing
night!
Night of South winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

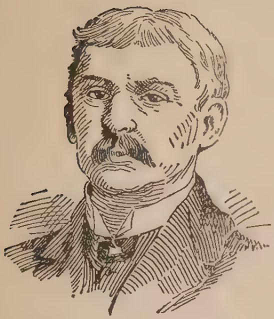
Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my
sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore to you I give love!
O unspeakable passionate love.

THE PÆAN OF JOY.

Now, trumpeter! for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet;
Sing to my soul!—renew its languishing faith and hope;
Rouse up my slow belief—give me some vision of the future;
Give me, for once, its prophecy and joy.
O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes!
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the conqueror at last!
Hymns to the universal God from universal Man—all joy!
A re-born race appears—a perfect world—all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health—all joy!
Riotous laughing bacchanals, filled with joy!
War, sorrowing, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing
but joy left!
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! Joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! Enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

(The above extracts are from "Leaves of Grass," copyrighted by David McKay, Philadelphia.)

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.



BRET HARTE was born in 1839 in Albany, New York, the son of a schoolmaster of fine education and small means. From him Bret probably inherited his fine sense of language. At the age of seventeen, about seven years after the discovery of gold in California, he journeyed to the Pacific coast, and dwelt there fourteen years. After a few years in the Eastern States he was sent to Europe as consul, and he has ever since resided there, chiefly in London, where he is a social favorite.

The sudden change from the narrow strictness of his Eastern home to the lawless unconventionality of Western mining life profoundly affected Harte, and awakened his artistic instincts. He had done a little mining himself; he had set type in a newspaper office, acted as editor, and finally taken to writing little sketches. They show the influence of Dickens in certain points of style, and in the point of view; but Harte writes better English than his model, and is more direct and simple in his treatment. His mind, indeed, was independent, as is shown by his "Condensed Novels," published in 1867, when he was twenty-eight; they catch the essence of diverse styles of thought and expression in a way which could be possible only to a strong individuality.

On the other hand, it may not be unjust to say that his subject made him. He saw the romantic novelty of the Argonaut episode, and portrayed it with a vigor, vividness, and literary mastery which left nothing for imitators. In half a dozen short tales, filling about fifty pages, and produced during and a short time after his connection with *The Overland Monthly*, he told the famous epic with a pathos, a humor, an insight into character, a terseness, a dramatic perception, a brilliance of color, unsurpassed in modern imaginative writing. In our own literature, Harte was an epoch-maker. The high title of genius cannot be refused to the man who could achieve this feat.

Yet he has been in some degree a disappointment. Because "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" were two of the finest sketches ever written in this country, it was thought that Harte would write a long novel of not less merit. But "Gabriel Conroy" proved he could not do this. It was thought, again, that after exhausting the topic of the Argonauts, he would take up others with the same success. But it turned out that Harte's genius was as limited in its range as it was inimitable; when his scene was changed, he changed entirely. After several efforts he perceived this himself, and has ever since remained the portrayer of the California of the fifties. But he has never quite equalled his first masterpieces; nothing that he has since produced has created the immense sensation which those marvellous little gems of observation and imagination made. We may read in an hour the sum and substance of his contribution to literature; but we can never forget it. A small volume will hold it, but it will stand side by side with the best America has to show.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

(From "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches." Copyright, 1870. Used here by special permission of the author and the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHEROKEE SAL had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog,—a distance of forty miles,—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they did n't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety,—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—(an ass)—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got,—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills,—d—m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the fondling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills,—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating,—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. The ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said, that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but, strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how the Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquillizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song,—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end,—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. . . .

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine-boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairy-land had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral,"— a hedge of tasselated pine-boughs, which surrounded his bed,—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a talking to a jay-bird as was a sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a jawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine-boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall red-woods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble-bees buzzed, and the rocks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times,"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They 've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

ALDRICH has been an editor, novelist, and writer of travels, but is properly classed as a poet. In spite of his dainty verse and mildly humorous prose, he has not attained popularity, though his tender "Ballad of Babie Bell" and his short story of "Marjorie Daw," have been widely circulated.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1837. He removed to New York at the age of seventeen, and while employed in a publishing house began to write for newspapers and magazines. In 1866 he was called to Boston to become editor of *Every Saturday*, which position he held for eight years. After a year of travel in Europe he returned to Boston, but later fixed his residence at Ponkapog in the vicinity. From 1881 to 1890 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Aldrich's poems are usually short and carefully wrought, subdued in tone and suggestive, rather than strongly picturesque. They exhibit a single phase or contrast of life, yet sometimes they run on in longer varied course, as in "Babie Bell," which relates sympathetically the advent and death of a child. In some of his pieces he describes aspects of his native New England, while others seem to belong to the remote East or realms of pure fancy. He has occasionally used blank verse, as in "Judith," and has even written a drama in prose. His short stories have been more successful than his novels, and his "Story of a Bad Boy," to some extent autobiographical, has been widely accepted as a fair picture of an average American boy.

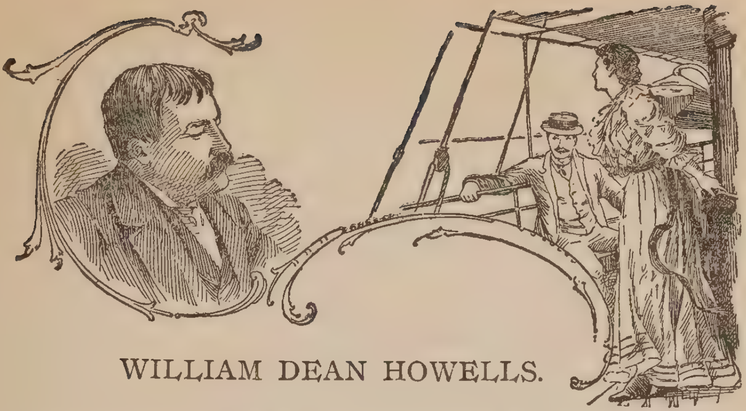
UNGUARDED GATES.

(From "Unguarded Gates and Other Poems," Copyright, 1894, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Used here by special permission of the Publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—

A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

No one can deny to Mr. Howells some of the most attractive literary graces. Long since the critic, E. P. Whipple, declared: "He has no rival in half-tints, in modulations, in subtle phrases that touch the edge of an assertion and yet stop short of it. He is like a skater who executes a hundred graceful curves within the limits of a pool a few yards square." Mr. Howells himself has stated that his principle is to look away from the great passions and to study and report the commonplace. "As in literature," he says, "the true artist will shun the use even of real events if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness." It must be admitted that he has made the commonplace entertaining by his great charm of style, and that occasionally in some of his best work he has transgressed his own canon.

William Dean Howells was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, on March 1, 1837. He learned to set type when a boy, and helped his father in issuing a country paper. The contributions of the younger Howells attracted some attention, and he was made news-editor of the *State Journal*, at Columbus, Ohio. Upon the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, Howells wrote a campaign biography, and later received the appointment of Consul at Venice, where he resided from 1861 to 1865. "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys" are fruits of this residence abroad. After his return he was connected with the *New York Tribune* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, being editor of the latter from 1872 to 1881. He has since resided in New York, where, aside from other literary work, he has conducted a critical department in *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. Howells' first novel, "A Chance Acquaintance," was published in 1873. Besides this, his most noted novels are, "The Lady of the Aroostook," "The Undiscovered Country," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Indian Summer," "The World of Chance," "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and "The Landlord of the Lion Head." He has also written some clever parlor farces, among which are "The Parlor Car," "The Sleeping Car," and "The Register." In his younger days he published a volume of poems together with J. J. Piatt, entitled "Poems of Two Friends." More recently he has published a volume of "Poems," and "Stops from Various Quills," and has edited "Modern Italian Poets."

Howells has a keen eye for the social distinctions in American life. His special province is manners rather than character, or character as depicted through manners. He is a miniature portrait painter, but a master in an art which requires the greatest delicacy of finish. He holds the mirror up to nature, but his mirror is a small one, and only a small part of nature is reflected.

BASIL AND ISABEL ON GOAT ISLAND.

(From "Their Wedding Journey." Used here by permission of the author and special arrangement with the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BASIL and Isabel were both poets in their quality of bridal couple, and so long as their own nerves were unshaken they could transmute all facts to entertaining fables. They pleasantly exercised their sympathies upon those who every year perish at Niagara in the tradition of its awful power; only they refused their cheap and selfish compassion to the Hermit of Goat Island, who dwelt so many years in its conspicuous seclusion, and was finally carried over the cataract. This public character they suspected of design in his death as in his life, and they would not be moved by his memory; though they gave a sigh to that dream, half pathetic, half ludicrous, yet not ignoble, of Mordecai Noah, who thought to assemble all the Jews of the world, and all the Indians, as remnants of the Lost Tribes, upon Grand Island, there to rebuild Jerusalem, and who actually laid the corner-stone of the new temple there.

Goat Island is marvelously wild for a place visited by so many thousands every year. The shrubbery and undergrowth remain unravaged, and form a deceitful privacy, in which, even at that early hour of the day, they met many other pairs. It seemed incredible that the village and the hotels should be so full, and that the wilderness should also abound in them; yet on every embowered seat, and going to and from all points of interest and danger, were these new-wedded lovers with their interlacing arms and their fond attitudes, in which each seemed to support and lean upon the other. Such a pair stood prominent before them when Basil and Isabel emerged at last from the cover of the woods at the head of the island, and glanced up the broad swift stream to the point where it ran smooth before breaking into the rapids; and as a soft pastoral feature in the foreground of that magnificent landscape, they found them far from unpleasing. Some such pair is in the foreground of every famous American landscape; and when I think of the amount of public love-making in the season of pleasure-travel, from Mount Desert to the Yosemite, and from the parks of Colorado to the Keys of Florida, I feel that our continent is but a larger Arcady, that the middle of the nineteenth century is the golden age, and that we want very little of being a nation of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Our friends returned by the shore of the Canadian rapids, having traversed the island by a path through the heart of the woods, and now drew slowly near the Falls again. All parts of the prodigious pageant have an eternal novelty, and they beheld the ever-varying effect of that constant sublimity with the sense of discoverers, or rather of people whose great fortune it is to see the marvel in its beginning, and new from the creating hand. The morning hour lent its sunny charm to this illusion, while in the cavernous precipices of the shores, dark with evergreens, a mystery as of primeval night seemed to linger. There was a wild fluttering of their nerves, a rapture with an under-consciousness of pain, the exaltation of peril and escape, when they came to the three little isles that extend from Goat Island, one beyond another far out into the furious channel. Three pretty suspension-bridges connect them now with the larger island, and under each of these flounders a huge rapid, and hurls itself away to mingle with the ruin of the fall. The Three Sisters are mere fragments of wilderness, clumps of vine-tangled woods, planted upon masses of rock; but they are part of the fascination of Niagara which no one resists; nor could Isabel have been persuaded from exploring them. It wants no courage to do this, but merely submission to the local sorcery, and the adventurer has no other reward than the consciousness of having been where but a few years before no human being had perhaps set foot. She crossed from bridge to bridge with a quaking heart, and at last stood upon the outermost isle, whence, through the screen of vines and boughs, she gave fearful glances at the heaving and tossing flood beyond, from every wave of which at every instant she rescued herself with a desperate struggle. The exertion told heavily upon her strength unawares, and she suddenly made Basil another revelation of character. Without the slightest warning she sank down at the root of a tree, and said, with serious composure, that she could never go back on those bridges; they were not safe. He stared at her cowering form in blank amaze, and put his hands in his pockets. Then it occurred to his dull masculine sense that it must be a joke; and he said, "Well, I'll have you taken off in a boat!"

"O *do*, Basil, *do* have me taken off in a boat!" implored Isabel. "You see yourself the bridges are not safe. *Do* get a boat!"

"Or a balloon," he suggested, humoring the pleasantry.

Isabel burst into tears; and now he went on his knees at her side, and took her hands in his. "Isabel! Isabel! Are you crazy?" he cried, as if he meant to go mad himself. She moaned and shuddered in reply; he said, to mend matters, that it was a jest, about the boat; and he was driven to despair when Isabel repeated, "I never can go back by the bridges, never."

"But what do you propose to do?"

"I don't know, I don't know!"

He would try sarcasm. "Do you intend to set up a hermitage here, and have your meals sent out from the hotel? It's a charming spot, and visited pretty constantly; but it's small, even for a hermitage."

Isabel moaned again with her hands still on her eyes, and wondered that he was not ashamed to make fun of her.

He would try kindness. "Perhaps, darling, you'll let me carry you ashore."

"No, that will bring double the weight on the bridge at once."

"Couldn't you shut your eyes, and let me lead you?"

"Why, it isn't the *sight* of the rapids," she said, looking up fiercely. "*The bridges are not safe.* I'm not a *child*, Basil. O, *what* shall we do?"

"I don't know," said Basil, gloomily. "It's an exigency for which I wasn't prepared." Then he silently gave himself to the Evil One, for having probably overwrought Isabel's nerves by repeating that poem about Avery, and by the ensuing talk about Niagara, which she had seemed to enjoy so much. He asked her if that was it; and she answered, "O no, it's nothing but the bridges." He proved to her that the bridges, upon all known principles, were perfectly safe, and that they could not give way. She shook her head, but made no answer, and he lost his patience.

"Isabel," he cried, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for afterwards, Basil," she replied, with the forbearance of those who have reason and justice on their side.

The rapids beat and shouted round their little prison-isle, each billow leaping as if possessed by a separate demon. The absurd horror of the situation overwhelmed him. He dared not attempt to carry her ashore, for she might spring from his grasp into the flood. He could not leave her to call for help; and what if nobody came till she lost her mind from terror? Or, what if somebody should come and find them in that ridiculous affliction?

Somebody *was* coming!

"Isabel!" he shouted in her ear, "here come those people we saw in the parlor last night."

Isabel dashed her veil over her face, clutched Basil's with her icy hand, rose, drew her arm convulsively through his, and walked ashore without a word.

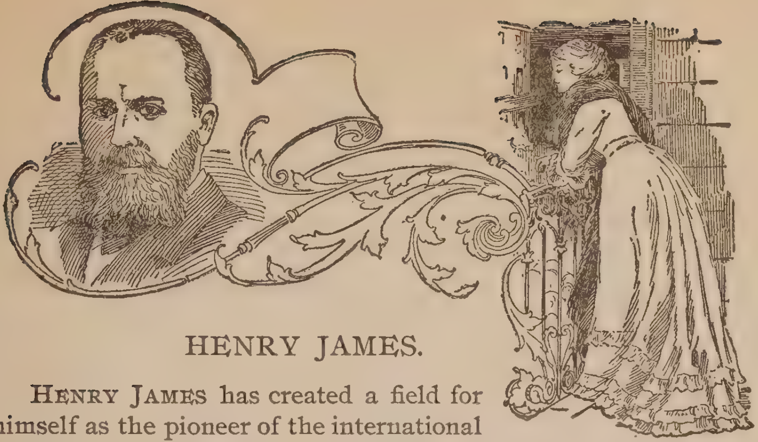
In a sheltered nook they sat down, and she quickly "repaired her drooping head and tricked her beams" again. He could see her tearfully smiling through her veil. "My dear," he said, "I don't ask any explanation of your fright, for I don't suppose you could give it. But should you mind telling me why those people were so sovereign against it?"

"Why, dearest! Don't you understand? That Mrs. Richard—whoever she is—is so much like *me*."

She looked at him as if she had made the most satisfying statement, and he thought he had better not ask further then, but wait in hope that the meaning would come to him. They walked on in silence till they came to the Biddle Stairs, at the head of which is a notice that persons have been killed by pieces of rock from the precipice overhanging the shore below, and warning people that they descend at their peril. Isabel declined to visit the Cave of the Winds, to which these stairs lead, but was willing to risk the ascent of Terrapin Tower. "Thanks; no," said her husband. "You might find it unsafe to come back the way you went up. We can't count certainly upon the appearance of the lady who is so much like you; and I've no fancy for spending my life on Terrapin Tower.'' So he found her a seat, and went alone to the top of the audacious little structure standing on the verge of the cataract, between the smooth curve of the Horse-Shoe and the sculptured front of the Central Fall, with the stormy sea of the Rapids behind, and the river, dim seen through the mists, crawling away between its lofty bluffs before. He knew again the awful delight with which so long ago he had watched the changes in the beauty of the Canadian Fall as it hung a mass of translucent green from the brink, and a pearly white seemed to crawl up from the abyss, and penetrate all its substance to the very crest, and then suddenly vanished from it, and perpetually renewed the same effect. The mystery of the rising vapors veiled the gulf into which the cataract swooped; the sun shone, and a rainbow dreamed upon them.

Near the foot of the tower, some loose rocks extend quite to the verge, and here Basil saw an elderly gentleman skipping from one slippery stone to another, and looking down from time to time into the abyss, who, when he had amused himself long enough in this way, clambered up on the plank bridge. Basil, who had descended by this time, made bold to say that he thought the diversion an odd one and rather dangerous. The gentleman took this in good part, and owned it might seem so, but added that a distinguished phrenologist had examined his head, and told him he had equilibrium so large that he could go anywhere.

''On your bridal tour, I presume,'' he continued, as they approached the bench where Basil had left Isabel. She had now the company of a plain, middle-aged woman, whose attire hesitatingly expressed some inward festivity, and had a certain reluctant fashionableness. ''Well, this is my third bridal tour to Niagara, and wife's been here once before on the same business. We see a good many changes. I used to stand on Table Rock with the others. Now that's *all* gone. Well, old lady, shall we move on?'' he asked; and this bridal pair passed up the path, attended, haply, by the guardian spirits of those who gave the place so many sad yet pleasing associations.



HENRY JAMES.

HENRY JAMES has created a field for himself as the pioneer of the international novel, or, more particularly, the novel dealing with Americans in Europe. The humor and pathos of situations brought about by the clash of different social systems are his peculiar province. The incongruities, perplexities and misunderstandings which result from different standards of conventional manners and morals are his main themes. Like Howells, he steers away from the great passions and devotes himself to phases of life as they appear upon the surface.

Henry James was born in New York City on April 15th, 1843. His father, bearing the same name, was a Swedenborgian minister of some renown. The younger James was educated under his father's supervision in New York, Geneva, Paris, Bonn and Boulogne-sur-Mer. He entered the Harvard Law School in 1862, but soon commenced to contribute sketches to the magazines, especially to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Some of these were collected in a volume entitled "A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Stories." His first novel, "Roderick Hudson," published in 1876, is less analytical; but has a firmer grasp of elementary passion than any subsequent work. "The American" (1878) is generally regarded as his best work, but "Daisy Miller," which soon followed, won for him his widest popularity, though it was adversely criticised as being un-American in tone. Others of Mr. James's best known works are "An International Episode," "A Bundle of Letters," "The Portrait of a Lady," "The Bostonians," "The Princess Cassamassima." His "Portraits of Places," published in 1884, is a delightful contribution to the literature of travel over beaten paths.

Mr. James has spent most of his life abroad. He has been described by a critic as looking at America with the eyes of a foreigner, and at Europe with the eyes of an American. The American abroad has been his chief study, but he has almost invariably chosen the crude American, an "innocent abroad," who provokes the laughter of nations. The educated American seems to be rare in Mr. James's collection of characters. The author is at his best in the short story; he is a master in this art, though his art is sometimes too apparent; he has done nothing better than "The Madonna of the Future," "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "The Liar."

MADAME MERLE.

(From "The Portrait of a Lady." Copyright, 1881, by Henry James, Jr. Used here by permission of the author and publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

WHEN Madame Merle was neither writing, nor painting, nor touching the piano, she was usually employed upon wonderful morsels of picturesque embroidery, cushions, curtains, decorations for the chimney-piece; a sort of work in which her bold, free invention was as remarkable as the agility of her needle. She was never idle, for when she was engaged in none of the ways I have mentioned, she was either reading (she appeared to Isabel to read everything important), or walking out, or playing patience with the cards, or talking with her fellow inmates. And with all this, she always had the social quality; she never was preoccupied, she never pressed too hard. She laid down her pastimes as easily as she took them up; she worked and talked at the same time, and she appeared to attach no importance to anything she did. She gave away her sketches and tapestries; she rose from the piano, or remained there, according to the convenience of her auditors, which she always unerringly divined. She was, in short, a most comfortable, profitable, agreeable person to live with. If for Isabel she had a fault, it was that she was not natural; by which the girl meant, not that she was affected or pretentious; for from these vulgar vices no woman could have been more exempt; but that her nature had been too much overlaid by custom and her angles too much smoothed. She had become too flexible, too supple; she was too finished, too civilized. She was, in a word, too perfectly the social animal that man and woman are supposed to have been intended to be; and she had rid herself of every remnant of that tonic wildness which we may assume to have belonged even to the most amiable persons in the ages before country-house life was the fashion. Isabel found it difficult to think of Madame Merle as an isolated figure; she existed only in her relations with her fellow-mortals. Isabel often wondered what her relations might be with her own soul. She always ended, however, by feeling that having a charming surface does not necessarily prove that one is superficial; this was an illusion in which, in her youth, she had only just sufficiently escaped being nourished. Madame Merle was not superficial—not she. She was deep; and her nature spoke none the less in her behaviour because it spoke a conventional language. "What is language at all but a convention?" said Isabel. "She has the good taste not to pretend, like some people I have met, to express herself by original signs."

"I am afraid you have suffered much," Isabel once found occasion to say to her, in response to some allusion that she had dropped.

"What makes you think that?" Madame Merle asked, with a picturesque smile. "I hope I have not the pose of a martyr."

"No; but you sometimes say things that I think people who have always been happy would not have found out."

"I have not always been happy," said Madame Merle, smiling still, but with a mock gravity, as if she were telling a child a secret. "What a wonderful thing!"

"A great many people give me the impression of never having felt anything very much," Isabel answered.

"It's very true; there are more iron pots, I think, than porcelain ones. But you depend upon it that every one has something; even the hardest iron pots have a little bruise, a little hole, somewhere. I flatter myself that I am rather stout porcelain; but if I must tell you the truth I have been chipped and cracked! I do very well for service yet, because I have been cleverly mended; and I try to remain in the cupboard—the quiet, dusky cupboard, where there is an odor of stale spices—as much as I can. But when I have to come out, and into a strong light, then, my dear, I am a horror!"

I know not whether it was on this occasion or some other, that when the conversation had taken the turn I have just indicated, she said to Isabel that some day she would relate her history. Isabel assured her that she should delight to listen to it, and reminded her more than once of this engagement. Madame Merle, however, appeared to desire a postponement, and at last frankly told the young girl that she must wait till they knew each other better.

This would certainly happen; a long friendship lay before them. Isabel assented, but at the same time asked Madame Merle if she could not trust her—if she feared a betrayal of confidence.

"It is not that I am afraid of your repeating what I say," the elder lady answered; "I am afraid, on the contrary, of your taking it too much to yourself. You would judge me too harshly; you are of the cruel age." She preferred for the present to talk to Isabel about Isabel, and exhibited the greatest interest in our heroine's history, her sentiments, opinions, prospects. She made her chatter, and listened to her chatter with inexhaustible sympathy and good nature. In all this there was something flattering to the girl, who knew that Madame Merle knew a great many distinguished people, and had lived, as Mrs. Touchett said, in the best company in Europe. . . . .

"You must not think it strange, her staying in the house at such a time as this, when Mr. Touchett is passing away," Mrs. Touchett remarked to Isabel. "She is incapable of doing anything indiscreet; she is the best-bred woman I know. It's a favor to me that she stays; she is putting off a lot of visits at great houses," said Mrs. Touchett, who never forgot that when she herself was in England her social value sank two or three degrees in the scale. "She has her pick of places; she is not in want of a shelter. But I have asked her to stay because I wish you to know her. I think it will be a good thing for you. Serena Merle has no faults."

"If I didn't already like her very much, that description might alarm me," Isabel said.

"She never does anything wrong. I have brought you out here, and I wish to do the best for you. Your sister Lily told me that she hoped I would give you plenty of opportunities. I give you one in securing Madame Merle. She is one of the most brilliant women in Europe."

"I like her better than I like your description of her," Isabel persisted in saying.

"Do you flatter yourself that you will find a fault in her? I hope you will let me know when you do."

"That will be cruel—to you," said Isabel.

"You needn't mind me. You never will find one."

"Perhaps not; but I think I shall not miss it."

"She is always up to the mark!" said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel after this said to Madame Merle that she hoped she knew Mrs. Touchett believed she had not a fault.

"I am obliged to you, but I am afraid your aunt has no perception of spiritual things," Madame Merle answered.

"Do you mean by that that you have spiritual faults?"

"Ah no; I mean nothing so flat. I mean that having no faults, for your aunt, means that one is never late for dinner—that is, for *her* dinner. I was not late, by the way, the other day, when you came back from London; the clock was just at eight when I came into the drawing-room; it was the rest of you that were before the time. It means that one answers a letter the day one gets it, and that when one comes to stay with her one doesn't bring too much luggage, and is careful not to be taken ill. For Mrs. Touchett those things constitute virtue; it's a blessing to be able to reduce it to its elements."

But Madame Merle sometimes said things that startled her, made her raise her clear eyebrows at the time, and think of the words afterwards.

"I would give a great deal to be your age again," she broke out once, with a bitterness which, though diluted in her customary smile, was by no means disguised by it. "If I could only begin again—if I could have my life before me!"

"Your life is before you yet," Isabel answered gently, for she was vaguely awe-struck.

"No; the best part is gone, and gone for nothing."

"Surely, not for nothing," said Isabel.

"Why not—what have I got? Neither husband, nor child, nor fortune, nor position, nor the traces of a beauty which I never had."

"You have friends, dear lady."

"I am not so sure!" cried Madame Merle.

"Ah, you are wrong. You have memories, talents——"

Madame Merle interrupted her.

"What have my talents brought me? Nothing but the need of using them still, to get through the hours, the years, to cheat myself with some pretence of action. As for my memories, the less said about them the better. You will be my friend till you find a better use for your friendship."

"It will be for you to see that I don't then," said Isabel.

"Yes; I would make an effort to keep you," Madame Merle rejoined, looking at her gravely. "When I say I should like to be your age," she went on, "I mean with your qualities—frank, generous, sincere, like you. In that case I should have made something better of my life."

"What should you have liked to do that you have not done?"

Madame Merle took a sheet of music—she was seated at the piano, and had abruptly wheeled about on the stool when she first spoke—and mechanically turned the leaves. At last she said—

"I am very ambitious!"

"And your ambitions have not been satisfied? They must have been great."

"They were great. I should make myself ridiculous by talking of them."

Isabel wondered what they could have been—whether Madame Merle had aspired to wear a crown. "I don't know what your idea of success may be, but you seem to me to have been successful. To me, indeed, you are an image of success."

Madame Merle tossed away the music with a smile.

"What is *your* idea of success?"

"You evidently think it must be very tame," said Isabel. "It is to see some dream of one's youth come true."

"Ah," Madame Merle exclaimed, "that I have never seen! But my dreams were so great—so preposterous. Heaven forgive me, I am dreaming now." And she turned back to the piano and began to play with energy.

EUGENE FIELD.

Of New England descent, but born in St. Louis in 1850, Eugene Field was a curious mixture of classical culture, roving fancy and wild West humor. He studied at more than one college, and after graduating from the University of Michigan in 1871, traveled in Europe. On his return he became a journalist, and was thus employed in several places before he settled in Chicago. Here for years Field filled a column daily with such whims and fancies, prose and verse, as entertained a host of readers. But this journalistic joker was an indefatigable collector of works and curios, and his last volume was "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." His fondness for children was shown not only in writing numerous lullabies and little folk's stories, but in his collection of their toys and trinkets. Field wrote some notable poems in Western dialect, and then varied his work by exquisite translations from Horace. During his life he issued a dozen volumes, and after his death, in 1895, his works were collected (10 vols., New York, 1896) with affectionate tributes from his friends

CHARLOTTE ROOZE.

(From "The Conversazzhyony" in "A Little Book of Western Verse." Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field. Used here by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE maynoo that wuz spread that night wuz mighty hard to beat,—
Though somewhat awkward to pernounce, it wuz not so to eat:
There wuz puddins, pies, an' sandwidges, an' forty kinds uv sass,
An' floatin' Irelands, custards, tarts, an' patty dee foy grass;
An' millions uv cove oysters wuz a-settin' round in pans,
'Nd other native fruits an' things that grow out West in cans.
But I wuz all kufflummuxed when Hoover said he'd choose
"Oon peety morso, see voo play, de la cette Charlotte Rooze;"
I'd knowed Three-fingered Hoover for fifteen years or more,
'Nd I'd never heern him speak so light uv wimmin folks before!

Bill Goslin heern him say it, 'nd uv course *he* spread the news
Uv how Three-fingered Hoover had insulted Charlotte Rooze
At the conversazzhyony down at Sorry Tom's that night,
An' when they asked me, I allowed that Bill for once wuz right;
Although it broke my heart to see my friend go up the fluke,
We all opined his treatment uv the girl deserved rebuke.
It warnt no use for Sorry Tom to nail it for a lie,—
When it come to sassin' wimmin, there wuz blood in every eye;
The boom for Charlotte Rooze swep' on an' took the polls by storm,
An' so Three-fingered Hoover fell a martyr to reform!

Three-fingered Hoover said it wuz a terrible mistake,
An' when the votes wuz in, he cried ez if his heart would break.
We never knew who Charlotte wuz, but Goslin's brother Dick
Allowed she wuz the teacher from the camp on Roarin' Crick,
That had come to pass some foreign tongue with them uv our alite
Ez wuz at the high-toned party down at Sorry Tom's that night.
We let it drop—this matter uv the lady—there an' then,
An' we never heerd, nor wanted to, of Charlotte Rooze again.
An' the Colorado wimmin-folks, ez like ez not, don't know
How we vindicated all their sex a twenty year ago.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is the American poet of the masses. He reaches the widest audience, and his homely verses go straight to the hearts of the people. He was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1852. With but little education in the ordinary sense, he early gained experience of men by becoming an itinerant sign-writer and painter. Later he joined a strolling company and recast many plays, and improvised songs. His wandering life enriched his dialect vocabulary and aided his studies in human nature. He utilized these acquirements by writing verses for the local papers, some of which attracted attention, and gained him a place in the office of the *Indianapolis Journal*. He has been a popular lecturer as well as a frequent contributor to the magazines. His volumes of poems comprise "The Ole Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems," "The Boss Girl, and other Sketches," "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," "Rhymes of Childhood," "Afterwhiles," "Green Fields and Running Brooks," and "Poems Here at Home."

A' OLD PLAYED-OUT SONG.

(The following poems are from "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," copyright, 1888, by James Whitcomb Riley, and are used here by permission of the publishers, Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)

IT'S the curiousest thing in creation,
  Whenever I hear that old song,
"Do They Miss Me at Home?" I'm so bothered,
  My life seems as short as it is long!—
For ever'thing 'pears like adzackly
  It 'peared in the years past and gone,—
When I started out sparkin', at twenty,
  And had my first neckercher on!

Though I'm wrinkelder, older and grayer
  Right now than my parents was then,
You strike up that song, "Do They Miss Me?"
  And I 'm jest a youngster again!—
I 'm a-standin' back there in the furries
  A-wishin for evening to come,
And a-whisperin' over an' over
  Them words, "Do They Miss Me at Home?"

You see, Martha Ellen she sung it
  The first time I heerd it; and so,
As she was my very first sweetheart,
  It reminds of her, don't you know,—
How her face ust to look, in the twilight,
  As I tuck her to spellin'; and she
Kep' a-hummin' that song 'tel I ast her,
  Pint-blank, ef she ever missed me!

I can shet my eyes now, as you sing it,
  And hear her low answerin' words,
And then the glad chirp of the crickets
  As clear as the twitter of birds;
And the dust in the road is like velvet,
  And the ragweed, and fennel, and grass
Is as sweet as the scent of the lilies
  Of Eden of old, as we pass.

"Do They Miss Me at Home?" Sing it lower—
  And softer—and sweet as the breeze
That powdered our path with the snowy
  White bloom of the old locus'-trees!
Let the whippoorwills he'p you to sing it,
  And the echoes 'way over the hill,
'Tel the moon boolges out, in a chorus
  Of stars, and our voices is still.

But, oh! "They's a chord in the music
  That's missed when *her* voice is away!"
Though I listen from midnight 'tel morning,
  And dawn, 'tel the dusk of the day;
And I grope through the dark, lookin' up'ards
  And on through the heavenly dome,
With my longin' soul singin' and sobbin'
  The word, "Do They Miss Me at Home?"

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

O YOUR hands—they are strangely fair!
Fair—for the jewels that sparkle there,—
Fair—for the witchery of the spell
That ivory keys alone can tell;
But when their delicate touches rest
Here in my own do I love them best,

As I clasp with eager acquisitive spans
My glorious treasure of beautiful hands!

Marvelous—wonderful—beautiful hands!
They can coax roses to bloom in the strands
Of your brown tresses; and ribbons will twine,
Under mysterious touches of thine,
Into such knots as entangle the soul,
And fetter the heart under such a control
As only the strength of my love understands—
My passionate love for your beautiful hands.

As I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much,
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—
When I met your gaze and the queenly bow,
As you said to me, laughingly, "Keep it now!"
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
Kissing this ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved, in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss,
And said "I could die for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed love's fulness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet,
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful Hands! O Beautiful Hands!
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me, to-night,
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

POLISH LITERATURE.

POLAND holds a unique place in the history of the world. The country long formed the borderland of Christendom, and the brave people from the time of their conversion to Catholicism were engaged in constant wars with the Pagan Lithuanians, the Mongols and the Russians. The nobles filled with military enthusiasm showed a proud independence. They rejected hereditary monarchy and insisted on electing their sovereign. Early in the sixteenth century they established the "liberum veto," by which a single noble could nullify the choice of the diet. This absurd custom sapped the strength of the nation and at times led to practical anarchy. The neighboring nations, pretending to fear for the safety of their own institutions, invaded the ill-fated land and twice divided its territory among them.

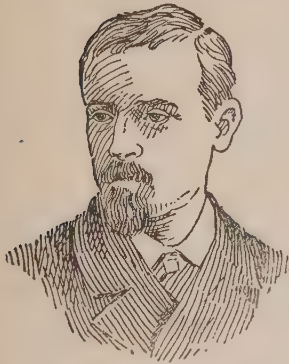
Yet not until that lamented overthrow did Polish literature become known to the rest of the world. Down to the sixteenth century Latin was the only medium used by the Poles for literary purposes. When the Reformation movement reached the land, there were some signs of the rise of a native literature. But the Jesuits secured control of the schools and enabled Latin to preserve its supremacy. France and Poland, animated with a common jealousy of Germany, had much friendly intercourse, and before the eighteenth century the Polish nobility, apt in imitating foreign fashions, had made French their favorite speech. Some books were written in Polish, but the style of the more pretentious was interlarded with Latin and French phrases. After the partition of Poland the wave of Romanticism swept over Europe. History had been the chief form of literature, and now Polish writers were roused to tell again in verse and romance the exploits of their ancestors. The intense national feeling found vent in unaffected language. The hope that Napoleon would prove the saviour of their down-trodden country inspired poets, such as Julian Ursin Niemcewicz (1757–1841), whose earliest work was "Historical Lyrics," celebrating the national heroes. He died an exile in Paris. The chief representative of Romanticism was Adam Mickiewicz (1798–1855), who lived for a time in St. Petersburg, afterwards visited Italy, and in 1832 settled in Paris, where he taught Slavonic in the College of France. He never ceased his poetic battle for his native land. He was a disciple of Byron, but his poems resounded with Polish lore and legends. His "Pan Tadeusz" is a stirring picture of Lithuania on the eve of Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

Julius Slowacki (1809–49) belonged to the Romantic school and for a time followed Byron and Victor Hugo, taking corsairs and adventurers for his heroes. But the revolution of 1830 stirred his national feeling, as was seen in his noble "Ode to Freedom" and the martial "Song of the Lithuanian Legion." The poet was exiled, and while in Geneva composed dramas vividly illustrating Polish history and character. His lyrical masterpiece is "In Switzerland," a lamentation for his country and his lost love. Later he became a mystic, sometimes depicting in weird allegories the woes of his nation and sometimes dreaming of her impossible resurrection.

Still greater as a poet and more in harmony with the Polish spirit was Count Sigismund Krasinski (1812–59), who was born and died in Paris. On account of his father's unpopularity, he wrote anonymously and was called "The Unknown Poet." In the drama "Iridion" he presented the struggle between Christianity and Paganism in Rome under the Cæsars. In "The Undivine Comedy" he represented the sufferings of Poland allegorically. His lyric poems treat the same theme with powerful imagination, but are melancholy and dirge-like.

Prose fiction has flourished in Poland in the nineteenth century as throughout Europe. The most prolific author in this department was Josef Ignacy Kraszewski (1812–87), who wrote about 250 novels, and altogether more than 500 works. Though this rapidity of production may have lessened their merit, they are still widely read by his countrymen. He treated the whole history of Poland in a series of novels, after the style of Sir Walter Scott. Other novelists have acquired local and temporary fame, but no Polish writer obtained recognition in English until the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz began to be translated by Jeremiah Curtin. His novels of Polish history were welcomed by discerning critics, but later his great romance, "Quo Vadis," treating of the introduction of Christianity into Imperial Rome, captivated readers of all classes. Sienkiewicz practically represents Polish literature to readers of English.

HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.



THE civilized world has never been more suddenly captivated by literary genius than in the case of Sienkiewicz. In spite of native critics who sought to smother his attempts, he won the affectionate regard of his countrymen and almost at the same time the admiration of all nations. This brilliant novelist was born at Wola Okrejska, in Lithuania, in 1846, of an old noble family. He was thirty-five years of age before he entered upon the work that has made him famous. After a student's career at the University of Warsaw, he edited a journal there, and in 1872 published his first work, a humorous tale. Then he set out on almost aimless wanderings, and for some years led a kind of gipsy life. He was a Bohemian in Paris; and in 1876 he joined the Polish fraternity of expatriated artists and musicians, gathered around Madame Modjeska to form at Los Angeles, in California, a Polish commonwealth of denationalized genius. Sienkiewicz wrote letters of travel and story-sketches some of which treated American scenes. Before returning to Warsaw, he visited Africa. In 1880 he issued his first large work, "Tartar Slavery," but he soon applied himself to his great prose-epic of Poland in the seventeenth century. To this period he was obliged to revert in order to exhibit the true greatness of his country and race. In that age Poland was still a powerful nation. Sienkiewicz in his wanderings had explored nearly every corner of his country. He now produced a trilogy, thoroughly Polish in sentiment and patriotism. In the background there is a deep feeling for nature, and a sadness which seems inseparable from the Lithuanian temperament. "With Fire and Sword," the first novel of the series (published in 1884) describes the Cossack invasion of Poland in 1647–51, and ends with the siege of Zharaj. "The Deluge" (1886) opens in the year 1655, deals mainly with the Swedish invasion, and ends with the expulsion of the Swedes in 1657. "Pan Michael" (1887) the last of the series, treats of the Turkish invasion, while the epilogue narrates subsequent events down to the final triumph of Poland under John Sobieski. In all of these novels figures a unique personage, Zagloba, who has been said to combine "a great deal of Falstaff, a touch of Thersites, and a gleam of Ulysses." Sienkiewicz is said to have found the original model in the Polish settlement in California. Taken as a whole, these novels rank among the foremost historical romances of the world.

To an entirely different class belongs Sienkiewicz's next work, "Without Dogma" (1890). This is a psychological novel, and therefore appeals to a limited class. But his wider fame was not long to be deferred. "Quo Vadis" appeared in 1895, and gave a brilliant view of Nero's reign and the first struggle of Christianity in Rome. It is founded on Tacitus and other Roman historians, on the "Satiricon" of Petronius Arbiter, and the early Christian traditions. The hero, a nephew of Petronius, is converted from Paganism through his love for the pure Christian maiden Lygia, and finally suffers martyrdom in the arena with her. On the other hand the courtly Petronius, who sought, after Nero's burning of Rome, to prevent the persecution of the innocent Christians, loses favor with his imperial master and is driven to suicide. Readers of English are indebted to the learned linguist, Jeremiah Curtin, for admirable translations of the works of Sienkiewicz.

VINICIUS AND LYGIA.

(From "Quo Vadis," translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Copyright, 1896, by Jeremiah Curtin. Used here by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.)

URSUS was taking water from the cistern by drawing up a double amphora. He was singing a wonderful Lygian song in an undertone, and looking meanwhile with delighted eyes at Lygia and Vinicius, who were as white as two statues among the cypresses in the garden of Linus. Their clothing was not moved by the least breeze. A golden and lily-colored twilight was sinking on the world while they were conversing in the calm of evening, each holding the other by the hand.

"May not some evil meet thee, Marcus, because thou hast left Antium without Cæsar's knowledge?" asked Lygia.

"No, my dear," answered Vinicius. "Cæsar announced that he would shut himself in for two days with Terpnos, and compose new songs. He acts thus frequently, and at such times neither knows nor remembers aught else. Moreover, what is Cæsar to me since I am near thee and am looking at thee? I have yearned too much already, and these last nights sleep has left me. More than once, when I dozed from weariness, I awoke on a sudden, with a feeling that danger was hanging over thee; at times I dreamed that the relays of horses which were to bear me from Antium to Rome were stolen,—horses with which I passed that road more swiftly than any of Cæsar's couriers. Besides, I could not endure longer without thee; I love thee too much for that, my dearest."

"I knew that thou wert coming. Twice Ursus ran out, at my request, to the Carinæ, and inquired for thee at thy house. Linus laughed at me, and Ursus also."

It was, indeed, evident that she had expected him; for instead of her usual dark dress, she wore a soft white stola, out of whose beautiful folds her arms and head emerged like primroses out of snow. A few ruddy anemones ornamented her hair.

Vinicius pressed his lips to her hand; then they sat on the stone bench amidst wild grape-vines, and, inclining toward each other, were silent, looking at the twilight whose last gleams were reflected in their eyes.

The charm of the quiet evening mastered them completely.

"How calm it is here, and how beautiful the world is," said Vinicius, in a lowered voice. "The night is wonderfully still. I feel happier than ever in life before. Tell me, Lygia, what is this? Never have I thought that there could be such love. I thought that love was merely fire in the blood and desire; but now for the first time I see that it is possible to love with every drop of one's blood and every breath, and feel therewith such sweet and immeasurable calm as if Sleep and Death had put the soul to rest. For me this is something new. I look on this calmness of the trees, and it seems to be within me. Now I understand for the first time that there may be happiness of which people have not known thus far. Now I begin to understand why thou and Pomponia Græcina have such peace. Yes! Christ gives it."

At that moment Lygia placed her beautiful face on his shoulder and said,—

"My dear Marcus—" But she was unable to continue. Joy, gratitude, and the feeling that at last she was free to love deprived her of voice, and her eyes were filled with tears of emotion.

Vinicius, embracing her slender form with his arm, drew her toward him and said,—

"Lygia! May the moment be blessed in which I heard His name for the first time."

"I love thee, Marcus," said she then in a low voice.

Both were silent again, unable to bring words from their overcharged breasts. The last lily reflections had died on the cypresses, and the garden began to be silver-like from the crescent of the moon. After a while Vinicius said,—

"I know. Barely had I entered here, barely had I kissed thy dear hands, when I read in thine eyes the question whether I had received the divine doctrine to which thou art attached, and whether I was baptized. No, I am not baptized yet; but knowest thou, my flower, why? Paul said to me: 'I have convinced thee that God came into the world and gave Himself to be crucified for its salvation: but let Peter wash thee in the fountain of grace, he who first stretched his hands over thee and blessed thee.' And I, my dearest, wish thee to witness my baptism, and I wish Pomponia to be my godmother. This is why I am not baptized yet, though I believe in the Saviour and in His teaching. Paul has convinced me, has converted me; and could it be otherwise? How was I not to believe that Christ came into the world, since he, who was his disciple, says so, and Paul, to whom he appeared?

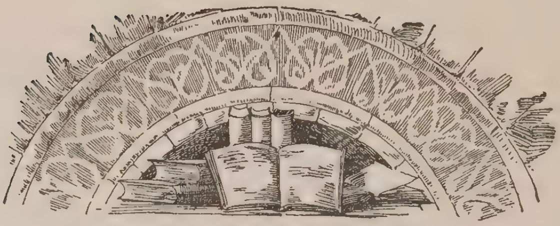
How was I not to believe that He was God, since He rose from the dead? Others saw Him in the city and on the lake and on the mountain; people saw Him whose lips have not known a lie. I began to believe this the first time I heard Peter in Ostranium, for I said to myself even then: In the whole world any other man might lie rather than this one who says, 'I saw.' But I feared thy religion. It seemed to me that thy religion would take thee from me. I thought that there was neither wisdom nor beauty nor happiness in it. But to-day, when I know it, what kind of man should I be were I not to wish truth to rule the world instead of falsehood, love instead of hatred, virtue instead of crime, faithfulness instead of unfaithfulness, mercy instead of vengeance? What sort of man would he be who would not choose and wish the same? But your religion teaches this. Others desire justice also; but thy religion is the only one which makes man's heart just, and besides makes it pure, like thine and Pomponia's, makes it faithful, like thine and Pomponia's. I should be blind, were I not to see this. But if in addition Christ God has promised eternal life, and has promised happiness as immeasurable as the all-might of God can give, what more can one wish? Were I to ask Seneca why he enjoins virtue, if wickedness brings more happiness, he would not be able to say anything sensible. But I know now that I ought to be virtuous, because virtue and love flow from Christ, and because, when death closes my eyes, I shall find life and happiness, I shall find myself and thee. Why not love and accept a religion which both speaks the truth and destroys death? Who would not prefer good to evil? I thought thy religion opposed to happiness; meanwhile Paul has convinced me that it not only takes nothing from us, but that it gives. All this hardly finds a place in my head; but I feel that it is so, for I have never been so happy, neither could I be had I taken thee by force and possessed thee in my house. Just see, thou hast said a moment since, 'I love thee,' and I could not have won these words from thy lips with all the might of Rome. O Lygia! Reason declares this religion divine, and the best; the heart feels it, and who can resist two such forces?"

Lygia listened, fixing on him her blue eyes, which in the light of the moon were like mystic flowers, and bedewed like flowers.

"Yes, Marcus, that is true!" said she, nestling her head more closely to his shoulder.

And at that moment they felt immensely happy, for they understood that besides love they were united by another power, at once sweet and irresistible, by which love itself became endless, not subject to change, deceit, treason, or even death. Their hearts were filled completely with the certainty that, no matter what might happen, they would not cease to love and belong to each other. For that reason an unspeakable repose flowed in on their souls. Vinicius felt, besides, that that love was not merely profound and pure, but altogether new,—such as the world had not known and could not give. In his head all was combined in this love,—Lygia, the teaching of Christ, the light of the moon resting calmly on the cypresses, and the still night,—so that to him the whole universe seemed filled with it.

After a while he said with a lowered and quivering voice: "Thou wilt be the soul of my soul, and the dearest in the world to me. Our hearts will beat together, we shall have one prayer and one gratitude to Christ. O my dear! To live together, to honor together the sweet God, and to know that when death comes our eyes will open again, as after a pleasant sleep, to a new light,—what better could be imagined? I only marvel that I did not understand this at first. And knowest thou what occurs to me now? That no one can resist this religion. In two hundred or three hundred years the whole world will accept it. People will forget Jupiter, and there will be no god except Christ, and no other temples but Christian."



BIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF AUTHORS.

The following Table shows at a glance the principal facts of the lives and works of the authors who have been discussed and illustrated in the "Literature of All Nations and All Ages." It includes also many other authors, especially those of recent times. It gives the dates of their birth and death, or, where these are not known, shows the time at which they flourished. Authors who are best known by their pseudonyms, as 'George Eliot,' are entered under these names in quotation marks. In many cases the names of the author's principal works are added, distinguished by heavier type.

Aasen, Ivar Andreas (1813-) Norwegian philologist and poet.
Abélard, Pierre (1079–1142) French philosopher. **Historia Calamitatum.**
About, Edmond (1828–85) French novelist. **Tolla; Man with Broken Ear.**
Abraham a Sancta Clara (1642–1700) German monk preacher. VIII. 9.
Abu Teman (806–45) Arabian lyric poet. II. 154.
Achilles Tatius (5th century) Greek romance writer. **Clitophon and Leucippe.** VII. 66.
Acosta, José d' (1540–1600) Spanish Jesuit historian. **History of the Indies.**
Adams, Charles Kendall (1835-) American historian and educator.
Adams, Henry (1838-) Amer. historian. **Life of Gallatin. Hist. of U. S. 1801–17.**
Adams, John (1735–1826) American statesman. **State Papers; Diary.**
Adams, John Quincy (1767–1848) American statesman. **State Papers; Diary.**
Addison, Joseph (1672–1719) English essayist and poet. **Spectator; Cato, tragedy.** VI. 374.
Aelfric, Abbot (11th century) Anglo-Saxon. **Homilies.**
Æschines (389–314 B.C.) Greek orator, rival of Demosthenes. VI. 16.
Æschylus (525–455 B.C.) Greek tragic poet. **Agamemnon; Prometheus Bound.** III. 46.
Æsop (*fl.* 570 B.C.) Greek fabulist. V. 67.
Afzelius, Arvid August (1785–1871) Swedish poet and collector of folk-songs.
Agathias (*c.* 536–581) Greek poet and historian. **Cycle of Epigrams.** VII. 10.
Agrippa, Heinrich Cornelius (1486–1535) German philosopher.
Aguilar, Grace (1816–47) English Jewish novelist. **Home Influence.**
Aguilera, Ventura Ruiz (820–81) Spanish poet. **National Echoes; Elegies.**
Aimard, Gustave (1818–83) French novelist. American Indian Stories.
Ainslie, Hew (1792–1878) Scotch poet.
Ainsworth, W. Harrison (1805–82) English historical novelist.
Akenside, Mark (1721–70) English poet. **Pleasures of Imagination.** VII. 281.
Alamanni, Luigi (1495–1556) Italian poet. **Avarchide.** V. 200.
Alcæus (600 B.C.) Greek lyric poet. II. 92.
Alcman (7th Cent. B.C.) Greek lyric poet.
Alcott, Louisa May (1832–88) American novelist. **Little Women.**
Alcuin (735–804) English scholar, adviser of Charles the Great.
Aldrich, Thos. Bailey (1836-) American poet, novelist. **Story of a Bad Boy.** X. 343.
Aleman, Matteo (c. 1550–1609) Spanish novelist. **Guzman de Alfarache.** VI. 162.
Alfieri, Vittorio (1749–1803) Italian tragic poet. **Brutus; Saul; Philip II.** VII. 178
Alger, William Rounseville (1822-) American author. **Genius of Solitude.**
Alfonso X. the Wise (1226–84) Spanish historian and poet. I. 376.
Alfred the Great (849–901) English King and translator. I. 258.
Alison, Archibald (1792–1867) Scotch historian. **History of Modern Europe.**

Allen, Elizabeth Akers, 'Florence Percy' (1832–) American poet.
Allen, Grant (1848–) English nature essayist and novelist. **Babylon.**
Allen, James Lane (1850–) American novelist. **The Choir Invisible.**
Allingham, William (1828–89) Irish poet. **Bloomfield in Ireland.**
Allston, Washington (1779–1843) American painter and romancist. **Monaldi.**
Almquist, Karl Jonas Ludvig (1793–1866) Swedish poet and novelist.
Ambrose, Saint (340–397) Latin Church Father. vii. 121.
Ambrosius, Johanna (1854–) German poet and story-writer.
Amicis, Edmondo de (1846–) Italian descriptive writer.
Ammianus Marcellinus (4th century) Roman historian. vii. 105.
Amiel, Henri Frederic (1821–81) French-Swiss essayist, critic and poet.
Amriolkais (6th century) Arabian poet. i. 185.
Amyot, Jacques (1513–93) French author and translator.
Anacreon (550–465 ? b. c.) Greek poet. **Odes.** iv. 84.
Andersen, Hans Christian (1805–75) Danish poet and story writer.
Andrade, Jacinto de, Portuguese. **Life of Juan de Castro.** iii. 256.
Andrieux, Francois Jean Stanislas (1759–1833) French poet and dramatist.
Andronicus, Livius (284–204 b. c.) Roman dramatic poet and actor. ii. 113.
Aneurin (6th century) Welsh bard. i. 318.
'Angelus Silesius,' Johannes Scheffler (1624–77) German mystic and sacred poet.
Angiolieri, Cecco (*fl.* 1300) Italian poet. ii. 258.
'Anstey, F.,' Thomas Anstey Guthrie (1856–) English humorist.
Antiphon (480–411 b. c.) Greek orator. vi. 10.
Antara (*c.* 550–615) Arabian poet. i. 188 and vii. 155.
Apollonius the Rhodian (280–235 b.c.) Greek epic poet. **Argonautica.** vi. 51.
Apuleius, Lucius (125 a.d.) Latin satirist. **The Golden Ass.** vi. 81.
Archilochus (720–676 b.c.) Greek satirical poet, inventor of iambics. ii. 87.
Aretino, Pietro (1492–1557) Italian satirical poet. iv. 189.
Ariosto, Ludovico (1474–1533) Italian romantic poet. **Orlando Furioso.** v. 202.
Aristophanes (444–380 b.c.) Greek comic dramatist. **Clouds; Frogs; Birds.** v. 43.
Aristotle (384–322 b.c.) Greek philosopher. **Politics; Poetics; Rhetoric.** v. 97.
Arago, Dominique Francois (1786–1853) French astronomer and physicist.
Arany, Janos (1817–82) Hungarian poet.
Aratus (*c.* 290–260 b.c.) Greek poet and astronomer.
Arbuthnot, John (1665–1735) Scotch-English humorist. **History of John Bull.** vii. 282.
Argyle, G. D. Campbell, Duke of (1823–) Scotch-English philosophical writer.
Armstrong, John, Dr. (1709–79) English poet. **Art of Preserving Health.** vii. 281.
Arnason, Jon. (1819–1888) Icelandic writer.
Arndt, Ernst Moritz (1769–1860) German poet and miscellaneous writer. x. 183.
Arnobius (*fl.* 330) North-African Latin Christian. **Against the Gentiles.** vii. 105.
Arnold, Edwin, Sir (1832–) English poet. **Light of Asia; Light of the World.**
Arnold, Matthew (1822–88) English poet and essayist. **Thyrsis; Empedocles.** x. 270
Arnold, Thomas, Dr. (1795–1842) English teacher and historian. **History of Rome.**
Arrebo, Anders Christensen (1587–1637) Danish poet. viii. 147.
Arrianus, Flavius (95–180) Greek philosopher and historian. vii. 54.
Asadi or Essedi (9th century) Persian poet. ii. 173.
Asbjornsen, Peter Kristen (1812–85) Norwegian folklorist.
Ascham, Roger (1515–68) English scholar. **The Schoolmaster.** iv. 305.
Athenæus (3d century) Greek writer. **Deipnosophists.**
Athanasius, Saint (291–373) Greek Church Father. vii. 81.
Attar, Ferid eddin (1119–1229 ?). Persian poet. v. 194.

Atterbom, Per Daniel Amadeus (1790–1855). Swedish poet.
Atterbury, Francis (1662–1732). English bishop.
Attius, Lucius (170–86 B.C.) Latin tragic poet. **Brutus.** II. 151.
Aubanel, Theodore (1829–86) Provençal poet and dramatist.
Audubon, John James (1780–1857) American ornithologist. **Birds of North America.**
Auerbach, Berthold (1812–82) German novelist. **On the Heights.**
Augier, Émile (1820–89) French dramatist.
Augustine of Hippo, Saint (354–430) Latin Church Father. VII. 121.
Aurelius Antoninus, Marcus (121–180) Roman emperor, Stoic philosopher. VII. 56.
Austen, Jane (1775–1817) English novelist. **Pride and Prejudice.**
Austin, Alfred (1835–) English poet-laureate.
Ausònius, Decimus Magnus (310–394) Latin poet. VII. 106.
Avellaneda, Gertrudis Gomez de (1814–73) Spanish poet, dramatist and novelist.
Averroes, Ibn Rusha (1126–98) Spanish-Arabian philosopher.
'Avicebron'—Salomon ben Gebirol (*c.* 1028–58) Spanish-Hebrew poet and philosopher.
Aytoun, William E. (1812–65) Scotch poet and humorist. **Lays of the Cavaliers.**

Babrius (250 B. C.) Greek versifier of **Æsop's Fables.** V. 69.
Backstrom, Per Johan Edvard (1841–86) Swedish dramatist and lyric poet.
Bacon, Francis, Sir (1561–1626) English philosopher and essayist. **Novum Organon.** V. 366.
Baggesen, J. E. (1764–1826) Danish poet. VIII. 166.
Bailey, Philip James (1816–) English poet. **Festus.**
Baillie, Joanna (1762–1851) Scotch tragic poet.
Baker, William Mumford (1825–83) American novelist.
Balzac, Honoré de (1799–1850) French novelist. **Comédie Humaine.** X. 109.
Bancroft, George (1800–91) American historian. **History of the United States.**
Bancroft, Hubert Howe (1832–) American historian. **History of Pacific States.**
Bandello, Matteo (1480–1562) Italian novelist. VI. 104.
Banim, Michael (1796–1874) and John (1798–1874) Irish novelists.
Banville, Théodore Faullain de (1823–91) French poet and novelist.
Barbour, John (1316–95) Scotch poet. **The Brus.** (Robert Bruce.) III. 377.
Barclay, Alexander (1475–1552) Scotch poet. VI. 233.
Barclay, John (1582–1621) Scotch poet.
Baring-Gould, Sabine (1834–) English antiquary and novelist.
Barham, Richard Harrison (1788–1845) English humorous poet. **Ingoldsby Legends.**
Barlow, Jane (*c.* 1857–) Irish poet and story-teller.
Barlow, Joel (1755–1812) American poet and statesman. IX. 59.
Barnes, William (1800–86) English poet and philologist.
Barr, Amelia Edith (1831–) Scotch-American novelist.
Barrie, James Matthew (1860–) Scotch novelist. **The Little Minister.**
Barros, Joao de (1496–1571) Portuguese historian. III. 256.
Barton, Bernard (1784–1849) English Quaker poet.
Bashkirtseff, Marie (1860–84) Russian artist. X. 61.
Basil the Great (330–379) Greek Father of Church. VII. 84.
Basselin, Oliver (1350?–1419) French poet.
Bayle, Pierre (1647–1706) French philosopher and critic.
Bayly, Thomas Haynes (1797–1839) English poet and novelist.
Beaconsfield, Earl of, Benjamin Disraeli, (1804–81) English statesman and novelist.
Beattie, James (1735–1803) Scotch poet. **The Minstrel.**
Beaumarchais, Pierre Augustin Caron de (1732–99) French dramatist. VII. 273.

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS (1584–1616) English dramatist, partner of J. Fletcher. V. 349.
BECKFORD, WILLIAM (1759–1844) English romancist. **Vathek.**
BEDE, Venerable (673–735) English Latin historian. **Ecclesiastical History.** I. 249.
BEDE, CUTHBERT (1827–89) English author. **Verdant Green.**
BEECHER, HENRY WARD (1813–87) American preacher.
BEETS, NICOLAAS (1814–) Dutch poet, novelist and critic.
BEHN, APHRA (1640–89) English novelist.
BELLAMY, EDWARD (1850–98) American writer. **Looking Backward.**
BELLAY, JOACHIM DU (1524–60) French poet. IV. 250.
BELLEAU, RÉMY (1528–77) French poet. IV. 250.
BELLMAN, CARL M. (1740–95) Swedish poet. VIII. 190.
BELOT, ADOLPHE (1829–90) French novelist.
BEMBO, PIETRO, Cardinal (1470–1547) Italian humanist.
BENEDICT, FRANK LEE (1834–) American novelist and poet.
BENOIT DE SAINTE-MAURE (12th century) French trouvère and chronicler.
BÉRANGER, PIERRE JEAN DE (1780–1857) French song-writer. IX. 386.
BERGSOE, JORGEN VILHELM (1835–) Danish novelist, poet and naturalist.
BERKELEY, BISHOP GEORGE (1685–1753) Irish clergyman and author. IX. 22.
BERNARD, CHARLES DE (1804–50) French novelist.
BERNARD, SAINT, Abbot of Clairvaux (1091–1153) French theologian.
BERNI, FRANCESCO (1490–1536) Italian burlesque poet. V. 200.
BESANT, WALTER, SIR (1838–) English novelist.
BEYLE, MARIE-HENRI (1783–1842) French novelist, art critic. **Le Rouge et le Noir.**
BIARKE, BODVAR (6th century) Scandinavian poet. II. 345.
BIDPAI, or PILPAY, (date unknown.) Indian fabulist. V. 31.
BILDERDIJK, WILLEM (1756–1831) Dutch poet. **Destruction of First World.**
BION (3rd century B. C.) Greek bucolic poet. VI. 42.
BJORNSON, BJORNSTJERNE (1832–) Norwegian novelist, poet and dramatist.
BLACK, WILLIAM (1841–) Scotch novelist. **A Daughter of Heth; Princess of Thule.**
BLACKIE, JOHN STUART (1809–95) Scotch author, Professor of Greek.
BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE (1825–) English novelist. **Lorna Doone.**
BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757–1827) English poet, painter, mystic.
BLAZE DE BURY, ANGE HENRI (1818–) French critic.
BLANC, J. J. LOUIS (1811–82) French socialist, historian. **French Revolution.**
BLESSINGTON, MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF (1789–1849) Irish novelist.
BLIND HARRY (15th century) Scotch minstrel.
BLIND, MATHILDE (1847–96) German-English poet.
BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT (1766–1823) English poet. **Farmer's Boy.**
BÖAGERS, ADRIAAN (1795–1870) Dutch poet.
BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI (1313–1375) Italian poet and novelist. **Decameron.** III. 129.
BOENDALE, JAN VAN (1280–1365) Dutch rhyming chronicler. VI. 258.
BOETIUS, or BOETHIUS, ANICIUS M. F. SEVERINUS (470?–525?) Roman statesman, philosopher. **Consolation of Philosophy.** VII. 113.
BODMER, J. JACOB (1689–1783) German-Swiss poet, critic. VI. 285
BÖGH, ERIK (1822–) Danish dramatist.
BÖHME (BEHMEN), JAKOB (1575–1624) German mystic theologian. **Aurora.**
BOIARDO, MATTEO MARIA (1434–94) Italian poet. **Orlando Innamorato.** IV. 206.
BOILEAU-DESPREAUX, NICOLAS (1636–1711) French poet, critic.
BOKER, GEORGE HENRY (1823–90) American poet. **War Lyrics.**
'BOLDREWOOD, ROLF,' THOMAS A. BROWRA (1827–) Australian author.
BOLINGBROKE, HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT (1678–1751) English statesman, author.

Born, Bertrand de (1140–1215) Provençal troubadour. I. 341.

Borneil, Giraut de (12th century) Provençal troubadour.

Borrow, George (1803–81) English writer, Gipsy scholar. **Lavengro; Wild Wales.**

Boscan Almogaver, Juan (1493–1540) Spanish poet. **Epistle to Mendoza.** II. 303.

Bosio, Ferdinando (1829–81) Italian writer.

Bossuet, Jacques Bénigne (1627–1704) French bishop. **Universal History.** VI. 216.

Boswell, James (1740–95) Scotch biographer. **Life of Dr. Johnson.** VII. 384.

Botero, Giuseppe ((1815–85) Italian romancist.

Böttger, Adolf ((1815–70) German poet.

Böttiger, Carl Vilhelm (1807–78) Swedish poet.

Bourget, Paul (1852–) French novelist and critic.

Bowles, William Lisle (1762–1850) English poet.

Bowring, Sir John (1792–1872) English linguist. Translations from Russian, Dutch, etc.

Boyesen, Hjalmar Hjorth (1848–95) Norwegian-American novelist. **Gunnar.**

Brachvogel, Albert Emil (1824–78) German dramatist and novelist. **Narcissus.**

Brackenridge, Hugh Henry (1748–1816) American lawyer, humorist.

Braddon, Mary Elizabeth (1837–) English novelist. **Lady Audley's Secret.**

Bradstreet, Mrs. Anne (1612–1672) American colonial poet. IX. 16.

Brainard, John Gardiner Calkins (1796–1828) American poet.

Brandes, George M. Cohen (1842–) Danish critic and essayist.

Brant (or Brandt), Sebastian (1458–1521) German satirist. **Narrenschiff.** VI. 232.

Brantôme, P. de Bourdeille, Seigneur de (1537–1614) French chronicler. IV. 260.

Brassey, Anne, Lady (1840–87) English descriptive writer.

Braun, Wilhelm von (1813–60) Swedish poet.

Brederode, Gerbrant Adrianszoon (1585–1618) Dutch poet. VI. 284.

Bremer, Fredrika (1801–65) Swedish novelist. **The Neighbors.** VIII. 188.

Brentano, Elizabeth (1788-1859) German writer.

Breton, Nicholas (1545–1626) English poet.

Brome, Richard (*d.* 1652) English dramatist.

Bronte, Anne—'Acton Bell' (1820–49) English novelist. **Tenant of Wildfell Hall.**

Bronte, Charlotte—'Currer Bell' (1816–55) English novelist. **Jane Eyre.**

Bronte, Emily—'Ellis Bell' (1818–48) English novelist. **Wuthering Heights.**

Brooke, Henry (1703 83) Irish-English novelist and dramatist. **Fool of Quality.**

Brooks, Charles Timothy (1813–83) American translator from German authors.

Brooks, C. W. Shirley (1816–74) English humorist.

Brooks, Maria Gowan (1795–1845) American poet. **Zophiel.**

Broughton, Rhoda (1840–) English novelist. **Cometh Up as a Flower.**

Brown, Charles Brockden (1771–1810) American novelist. **Wieland.** IX. 50.

Brown, John (1810–82) Scotch essayist. **Rab and His Friends; Spare Hours.**

Brown, Oliver Madox (1855–74) English poet, novelist and artist. **Black Swan.**

Browne, Thomas, Sir (1605–82) English physician. **Religio Medici.** VI. 293.

Browne, William (1591–1643) English poet. **Britannia's Pastorals.**

Brownell, Henry Howard (1820–72) American poet.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett (1809–61) English poet. **Lady Geraldine's Courtship; Sonnets from the Portuguese; Casa Guidi Windows; Aurora Leigh.** X. 254.

Browning, Robert (1812–89) English poet. **Paracelsus; Sordello; Aristophanes' Apology; The Ring and the Book; Asolando.** X. 246.

Buchanan, Robert W. (1840–) English poet and novelist. **London Poems.**

Bryant, William Cullen (1794–1878) American journalist, poet. **Thanatopsis.** IX. 100.

Buckingham, Duke of, George Villiers (1627–88) English courtier. **The Rehearsal.** VI. 228.

Bulow, Karl Eduard von (1803–53) German story-teller.

Budæus (Budé), Guillaume (1467–1540) French classical scholar. III. 171.

Bulwer-Lytton, Edward, Lord Lytton (1803–73) English novelist and politician. **Pelham; Paul Clifford; Last Days of Pompeii; Harold; The Caxtons; Kenelm Chillingly; The Parisians.** IX. 281.

Bunner, Henry Cuyler (1855–96) American poet and story-teller.

Bunyan, John (1628–88) English religious writer. **Pilgrim's Progress.** VI. 305.

Brüger, Gottfried August (1747–94) German lyric poet. **Lenore.** VIII. 60.

Burke, Edmund (1729–97) Irish-English orator and statesman.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson (1849–) English-American novelist. **That Lass o' Lowrie's; Little Lord Fauntleroy.**

Burney, Frances, afterwards Madame D'Arblay (1755–1840) English novelist.

Burns, Robert (1759–96) Scotch national poet. **The Twa Brigs; Tam O'Shanter, Cotter's Saturday Night.** VIII. 308.

Burroughs, John (1837–) American nature-essayist. **Locusts and Wild Honey.**

Burton, Robert (1577–1640) English humorist. **Anatomy of Melancholy.**

Butler, Samuel (1612–80) English satirist. **Hudibras.** VI. 314.

Byns, Anna (16th century) Dutch poet, Sappho of Brabant. VI. 259.

Byrom, John (1692–1763) English poet. **Three Black Crows.**

Byron, George Noel Gordon, Lord (1788–1824) English poet. **Lara; The Corsair; The Bride of Abydos; The Giaour; Childe Harold; Don Juan; Manfred.**

'Caballero, Fernan,' Cecilia Bohl de Faber (1796–1877) Spanish novelist.

Cable, George Washington (1844–) American novelist. **Old Creole Days.**

Caedmon (*fl.* 680) Anglo-Saxon monk poet. **Genesis.** I. 248.

Cæsar, Caius Julius (100–44 B. C.) Roman general, statesman. **Gallic War.** IV. 101.

Caine, T. H. Hall (1853–) English novelist. **The Manxman; The Christian.**

Calderon de la Barca, Pedro (1600–81) Spanish dramatist. VIII. 205.

Callimachus (*fl.* 260 B. C.) Greek poet; librarian at Alexandria. VI. 48.

Calverley, Charles Stuart (1831–84) English poet and parodist. **Fly Leaves.**

Calvert, George Henry (1803–89) American poet, prose writer. **The Gentleman.**

Camoens, Luiz de (2525–79) Portuguese national poet. **Lusiad.** III. 260.

Campbell, Thomas (1777–1844) Scotch-English poet. **Pleasures of Hope.** IX. 271.

Campion, Thomas (*c.* 1575–1619) English poet. **Book of Airs.**

Canning, George (1770–1827) English statesman and orator. **Anti-Jacobin.**

Carducci, Giosue (1836–) Italian lyric poet.

Carew, Thomas (*c.* 1598–1639) English poet.

Carey, Henry (*c.* 1690–1743) English poet and music-composer. **God Save the King.**

Carlen, Emilia Flygare (1807–92) Swedish novelist. **Valdemar Klein.**

Carleton, Will (1845–) American poet. **Farm Ballads.**

Carleton, William (1794–1869) Irish novelist. **Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry.**

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881) Scotch miscellanist, biographer, historian. **Sartor Resartus; French Revolution; Frederick the Great.** X. 228.

Carman, Bliss (1861–) Canadian poet.

'Carroll, Lewis,' L. H. Dodgson (1833–98) English humorist. **Alice in Wonderland.**

Cary, Alice (1820–71) and Phœbe (1824–71) American poets, prose writers. **Clovernook.**

Cary, Henry Francis (1772–1844) English poet. Translated **Dante.**

Castelar, Emilio (1832–) Spanish orator and statesman.

Casti, Giambattista (1721–1803) Italian poet. **Talking Animals.**

Castiglione, Baldassare (1478–1529) Italian author. **Book of the Courtier.** IV. 21

Castro, Guillem de (1569–1631) Spanish dramatist. VIII. 199.

Cato, Marcus Porcius (234–149 B. C.) Roman statesman. **On Agriculture.** III. 93.
Cats, Jacob (1577–1660) Dutch poet, 'Father Cats.' VI. 276.
Catullus, Valerius (84–54 B. C.) Roman lyric poet. **Atys.** III. 112.
Cavalcanti, Guido (1250–1301) Italian poet. II. 256.
Caxton, William (1422–91) First English printer. III. 309.
Cellini, Benvenuto (1500–71) Italian artist. **Autobiography.** IV. 231.
Centlivre, Susannah (1667 ?–1723) English dramatist. **Bold Stroke for a Wife.**
Cervantes-Saavedra, Miguel de (1547–1616) Spanish romancist. **Don Quixote.** III. 221.
Chambers, Robert (1802–71) Scotch prose-writer and publisher.
Chamisso, Adelbert von (1781–1838) German lyrist, romancist. **Peter Schlemihl.**
'Champfleury,' Jules Fleury (1821–89) French novelist. **Confessions de Sylvius.**
Channing, William Ellery (1780–1842) American Unitarian theologian.
Channing, William Ellery (1818–) American poet. **The Wanderer.**
Chapman, George (1559–1634) English dramatist. Translated **Homer.** IV. 344.
Charles of Orleans (1391–1465) French poet. II. 334.
Chateaubriand, Francois René, Vicomte de (1768–1848) French novelist and historical writer. **Atala; Genius of Christianity.** VIII. 258.
Chatterton, Thomas (1752–70) English poet, literary forger. VII. 398.
Chaucer, Geoffrey (1340–1400) English poet. **Canterbury Tales.** III. 327.
Chemnitzer, Ivan Ivanovich (1745–84) Russian fabulist.
Chenier, Andre Marie de (1762–94) French poet. VIII. 243.
Chenier, Marie Joseph de (1764–1811) French poet and dramatist.
Cherbuliez, Victor (1829– .) French romancist.
Chesebro, Caroline (1828–73) American novelist. **The Foe in the Household.**
Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of (1694–1773) English courtier, wit. **Letters to his Son.**
Chettle, Henry (1565 ?–1607 ?) English dramatist.
Chiabrera, Gabriello (1552–1637) Italian lyric poet. VI. 122.
Child, Francis James (1825–1896) American poet and editor of ballads.
Chretien de Troyes (*c.* 1140–91) French romancer. I. 281.
Chrysostom, John (347 ?–407) Saint, Greek Church father. VII. 90.
Chuang Tzu (4th century B.C.) Chinese philosopher. II. 43.
Churchill, Charles (1731–64) English satirist. **The Ghost; Rosciad.**
Cibber, Colley (1671–1757) English dramatist, poet-laureate. VI. 192.
Cicero, Marcus Tullius (106–43 B.C.) Roman orator and philosopher. **Orations; Nature of the Gods; Tusculan Disputations; Old Age; Friendship; Republic.** III. 99.
Cino da Pistoia (1270–1337) Italian poet. II. 257.
Cinthio, Giovanni B. (16th century) Italian novelist. **Hundred Fables.** V. 219.
Clare, John (1793–1864) English poet.
Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of (1608–74) English statesman, historian. VI. 355.
Clarétie, Jules (1840–) French novelist and dramatist.
Claudian [Claudianus], (365 ?–408 ?) Latin poet. **Rape of Proserpine.** VII. 108.
Claudius, Matthias (1840–1815) German poet. **Rhine-Wine Song.**
Cleanthes (300 ?–220 ? B. C.) Greek philosopher. **Hymn to Zeus.** VI. 60.
Clement of Alexandria (150–220) Greek Father of Church. VII. 72.
Clement of Rome (1st century) Greek Father of Church. VII. 80.
Clough, Arthur Hugh (1819–61) English poet.
Cobbe, Frances Power (1822–) Irish-English writer on religion and morals
Colban, Adolphine Marie (1814–84) Norwegian novelist.
Coleridge, Hartley (1796–1849) English poet and critic.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772–1834) English poet and philosopher. IX. 25.

Collet, Jakobine Camilla (1813–) Norwegian novelist.
Collins, Mortimer (1827–76) English novelist and poet.
Collins, William (1720–1759) English poet. vii. 375.
Collins, William Wilkie (1824–89) English novelist.
Colman, George (1732–94) English dramatist.
Colman, George (1762–1836) English dramatist and humorous poet.
Colonna, Vittoria (1490–1547) Italian poet. iv. 222.
Columella, Lucius Junius Moderatus (1st century) Latin author.
Comines, Philippe de (*c.* 1445–1510) French chronicler.
Comnena, Anna (1083–1148) Byzantine princess. vii. 64.
Comte, Auguste (1798–1857) French philosopher, founder of Positivism.
Confucius (551–478 b.c.) Chinese teacher and writer. i. 146.
Congreve, William (1669–1729) English dramatist. vi. 331.
Conrad, Robert Taylor (1810–58) American lawyer and dramatist.
Conscience, Hendrik (1812–83) Flemish novelist.
Constantine, Cephalas (10th century) Editor of **Greek Anthology.** vii. 10.
Conway, Moncure Daniel (1832–) American litterateur.
Cook, Eliza (1817–89) English poet.
Cooke, John Esten (1830–86) American novelist.
Cooke, Philip Pendleton (1816–50) American poet and prose writer.
Cooke, Rose Terry, Mrs. (1827–92) American poet and story writer.
Cooper, James Fenimore (1789–1851) American novelist. **Leather-Stocking Tales.** ix. 83.
Coornhert, Dirck Volckertsen (1522–90) Dutch poet and scholar.
Coppée, Francois (1842–) French poet, romancer and dramatist.
Corneille, Pierre (1606–84) French dramatist. **The Cid.** v. 259.
Cort, Frans de (1834–78) Flemish poet.
Costa, Isaak da (1798–1860) Dutch poet.
Cottin, Marie (1770–1807) French novelist. **Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.**
Cowley, Abraham (1618–67) English poet and essayist. vi. 299.
Cowper, William (1731–1800) English poet. **The Task.** viii. 346.
Cox, Samuel Sullivan (1824–89) American congressman and author.
Coxe, Arthur Cleveland (1818–96) American bishop. **Christian Ballads.**
Cozzens, Frederick Swartwout (1818–96) American humorist. **Sparrowgrass Papers.**
Crabbe, George (1754–1832) English poet. ix. 198.
'Craddock, Chas. Egbert,' Mary N. Murfree (1850–) American novelist. x. 326.
Craik, Dinah Maria Mulock (1826–87) English novelist. **John Halifax, Gentleman.**
Cranch, Christopher Pearse (1813–92) American poet and artist.
Crane, Stephen (1870–) American story-writer. **Red Badge of Courage.**
Crashaw, Richard (1613?–49) English R. C. poet.
Crawford, Francis Marion (1854–) American novelist. **Mr. Isaacs.**
Crébillon, Prosper Jolyot de (1674–1762) French dramatist.
Crockett, Samuel Rutherford (1862–) Scotch novelist.
Croly, George (1780–1860) Irish poet, dramatist and novelist. **Salathiel.**
Cumberland, Richard (1732–1811) English dramatist, novelist, poet. **The West Indian.**
Cunningham, Allan (1784–1842) Scotch poet.
Curtis, George William (1824–92) American author. **Potiphar Papers.**
Curtius Rufus, Quintus (1st century) Latin historian. v. 104.
Cynewulf (8th century?) Anglo-Saxon poet. i. 257.
Cyprian—Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus (*d.* 258) Latin Church Father. vii. 105.
Cyrano de Bergerac, Savinien (1619–55) French writer.

Dach, Simon (1605–59) German lyrist. VI. 248.
DaCosta, Izaak (1798–1860) Dutch poet and theologian.
Dahlgren, Fredrik August (1816) Swedish poet.
Dahn, Felix (1834–) German poet, novelist and historian.
D'Alcamo, Ciullo (12th century.) Italian poet. II. 222.
Dall, Caroline Wells (1822–) American prose-writer.
Dall'Ongaro, Francesco (1808–73) Italian poet, dramatist, satirist.
Dana, Richard Henry (1787–1879) American poet and essayist.
Daniel, Samuel (1562–1619) English poet, historian and rhyming chronicler. V. 330.
D'Annunzio, Gabriele (1864—) Italian novelist and poet.
Dante, Alighieri (1265–1321) Italian poet. **Divine Comedy.** II. 230.
Darwin, Charles Robert (1809–82) English naturalist and philosopher.
Darwin, Erasmus (1731–1802) English naturalist and poet.
Dasent, Sir George W. (1818–) English philologist. **Tales from the Norse.**
D'Aubigne, Theodore Agrippa (1550–1630) French soldier, poet, historian. IV. 242.
D'Aubigne, Jean Henri Merle (1794–1872) Swiss Protestant church historian.
Daudet, Alphonse (1840–97) French novelist. **Tartarin of Tarascon.** X. 155.
Daurat, Jean (1507–88) French poet. IV. 250.
Davenant, William, Sir (1606–68) English poet and playwright. VI. 325.
Davidson, Lucretia Maria (1808–25) American poet.
Davis, Rebecca Harding (1831–) American novelist.
Davis, Richard Harding (1864–) American novelist and story-teller.
Defoe, Daniel (1660–1731) English novelist. **Robinson Crusoe.** VII. 301.
De Forest, John William (1826–) American story-teller.
De Kay, Charles (1848–) American poet.
Dekker, Thomas (1570–1637) English dramatist. V. 336.
Deland, Margaret Wade, Mrs. (1857–) American poet and novelist. **John Ward.**
Delavigne, Jean Francois Casimir (1793–1843) French lyric poet.
De Mille, James (1837–80) Canadian novelist.
Demosthenes (383–322 B. C.) Athenian orator. **Philippics.** VI. 23.
Denham, Sir John (1615–69) English poet.
Dennie, Joseph (1768–1812) American journalist.
Dennis, John (1657–1734) English dramatist and critic.
De Quincey, Thomas (1785–1859) English essayist. **English Opium Eater.**
Derzhavin, Gabriel Romanovich (1743–1816) Russian poet. **Felicia.** III. 395.
Desaugiers, Marc Antoine Madelaine (1772–1827) French dramatist.
Descartes, René (1596–1650) French philosopher. V. 255.
Deschamps, Eustache (*c.* 1330–1415) French poet.
De Vere, Sir Aubrey (1788–1846) Irish R. C. poet.
Dibdin, Charles (1745–1814) English lyric and dramatic poet.
Dickens, Charles (1812–70) English novelist. **Pickwick Papers; Nicholas Nickleby; Dombey and Son; Oliver Twist; David Copperfield; Martin Chuzzlewit; Barnaby Rudge; Little Dorrit; Tale of Two Cities; Great Expectations. Bleak House.** IX 301.
Diderot, Denis (1713–84) French philosopher. VII. 248.
Dingelstedt, Franz von, Baron (1814–81) German poet and dramatist.
D'Israeli, Benjamin. See *Beaconsfield.*
D'Israeli, Isaac (1766–1848) English essayist, compiler and historian.
Dobell, Sydney Thompson (1824–74) English poet.
Dobson, Austin (1840–) English poet and man of letters.
Dodge, Mary Elizabeth Mapes (1840?–) American editor and poet.

Domett, Alfred (1811–87) English-Australian poet.
Doni, Antonio Francesco (1513–74) Italian novelist. vi. 115.
Donne, John, Dr. (1573–1631) English 'metaphysical' poet.
Dora d'Istria (1828–88) Roumanian writer of travels.
Dorr, Mrs. Julia Caroline Ripley (1825–) American poet and novelist.
Dorset, Charles Sackville, Earl of (1637–1706) English poet. vi. 288.
Dostoievsky, Feodor Michailovitch (1821–81) Russian novelist. x. 37.
Douglas, Gawn (1474?–1522) Scotch poet.
Doyle, A. Conan (1859–) Scotch-English story and romance writer.
Drachmann, Holger (1846–) Danish poet and novelist.
Drake, Joseph Rodman (1795–1820) American poet.
Drayton, Michael (1563–1631) English poet. v. 332.
Droz, Gustave (1832–95) French story-teller.
Drummond, William, of Hawthornden (1585–1649) Scotch poet. viii. 299.
Dryden, John (1631–1700) English poet, dramatist, critic. **Absalom and Achitophel; Mac Flecknoe; The Hind and Panther.** Modernized **Chaucer.** Translated **Virgil.** vi. 341.
Dumas, Alexandre, Père (1803?–70) French romancist and dramatist. x. 97.
Dumas, Alexandre, Fils (1824–95) French dramatist and romancist.
Du Maurier, George (1834–96) English delineator of society in **Punch. Trilby.**
Dunbar, Paul Laurence (1872–) American negro poet.
Dunbar, William (1465?–1530?) Scotch poet. iii. 384.
D'Urfé, Honoré (1568–1625) French romancist. **L'Astree.** v. 255.
D'Urfey, Thomas (1643–1723) English dramatist and poet.
Dutt, Toru (1856–77) Hindu English poet. viii. 275.
Dwight, Timothy (1752–1817) American divine, president of Yale. ix. 48.
Dyer, John (1700–58) English didactic and descriptive poet.

Ebers, George Moritz (1837–98) German Egyptologist and novelist. **Cleopatra.**
Echard or Eachard, Lawrence (1670?–1730) English historian.
Echegaray, Jose (1832–) Spanish dramatist.
Eckermann, Johann Peter (1792–1854) German poet.
Edgeworth, Maria (1767–1849) English Irish novelist. **The Absentee.**
Edgren, Anne Charlotte Seffler (1849–93) Swedish novelist.
Edwards, Amelia Blandford (1831–92) English Egyptologist and novelist.
Edwards, Mathilda Barbara Betham (1836–) English novelist.
Eggleston, Edward (1837–) American historian, novelist. **Hoosier Schoolmaster.**
Eggleston, George Cary (1839–) American journalist and miscellaneous writer.
Eginhard or Einhard (*c.* 770–840) German Latin historian.
El-Asmai (9th century) Arabian poet. ii. 155.
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Elliott, Maud Howe (1855–) American novelist.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803–82) American philosopher, poet and essayist. ix. 108.
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Ennius, Quintus (239 B. C.–169 B. C.) Roman poet. ii. 115.
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EURIPIDES (480–406 B. C.) Greek tragic poet. **Alcestis, Iphigenia, Medea, Orestes.** III. 79.
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EVALD, JOHANNES (1743–81) Danish dramatist and lyric poet. VIII. 152.
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EWING, JULIANA HORATIA (1841–85) English story writer and poet.

FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM (1814–63) English R. C. hymn writer.
FABRE, FERDINAND (1830–) French novelist. **Abbé Tigrane; Lucifer.**
FAHLCRANTZ, CHRISTIAN ERIK (1790–1861) Swedish poet. **Ansgarius.**
FAIDIT, GAUCELM (1180–1216) Provençal troubadour.
FALCONER, WILLIAM (1732?–69) Scotch marine poet. **The Shipwreck.**
FALK, JOHANNES DANIEL (1768–1826) German humorist. **Men and Heroes.**
FARJEON, BENJAMIN LEOPOLD (1833–) English-American novelist. **Grif.**
FARQUHAR, GEORGE (1678–1707) Irish-English playwright. **The Beaux's Stratagem.**
FARRAR, FREDERICK WILLIAM (1831–) English dean. **Eric; Eternal Hope; Life of Christ; Seekers after God.**
FAWCETT, EDGAR (1847–) American novelist and poet.
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FISKE, JOHN (1842–) American evolutionist and historian.
FITZGERALD, EDWARD (1809–83) English poet. Translated **Omar Khayyam.** II. 203.
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FLAMMARION, CAMILLE (1842–) French astronomer and romancer.
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE (1821–80) French novelist. **Madame Bovary; Salammbo.** X. 141.
FLEMING, PAUL (1609–40) German religious poet.
FLETCHER, JOHN (1579–1625) English dramatist, associated with F. Beaumont. V. 349.
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FORD, PAUL LEICESTER (1865–) American bibliographer and novelist.
FORTUNATUS, VENANTIUS HONORIUS (530–609) Latin Christian poet.
FOSCOLO, UGO (1778–1827) Italian poet and novelist. **Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis.** X. 65.

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Frere, John Hookham (1769–1846) English poet. Translated **Aristophanes.**
Freytag, Gustav (1816–95) German poet and novelist. **Debit and Credit.**
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Fryxell, Anders (1795–1881) Swedish historian and critic.
Fuller, Henry B. (1859–) American novelist. **The Cliff Dwellers.**
Fuller, Margaret, Countess D'Ossoli (1810–50) American critic and essayist.
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Gaboriau, Émile (1835–73) French writer of detective stories.
Galdos, Benito Perez (1845–) Spanish novelist.
Galt, John (1779–1839) Scotch novelist. **Annals of the Parish.**
Garland, Hamlin (1860–) American story writer.
Garnett, Richard (1835–) English librarian and poet.
Garth, Samuel, Sir (1660?–1719) English physician and poet. **Dispensary.**
Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn (1810–65) English novelist. **Sylvia's Lovers, Cranford.**
Gautier, Théophile (1811–72) French poet, novelist. **La Morte Amoureuse.** X. 128.
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'Gentil-Bernard,' Pierre Joseph Bernard (1708–75) French poet and dramatist.
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'Gerard de Nerval,' Gerard Labruinie (1808–55) French novelist and dramatist.
Gerstäcker, Friedrich (1816–72) German writer on America.
Gessner, Salomon (1738–88) Swiss poet and painter. **Death of Abel.**
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Gifford, William (1756–1826) English satirist. **Editor of Quarterly Review.**
Gil Vicente (1475–1536?) Portuguese dramatist.
Gilbert, William Schwenck (1836–) English librettist. **Bab Ballads.**
Gilder, Richard Watson (1844–) American lyric poet. **The Celestial Passion.**
Giovanni Florentino (*fl.* 1380) Italian story-writer. III. 160.

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Giusti, Giuseppe (1809–50) Italian poet and satirist. x. 92.

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Gobineau, Joseph Arthur, Comte de (1816–82) French ethnologist.

Godfrey, Thomas (1736–63) First American dramatist. **Prince of Parthia.**

Godwin, William (1756–1836) English political philosopher. **Caleb Williams** (novel).

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang (1749–1832) German poet, dramatist, prose-writer. **Sorrows of Young Werther; Iphigenia; Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship; Hermann and Dorothea; Wilhelm Meister's Year of Travel; Faust.** viii. 70.

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Gozzi, Carlo, Count (1720–1806) Italian comedy writer.

Grand, Sarah (1860?) English novelist. **The Heavenly Twins.**

Grant, Ulysses Simpson (1822–85) American general. **Personal Memoirs.**

Grattan, Thomas Colley (1792–1864) Irish novelist.

Gray, Thomas (1716–71) English poet. **Elegy in a Country Churchyard; Ode to Adversity; Progress of Poetry; The Bard.**

Grazzini, Antonio Francesco (1503–84) Italian humorist and poet.

Gore, Catherine Grace (1799–1861) English novelist. **Mothers and Daughters.**

Gosse, Edmund William (1849–) English poet, critic.

Gottfried of Strasburg (*fl.* 1200) German poet. **Tristan and Isolde.**

'Gotthelf, Jeremias,' Albert Bitzius (1797–1854) Swiss novelist and poet.

Green, Anna Katharine, Mrs. Rohlfs (1846–) American novelist.

Green, John Richard (1837–83) English historian.

Green, Matthew (1696–1737) English poet. **The Spleen.**

Greene, Robert (1560–92) English dramatist. **Groat's Worth of Wit.**

Gresset, J. B. Louis de (1709–77) French comic poet. **Vert-Vert.**

'Greville, Henry,' Mme. Alice Durand (1842–) French novelist. **Dosia.**

Griffin, Gerald (1803–40) Irish novelist and poet. **The Collegians.**

Grillparzer, Franz (1791–1872) Austrian poet. **Sappho.**

Grimm, Jacob (1785–1863) German philologist, and Grimm, Wilhelm (1786–1859) German folk-lorist. **Old Danish Hero Songs; Household Fairy Tales.** ix. 348.

Grimmelshausen, H. J. Christoffel von (1625–76) German romancist. **Adventures of Simplicius Simplicissimus.** vi. 249.

Gringoire, Pierre (1475–1539) French poet. **Game of the Prince of Fools.**

Grossi, Tomasso (1791–1853) Italian poet. **Sforza, Duke of Milan.**

Grote, George (1794–1871) English historian. **History of Greece.**

'Grun, Anastasius,' Count of Auersperg (1806–76) Austrian poet.

Grundtvig, Nikolai Frederik Severin (1783–1872) Danish poet and historian.

Gryphius, Andreas (1616–64) German dramatist. **Leo Armenius.**

Guarini, Giovanni Battista (1538–1612) Italian lyric poet. vii. 147.

Guerin, Eugenie de (1805–48) and Maurice de (1810–39) French diarists.

Guerrazzi, Francesco Domenico (1804–73) Italian romance writer. x. 84.

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Guevara, Luis Velez de (1570–1646) Spanish dramatist. **The Lame Devil.** viii. 200.

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Gutzkow, Karl Ferdinand (1811–78) German poet and dramatist.

'Gyp,' Martel de Janville, Comtesse (1850?–) French novelist.

Habberton, John (1842–) American novelist. **Helen's Babies; Brueton's Bayou.**

Hackländer, Friedrich Wilhelm von (1816–77) German military romancist.

Hafiz, Shams-ad-din Muhammad (1300–89) Persian lyric poet. **The Divan.** v. 181.

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Hahn-Hahn, Ida von, Countess (1805–80) German novelist. **Ulrich; Two Women**

Hale, Edward Everett, Rev. (1822–) American story-writer. **The Man Without a Country; Ten Times One Is Ten; In His Name.** x. 322.

Hale, Lucretia Peabody (1820–) American story-writer. **The Peterkin Papers.**

Halévy, Ludovic (1834–) French librettist and novelist. **La Belle Helène; The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein; L'Abbé Constantin.** x. 178.

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Hall, Ann Maria Fielding, Mrs. (1800–81) Irish-English writer.

Hall, Samuel Carter (1801–89) English editor. **Ireland, its Scenery and Character.**

Hallam, Henry (1777–1859) English historian. **Europe during the Middle Ages; Literature of Europe.**

Halleck, Fitz-Greene (1790–1867) American poet. **Marco Bozzaris; Fanny.** ix. 150.

Hallevi, Jehudah (1080–1150) Spanish-Jewish poet.

Halpine, Charles Graham, 'Miles O'Reilly' (1829–68) American soldier-poet.

Hamerling, Robert (1830–89) Austrian poet. **Ahasuerus in Rome; Aspasia.**

Hamerton, Philip Gilbert (1834–94) English artist and essayist. **The Intellectual Life**

Hamilton, Alexander (1757–1804) American statesman. **The Federalist.**

Hamilton, Anthony (1646–1720) English author. **Memoirs of Count de Grammont**

Hamilton, Elizabeth (1758–1816) Irish novelist. **The Cottagers of Glenburnie.**

Hamilton, Thomas (1789–1842) Scotch novelist. **Cyril Thornton.**

Hannay, James (1827–73) English novelist. **Singleton Fontenoy.**

Hansen, Mauris Christopher (1794–1842) Norwegian poet. **Norse Idylls.**

Hapgood, Isabella Florence (1850–) American translator. **Epic Songs of Russia.**

Hardy, Alexandre (1570–1631) French dramatist. **Mariamne.**

Hardy, Arthur Sherburne (1847–) American novelist.

Hardy, Thomas (1840–) English novelist. **A Pair of Blue Eyes; Far from the Madding Crowd; The Hand of Ethelberta; Tess of the D'Urbervilles.**

Hare, Augustus William (1792–1834) English clergyman. **Guesses at Truth.**

Harington, Sir John (1561–1612) English poet. Translated **Orlando Furioos.**

'Harland, Marion,' Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune (1830–) American novelist.

Harraden, Beatrice (1864–) English novelist. **Ships that Pass in the Night.**

Harris, Joel Chandler (1848–) American writer. **Uncle Remus.** x. 332.

Harris, Mrs. Miriam Coles (1834–) American novelist. **Rutledge.**

Harrison, Mrs. Burton (1835–) American novelist. **The Anglo-maniacs.**

Harrison, Frederic (1831–) English essayist. **Choice of Books.**

Harsdorfer, George Philip (1607–58) German poet. **The Poetical Funnel.**

Harte, Francis Bret (1839–) American short story-writer and poet. x. 337.

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Hartmann von Aue (1170–1220) German poet. **Poor Heinrich; Erek; Iwein.** I. 305.

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Hatton, Joseph (1837–) English novelist. **By Order of the Czar.**

Hauptmann, Gerhart (1862–) German dramatist and poet. **A Family Catastrophe.**

Havergal, Frances Ridley (1836–79) English religious writer.

Hawthorne, Julian (1846–) American novelist. **Idolatry; Fortune's Fool; Garth.**

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804–64) American novelist. **Twice-Told Tales; Mosses from an Old Manse; The Scarlet Letter; The Wonder Book; The House of the Seven Gables; The Blithedale Romance; The Marble Faun.** IX. 155.

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Hayley, William (1745–1820) English poet. **The Triumphs of Temper.**

Hayne, Paul Hamilton (1830–86) American Southern poet. **Legends and Lyrics.**

Hazlitt, William (1778–1830) English critic and essayist. **English Poets.**

Hearn, Lafcadio (1850–) American traveler, Buddhist. **Some Chinese Ghosts.**

Hebbel, Friedrich (1813–63) German dramatist. **Judith.**

Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich (1770–1831) German philosopher.

Heiberg, Hermann (1840–) German novelist. **Blind Love; The Golden Serpent.**

Heiberg, Johann Ludvig (1791–1860) Danish poet.

Heine, Heinrich (1797–1856) German poet. **Pictures of Travel; Book of Songs; The North Sea; The Romancero.** X. 192.

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Hemans, Felicia Dorothea (1793–1835) Irish-English poet. **Lays of Many Lands.**

Henley, William Ernest (1849–) English poet. **The Song of the Sword.**

Henningsen, Charles Frederick (1815–77) Swedish-American poet and novelist.

Henryson, Robert (*c.* 1425–1500) Scotch poet. III. 383.

Henty, George Alfred (1832–) English novelist of adventures.

Herbert, George (1593–1633) English religious poet. V. 374.

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Herodotus (*c.* 490–428 B.C.) Greek historian. IV. 12.

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Hesiod (8th century B.C.) Greek didactic poet. **Theogony; Works and Days.** II. 77.

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Heywood, John (*c.* 1497–1587) English dramatist.

Heywood, Thomas (1570–1650) English dramatic poet. V. 328.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth (1823–) American poet, essayist. **Malbone.**

Hildreth, Richard (1807–65) American historian. **History of United States, 1789–1850.**

Hillhouse, James Abraham (1789–1841) American dramatic poet. **Hadad.**

Hita, Gines Perez de (16th cent.) Spanish romantic historian. **Civil Wars of Granada.**

'Hobbes, John Oliver,' Pearl R. Craigie, English novelist.

Hobbes, Thomas (1588–1679) English philosopher. **Leviathan.**

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Hoefer, Edmund (1818–82) German novelist.

Hoey, Frances Sarah (1830–) Irish novelist and translator.

Hoffman, Charles Fenno (1806–84) American song-writer.

Hoffmann, August Heinrich (1798–1874) German philologist and poet.

Hoffmann, Ernest Theodor Amadeus (1776–1822) German story-teller.

Hoffmanswaldau, Christian von (1618–79) German Silesian poet. VIII. 10.

Hogg, James (1770–1835) Scotch pastoral poet. **The Queen's Wake**

Holberg, Ludwig (1684–1754) Danish poet. viii. 154.

Holinshed, Raphael (1520?–80?) English chronicler.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert (1819–81) American poet and novelist. **Bitter-Sweet.**

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809–94) American physician and author. **Songs in Many Keys; Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; Elsie Venner; Over the Tea-cups.** x. 301.

Holty, Ludwig Heinrich Christoph (1748–76) German elegiac poet.

Home, John (1722–1808) Scotch dramatist. **Douglas.** viii. 325.

Homer (before 900 b.c.?) Greek epic poet. **Iliad; Odyssey.** i. 153.

Hood, Thomas (1789–1845) English poet, punster. ix. 275.

Hooft, Pieter Corneliszoon (1581–1647) Dutch poet and historian. vi. 277.

Hook, Theodore (1788–1841) English humorist and dramatist.

Hooker, Richard (*c.* 1553–1600) English bishop. **Ecclesiastical Polity.** v. 328.

'Hope, Anthony,' A. Hope Hawkins (1863–) English novelist. **Prisoner of Zenda.**

Hope, Thomas (1770–1831) English archæologist. **Anastasius.**

Hopkinson, Francis (1737–91) American satirist. **The Battle of the Kegs.** ix. 42.

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Horvath, Andreas (1778–1839) Hungarian poet. **Arpad.**

Houghton, Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord (1809–85) English poet and critic.

Houssaye, Arséne (1815–) French novelist and dramatist.

Howe, Julia Ward, Mrs. (1819–) American writer. **Battle Hymn of the Republic.**

Howells, William Dean (1837–) American novelist. **The Lady of the Aroostook; Dr. Breen's Practice; A Modern Instance; The Rise of Silas Lapham.**

Howitt, Mary (1799–1888) English poet and story-writer. **Rural Life in England.**

Howitt, William (1792–1879) English historian and essayist. **Student Life in Germany.**

Hughes, Thomas (1823–96) English novelist and essayist. **Tom Brown's Schooldays.**

Hugo of Trimberg (13th century) German poet. iii. 280.

Hugo, Victor Marie (1802–85) French poet, novelist and publicist. **The Orientals; Autumn Leaves; Cromwell; Amy Robsart; Marion Delorme; Hernani; Han d'Islande; Bug Jargal; Notre Dame de Paris; Les Misérables; Toilers of the Sea; The Man Who Laughs; Ninety-Three.** ix. 369.

Hume, David (1711–76) Scotch-English historian and philosopher. vii. 281.

Hungerford, Margaret, Mrs., 'The Duchess' (1840?–97) Irish novelist.

Hunt, Leigh (1784–1859) English poet, critic and essayist. ix. 228.

Hutten, Ulrich von (1488–1523) German satirist (Latin). vi. 235.

Huxley, Thomas Henry (1825–95) English scientist.

Huygens, Constantijn (1596–1687) Dutch poet. vi. 260.

Huysmans, Jorris Karl (1848–) French novelist, 'Satanist.'

Ibsen, Henrik (1828–) Norwegian dramatist. **A Doll's House; Peer Gynt; The Pillars of Society; Hedda Gabler.**

Ignatius (*d.* 116) Greek Church Father. vii. 80.

Imbert de Saint-Amand, Arthur (1834–) French biographer.

Immermann, Karl Leberecht (1796–1840) German poet and dramatist. **Epigoni.**

Inchbald, Elizabeth Simpson (1753–1821) English novelist. **A Simple Story.**

Ingelow, Jean (1830–79) English poet and novelist. **Round of Days; A Story of Doom.**

Ingermann, Bernard Severin (1789–1862) Danish poet and novelist.

Ingraham, Joseph Holt (1809–66) American novelist. **Prince of the House of David.**

Irving, Washington (1783–1859) American essayist, historian, biographer. **Salmagundi; Sketch Book; Knickerbocker's History of New York; Bracebridge Hall; Christopher Columbus; The Alhambra; Astoria; Life of Washington.** ix. 67.

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ISLA, JOSE FRANCISCO DE (1703–81) Spanish satirist. **Friar Gerundio.** VIII. 225.

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JACOPONE DA TODI (*c.* 1230–1306) Italian poet and satirist. Latin hymn, **Stabat Mater.**

JAMES I. OF ARAGON (1200?–76) Spanish writer. I. 368.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND (1394–1437) poet. **King's Quhair.** III. 379.

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JAMES, HENRY (1843–) American novelist. **The American; Daisy Miller; The Europeans; Washington Square; The Princess of Casamassima.** X. 351.

JAMESON, ANNA BROWNELL (1794–1860) Irish miscellanist. **Loves of the Poets; Early Italian Painters; Sacred and Legendary Art.**

JAMI, ABDURRAHMAN (1414–92) Persian poet. **Joseph and Zuleika.** V. 186.

JANSON, KRISTOFER NAGEL (1841–) Norwegian poet.

JANVIER, FRANCIS DE HAES (1817–85) American poet. **The Sleeping Sentinel.**

JANVIER, THOMAS ALLIBONE (1849–) American novelist.

JASMIN, JACQUES (1798–1864) Provençal poet. **Curl Papers.**

JAYADEVA (*fl.* 1200) Sanskrit poet. **Gita-Govinda.** III. 35.

JEFFERIES, RICHARD (1848–87) English nature-essayist. **The World's End; Amateur Poacher; Hodge and His Masters; Story of My Heart.**

JEFFREY, FRANCIS (1773–1850) Scotch critic, editor of **Edinburgh Review.**

JENKIN, HENRIETTA CAMILLA (1807–85) English novelist. **Cousin Stella.**

JEROME, JEROME KLAPKA (1861–) English humorist. **Three Men in a Boat.**

JERROLD, DOUGLAS (1803–57) English humorist. **Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.**

JEWETT, SARAH ORNE (1849–) American story-writer. **Country Doctor.**

JODELLE, ETIENNE (*c.* 1532–73) French dramatic poet. V. 255.

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL (1709–84) English essayist, poet, lexicographer. **Vanity of Human Wishes; Irene; The Rambler; The Idler; Rasselas; Western Isles of Scotland; Lives of English Poets.** VII. 379.

JOHNSTON, RICHARD MALCOLM (1822–98) American story-writer. **Dukesborough Tales.**

JOKAI, MAURUS (1825–) Hungarian novelist.

JONSON, BEN (1572–1637) English dramatist, poet laureate. **Alchemist; Catiline; Fall of Sejanus; Every Man in His Humor.** IV. 393.

JOSEPHUS, FLAVIUS (37–100 A.D.) Jewish historian. VII. 25.

JOVELLANOS, GASPAR MELCHOR DE (1774–1811) Spanish dramatist and prose-writer.

JOYCE, ROBERT DWYER (1836–83) Irish poet. **Deirdre.**

JUAN II., KING (1404–54) Spanish poet. II. 290.

JUDD, SYLVESTER (1813–53) American novelist. **Margaret.**

JUNG-STILLING (1740-1817) German novelist and autobiographer.

'JUNIUS' [political letters published 1769–72.] The author was probably SIR PHILIP FRANCIS (1740–1818) Irish-English writer. VII. 282.

'JUNOT, MADAME,' DUCHESS OF ABRANTES (1784–1838) French memoir writer.

JUSTIN MARTYR (100–163) Greek Church Father. VII. 80.

JUVENAL,—DECIMUS JUVENALIS (60–140) Roman poet. **Satires.** VI. 36.

KALIDASA (*fl. c.* 525) Hindu dramatist and poet. **Sakuntala.** III. 10.

KARAMSIN, NIKOLAI MIKHAILOVITCH (1765–1826) Russian historian. X. 11.

KARR, ALPHONSE (1808–90) French writer.

KAUFMANN, ALEXANDER (1817–93) German poet.

KAVANAGH, JULIA (1824–77) English novelist.

KEARY, ANNIE (1825–79) English-Irish novelist.

KEATS, JOHN (1795–1821) English poet. **Endymion; Eve of St. Agnes.** IX. 225.

KEBLE, JOHN, REV. (1792–1866) English church poet. **The Christian Year.**

KELLER, GOTTFRIED (1819–90) German poet and novelist.

KELLGREN, JOHN HENRIK (1751–95) Swedish poet.

KEMPIS, THOMAS A (1380–1471) German mystic (Latin). **Imitation of Christ.**

KENDALL, HENRY CLARENCE (1841–82) Australian poet.

KENNEDY, GRACE (1782–1825) English novelist. **Father Clement.**

KENNEDY, JOHN PENDLETON (1795–1870) American politician and writer. IX. 174.

KERNER, JUSTINUS (1786–1862) German Suabian poet and novelist. X. 191.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT (1780–1843) American lawyer and poet. **Star-Spangled Banner.**

KHAKANI (*d.* 1186) Persian lyric poet. IV. 161.

KIELLAND, ALEXANDER LANGE (1849–) Norwegian novelist and dramatist. **Else.**

KING, CHARLES, CAPTAIN (1844–) American soldier-novelist.

KING, GRACE ELIZABETH (1858–) American novelist. **Monsieur Motte.**

KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM (1809–91) English historian. **Invasion of the Crimea.**

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, REV. (1819–75) English novelist and poet. **Alton Locke; Hypatia.**

KINGSLEY, HENRY (1830–76) English novelist. **Geoffrey Hamlyn.**

KINGSTON, WILLIAM HENRY GILES (1814–80) English novelist.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865–) English novelist and poet. **Plain Tales from the Hills; Soldiers Three; The Phantom Rickshaw; The Light that Failed; Captains Courageous; Barrack Room Ballads; The Seven Seas.** X. 281.

KIRCHBERG, CONRAD VON (12th century) Minnesinger. I. 295.

KIRK, ELLEN OLNEY, MRS. (1842–) American novelist. **Margaret Kent.**

KISFALUDY, KAROLY (1788–1830) Hungarian poet and novelist.

KISFALUDY, SANDOR (1772–1844) Hungarian poet.

KLEIST, EWALD CHRISTIAN VON (1715–59) German poet.

KLEIST, HEINRICH VON (1777–1811) German lyrist and dramatist. X. 183.

KLINGER, MAXIMILIAN (1752–1831) German dramatist. VIII. 57.

KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLEIB (1724–1803) German poet. **Messiah.** VIII. 22.

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN (1784–1862) Irish actor and dramatist. **Virginius.**

KOLLAR, JAN (1793–1852) Bohemian poet. **Daughter of Glory.**

KÖRNER, THEODOR (1791–1813) German lyric poet. **Sword-Song.** X. 183.

KOTZEBUE, AUGUST FRIEDRICH FERDINAND VON (1761–1819) German dramatist.

KRASINSKI, SIGISMUND, COUNT (1812–59) Polish poet. **The Undivine Comedy.** X. 362.

KRILOFF, IVAN A. (1768–1844) Russian fabulist. X. 12.

KRUMMACHER, FRIEDRICH ADOLF, REV. (1767–1845) German religious writer. **Parables.**

LABERIUS, DECIMUS (105–43 B.C.) Roman knight and writer. III. 122.

LABOULAYE, ÉDOUARD RENÉ LEFEBVRE DE (1811–83) French jurist and historian.

LA BRUYÈRE, JEAN DE (1645–96) French novelist and satirist. VI. 179.

LA CALPRENÈDE, GAUTHIER DE COSTE, SEIGNEUR DE (1610–63) French romancer.

LACTANTIUS FIRMIANUS, L. CÆLIUS (4th century) Latin Church Father. VII. 105.

LA FAYETTE, MARIE MADELEINE (1634–93) French novelist. **Princess of Cleves**

LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE (1621-95) French poet. **Fables.** V. 287.

LA HARPE, JEAN FRANCOIS DE (1739–1803) French critic and poet. VIII. 241.

LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE M. L. DE (1790–1869) French poet and prose-writer. VIII. 271.

LAMB, CHARLES (1775–1834) English essayist. **Essays of Elia.** IX. 243.

LAMENNAIS, HUGUES FELICITÉ ROBERT DE (1782–1854) French ecclesiastic and publicist. **Words of a Believer.** VIII. 266.

LAMPRECHT (12th century) German poet. **Alexander.** I. 293.

Landon, Letitia Elizabeth (1802–38) English poet and novelist.

Landor, Walter Savage (1775–1864) English poet and prose writer. **Imaginary Conversations; Count Julian.**

Lane, Edward William (1801–73) English Orientalist. Trans. **Arabian Nights.**

Lang, Andrew (1844–) English poet, story-teller and critic. **Ballads and Lyrics of Old France; Helen of Troy; Letters to Dead Authors; Custom and Myth.**

Langland, William (1332–1400?) English poet. **Piers Plowman.** III. 347.

Lanier, Sidney (1842–81) American poet, critic.

Lao-tsze (6th century B.C.) Chinese philosopher. I. 133.

La Rochefoucauld, Francois, Duc de (1613–80) French moralist. VI. 183.

Larcom, Lucy (1826–93) American poet.

Lathrop, George Parsons (1851–98) American poet.

Latini, Brunetto (*d.* 1294) Italian poet, friend of Dante. II. 219.

Layamon (12th century) Anglo-Saxon poet. **Brut.** I. 270.

Lear, Edward (1812–88) English writer. **Book of Nonsense.**

Lecky, William Edward Hartpole (1838–) English historian. **Rationalism.**

Lee, Nathaniel (1650?–92) English dramatist; insane. **Rival Queens.**

Lee, Sophia (1750–1824) and Harriet (1757–1851) English novelists. **Canterbury Tales.**

Legouvé, Ernest Wilfrid (1807–) French dramatist. **Adrienne Lecouvreur.**

Leibnitz, Gottfried W. (1646–1716) German philosopher. VIII. 11.

Leland, Charles Godfrey (1824–) American miscellanist. **Hans Breitmann's Party.**

'Lenau, Nikolaus,' N. von Strehlenau (1802–50) German lyric poet.

Lenz, Jacob Reinhold (1751–92) German poet. VIII. 58.

Leopardi, Giacomo, Count (1798–1837) Italian poet. X. 87.

Lermontoff, Michail Yuryevitch (1814–41) Russian poet. X. 10.

Le Sage, Alain René (1668–1747) French novelist and dramatist. **Gil Blas.** VII. 199.

Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim (1729–81) German poet, dramatist, critic. **Miss Sarah Sampson; Minna von Barnhelm; Nathan the Wise; Laocoon.** VIII. 26.

Lever, Charles (1806–72) Irish soldier-novelist. **Charles O'Malley; Jack Hinton.**

Lewes, George Henry (1817–78) English philosopher, biographer, etc.

Lewis, Matthew Gregory 'Monk' (1775–1818) English poet. **Ambrosio, or the Monk.**

Libanius (314?–395?) Greek sophist. VII. 75.

Lie, Jonas Laurits Idemil (1833–) Norwegian poet.

Liliencron, Rochus, Baron von (1820–) Austrian poet.

Linton, Eliza Lynn (1822–98) English novelist. **Joshua Davidson, Communist.**

Livy—Titus Livius (59 B.C.–17 A.D.) Roman historian. V. 106.

Lobo, Rodriguez (1550?–1630?) Portuguese pastoral poet. III. 256.

Locke, John (1632–1704) English philosopher. VII. 282.

Lockhart, John Gibson (1794–1854) Scotch biographer and poet. **Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk; Ancient Spanish Ballads; Life of Sir Walter Scott.**

Lodge, Henry Cabot (1850–) American historian and biographer.

Lodge, Thomas (1558?–1625) English poet and dramatist. **Rosalynde.**

Lohenstein, Daniel Casper von (1635–83) Silesian poet. VIII. 10.

Lomonosoff, Michael (1711–65) Russian poet and tragedian. III. 393.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (1807–82) American poet. **Hyperion; Evangeline; Song of Hiawatha; Courtship of Miles Standish; Hanging of the Crane; Tales of a Wayside Inn; Ultima Thule; The Building of a Ship; Keramos.** IX. 120.

Longinus, Cassius (210–273 A.D.) Greek philosopher and rhetorician.

Longstreet, Augustus Baldwin (1790–1870) American author. **Georgia Scenes.**

Longus (5th century) Greek romancer. **Daphnis and Chloe.** VII. 71.

Lönnrot, Elias (1802–84) Finnish philologist. Collected the **Kalevala.**

Lope de Vega Carpio (1562–1635) Spanish dramatist. vi. 138.

Lorenzo de' Medici (1448–92) Italian statesman, poet. iii. 167.

Lorris, Guillaume de (13th Cent.) French poet. **Romance of the Rose.** i. 197.

'Loti, Pierre,' L. M. J. Viaud (1850–) French poet and novelist. **Marriage of Loti.**

Lovelace, Richard (1618–58) English Cavalier dramatist and poet. **Lucasta.** v. 386.

Lowell, James Russell (1819–91) American poet and critic. **The Biglow Papers; Sir Launfal; Fable for Critics; Under the Willows; Harvard Commemoration Ode; Among my Books; My Study Windows; Heartsease and Rue.**

Lowell, Robert Traill Spence (1816–91) American educator, novelist.

Lucan—Marcus Annæus Lucanus (39–65 A. D.) Latin poet. **Pharsalia.** v. 147.

Lucian (*c.* 120–200) Greek satirist. **Dialogues of the Gods; Dialogues of the Dead.**

Lucilius (97–53? B. C.) Latin satirist. iii. 93.

Lucretius Carus, Titus (98?–55 B. C.) Roman philosophic poet. **On Nature.** iii. 94.

Lunt, George (1803–85) American poet and prose-writer.

Luther, Martin (1483-1546) German Reformer. Translated the **Bible** into German. **The Babylonian Captivity of the Church; Table Talk.** vi. 238.

Lydgate, John (1375?–1460?) English monk, poet. **The London Lackpenny.** iii. 361.

Lyly, John (1554–1606) English dramatist, romancist. **Euphues.** iv. 294.

Lyndsay, Sir David (*c.* 1490–1550?) Scotch poet. iii. 337.

Lysias (450–380 B.C.) Attic orator. vi. 10.

Lytle, William Haines (1826–63) American general and poet. **Antony to Cleopatra.**

Maartens, Maarten (1858–) Dutch-English novelist.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord (1800–59) English historian, essayist and poet. **History of England; Lays of Ancient Rome; Essays.**

MacCarthy, Denis Florence (1817–1882) Irish poet. Translated **Calderon.**

McCarthy, Justin (1830–) Irish journalist, novelist. **History of Our Own Times.**

McCarthy, Justin Huntley (1860–) Irish journalist and poet.

Macdonald, George (1824–) Scotch novelist and poet. **David Elginbrod.**

Machiavelli, Niccolo (1469–1527) Italian political writer. **The Prince.** iv. 198.

Macias the Enamored (15th century) Spanish poet. iii. 255.

Mackay, Charles (1814–89) Scotch poet and journalist.

Mackenzie, Henry (1745–1831) Scotch essayist. **The Man of Feeling.**

Mackenzie, Robert Shelton (1809–80) Irish-American journalist, miscellanist.

'Maclaren, Ian,' Rev. John Watson (1850–) Scotch preacher, novelist.

McLellan, Isaac (1806–96) American poet. **The Death of Napoleon.**

Macleod, Norman, Rev. (1812–72) Scotch divine and miscellanist.

McMaster, Guy Humphrey (1829–87) American poet. **Carmen Bellicosum.**

McMaster, John Bach (1852–) American historian.

Macpherson, James (1736–96) Scotch editor of **Ossian.** v. 315.

Macquoid, Katharine S., Mrs., English novelist.

Maerlant, Jakob van (*c.* 1225–91) Dutch poet. vi. 258.

Maffei, Francesco (1675–1755) Italian dramatist. vii. 158.

Maistre, Joseph Comte de (1754–1821) French-Italian statesman. viii. 254.

Malet, Lucas (1852-) English novelist.

Malherbe, Francois (1555–0628) French poet and critic. vi. 266.

Mallett, David (1700–65) Scotch poet and dramatist.

Mallock, William Hurrel (1849–) English essayist. **The New Republic.**

Malory, Thomas, Sir (1430–70) British author. **Morte D'Arthur.** iii. 373.

Malot, Hector (1830–) French novelist.

Mandeville, Bernard (1670–1733) Dutch-English miscellanist. **Fable of the Bees.**

Mandeville, John, Sir (1300–72) English traveler. II. 309.

Mangan, James Clarence (1803–49) Irish poet.

Manley, Mary de la Rivière, Mrs. (1672–1724) English novelist.

Manrique, Jorge de (1420–85?) Spanish poet. **Coplas de Manrique.** II. 294.

Manuel, Juan, Don (1282–1347) Spanish story-writer. **El Conde Lucanor.** I. 382.

Manzoni, Alessandro (1785-1873) Italian novelist, poet. **I Promessi Sposi.** X. 72.

Map (or Mapes), Walter (1140–1210) English Latin writer. III. 308.

Margaret of Navarre, Marguerite d'Angoulême (1492–1549) French queen and novelist. **Heptameron.** IV. 244.

Marie de France (13th century) French poetess. **Lais.** I. 212.

Marini, Giovanni Battista (1569–1625) Italian lyric poet. VI. 127.

Marivaux, Pierre de (1688–1763) French dramatist and novelist. **Marianne.**

Marlit, E. (1825–87) German novelist. **Gold Else; The Old Mamselle's Secret.**

Marlowe, Christopher (1564?–93) English poet and dramatist. **Tamburlaine.** IV. 335.

Marmontel, Jean Francois (1723–99) French miscellanist.

Marot, Clement (1497–1544) French lyric poet. III. 262.

Marryat, Florence (1837–) English novelist. **Woman Against Woman.**

Marryat, Frederick (1792–1848) English sea-novelist. **The King's Own; Peter Simple; Japhet in Search of a Father.**

Marston, John (1575–1634) English dramatist and poet.

Marston, Philip Bourke (1850–87) English poet.

Martial—Marcus Valerius Martialis (*c.* 50–102) Latin poet. V. 171.

Martin, Bon Louis Henri (1810–83) French historian. **History of France.**

Martin, Theodore, Sir (1816–) English poet and translator.

Marvell, Andrew (1621–78) English poet and satirist. VI. 296.

Mary (Stuart) Queen of Scots (1542–87) wrote French poems. IV. 264.

Massey, Gerald (1828–) English poet.

Massinger, Philip (1583–1640) English dramatist. V. 360.

Mather, Cotton, Rev. (1663–1728) American author. **Magnalia.** IX. 19.

Mathews, William (1818–) American essayist.

Matthew Paris (1200–59) English Latin chronicler.

Matthews, Brander (1852–) American critic and essayist.

Maturin, Charles Robert (1782–1824) Irish novelist.

Maupassant, Guy de (1850–93) French novelist. X. 161.

Medici, Lorenzo de (1449–92) Florentine statesman.

Meleager (1st century B.C.) Greek epigrammatist. **Garland.** VII. 36.

Melville, George John Whyte (1821–78) English novelist.

Melville, Herman (1819–91) American sailor and novelist. **Typee; Omoo.** IX. 172.

Mena, Juan de (1400–50) Spanish poet. II. 290.

Menander (342–291 B.C.) Greek comic poet. V. 57.

Mencius (372–289 B.C.) Chinese philosopher. II. 45.

Mendelssohn, Moses (1729–86) German-Jewish philosopher. VIII. 44.

Mendes, Catulle (1843–) French poet and novelist.

Mendoza, Diego de (1503–75) Spanish poet and historian. III. 210.

Meredith, George (1828–) English novelist and poet. **The Ordeal of Richard Feverel; Rhoda Fleming; Diana of the Crossways; The Egoist.**

'Meredith, Owen,' Edward Robert Bulwer, Earl Lytton (1831–91) English poet. **Lucile; The Ring of Amasis; The Wanderer; Tannhaüser.** III. 276.

Merimée, Prosper (1803–70) French littérateur. **Colomba; Carmen.**

Merivale, Charles, Rev. (1808–93) English historian. **Romans under the Empire.**

Metastasio, Pietro (1698–1782) Italian poet. **The Clemency of Titus.** VII. 160.

MEUNG, JEAN DE (1260?–1320) French satirist. **Romance of the Rose.** II. 309.

MEYR, MELCHOIR (1810–71) German novelist and poet.

MICHAUD, JOSEPH FRANCOIS (1767–1839) French historian. **History of Crusades.**

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI (1475–1564) Italian sculptor, painter and poet. IV. 224.

MICHELET, JULES (1798–1874) French historian, prose-poet.

MICKIEWICZ, ADAM (1798–1855) Polish poet, novelist. **Pan Tadeusz.** X. 362.

MIGNET, FRANCOIS AUGUSTE MARIE (1796–1884) French historian.

MILL, JAMES (1773–1836) English historian. **History of India.**

MILL, JOHN STUART (1806–73) English utilitarian philosopher. **Liberty.**

MILLER, JOAQUIN (1841–) American poet. **Songs of the Sierras.**

MILMAN, HENRY HART, REV. (1791–1868) English historian and poet. **Fazio; Samor.**

MILTON, JOHN (1608–74) English poet. **Comus; Lycidas; Areopagitica; Il Penseroso; L'Allegro; Paradise Lost; Paradise Regained; Samson Agonistes.** V. 391.

MIMNERMUS (634–600 B.C.) Greek elegiac poet. II. 86.

MIRABEAU, HONORÉ GABRIEL DE RIQUETTI, COUNT (1749–91). French statesman.

MISTRAL, FREDERIC (1830–) Provençal poet.

MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT, 'IK MARVEL' (1822–) American essayist and novelist.

MITCHELL, SILAS WEIR (1829–) American physician, novelist and poet. **Hugh Wynne.**

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL (1787–1855) English miscellanist. **Our Village; Rienzi.**

MITFORD, WILLIAM (1744–1827) English historian. **History of Greece.**

MOE, JORGEN INGEBREKTSEN (1813–82) Norwegian folk-lorist. **Popular Tales.**

MOHAMMED (570–632) Arabian prophet. **Koran.** I. 189.

MOLESWORTH, MARY LOUISA, MRS. (1842–) English novelist and writer for children;

MOLIÈRE, JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN (1622–73) French dramatist. **L'Etourdi; Les Précieuses Ridicules; L'Ecole des Femmes; Tartuffe; Misanthrope; L'Avare; Bourgeois Gentilhomme; Le Malade Imaginaire.**

MOMMSEN, THEODOR (1817–) German historian. **History of Rome.** VI. 187.

MONIER WILLIAMS, SIR MONIER (1819–) English Orientalist. **Indian Wisdom;**

MONTAGU, MARY WORTLEY, LADY (1688–1762) English letter-writer. VII. 292.

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL EYQUEM, SIEUR DE (1533–92) French moral philosopher. III. 193.

MONTALEMBERT, CHARLES FORBES DE TRYON, COMTE DE (1810–70) French statesman and historian. **The Monks of the West.**

MONTALVAN, JUAN PEREZ DE (1602–38) Spanish dramatist. **Teruel's Lovers.**

MONTEMAYOR, JORGE DE (1520?–61) Spanish romancist. **Diana Enamorada.**

MONTESQIEU, CHARLES DE SECONDAT, BARON DE (1689–1755) French philosophic historian. **L'Esprit des Lois.** VII. 247.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771–1854) English religious poet.

MONTI, LUIGI (1830–) Italian-American miscellanist.

MONTI, VINCENZO (1754–1828) Italian poet. X. 79.

MOODIE, SUSANNA (1803–85) Scotch-Canadian poet and prose-writer.

MOORE, GEORGE (1859–) English novelist and poet. **Confessions of a Young Man.**

MOORE, THOMAS (1779–1852) Irish poet. **Irish Melodies; Lalla Rookh.** IX. 326.

MORE, HANNAH (1779–1833) English religious writer. **Coelebs in Search of a Wife.**

MORE, THOMAS, SIR (1478–1535) English statesman. (Latin) **Utopia.** IV. 295.

MORGAN, LADY, SYDNEY OWENS (1783–1859) Irish novelist. **The Wild Irish Girl.**

MORIER, JAMES JUSTINIAN (1780–1849) English novelist. **Adventures of Hajji Baba.**

MORLEY, HENRY (1822–94) English scholar, editor. **English Writers.**

MORLEY, JOHN (1838–) English statesman, critic. **Voltaire; Rousseau; Burke.**

MORRIS, GEORGE POPE (1802–64) American journalist and song-writer.

MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834–96) English socialist, poet. **The Earthly Paradise.**

MORTON, THOMAS (1764–1838) English dramatist. **Speed the Plough.**

Moschus (*fl.* 200 B.C.) Greek Sicilian bucolic poet. VI. 45.
Motherwell, William (1797–1835) Scotch poet and antiquary.
Motley, John Lothrop (1814–77) American historian of the Netherlands.
'Muhlbach, Luise,' Clara Mundt (1814–73) German historical novelist.
Muller, Friedrich Max (1823–) German-English Sanskrit scholar.
Muller, Karl (1819–89) German romance writer.
Muller, Wilhelm (1794–1827) German lyric poet.
Mulock, Dinah Maria. See Craik.
Munch, Andreas (1811–84) Norwegian poet and dramatist.
Murger, Henri (1822–61) French littérateur. **Scenes of Bohemian Life.**
Murner, Thomas (1475–1536) German R. C. satirist.
Murray, Grenville (1824–81) English miscellanist. **The Member for Paris.**
Murray, William Henry Harrison (1840–) American preacher and writer.
Musäus, Johann Karl August (1735–87) German satirist.
Musset, Alfred de (1810–57) French lyric poet. **Nights.** X. 132.

Nairne, Caroline Oliphant, Lady (1766–1854) Scotch poet. **The Land of the Leal.**
'Nasby, Petroleum V.,' David R. Locke (1833–88) American satirist.
Neal, John (1793–1876) American poet.
Neal, Joseph Clay (1807–47) American journalist and humorist.
Neale, John Mason (1818–66) English historian of Greek Church. Translated **Hymns.**
'Negri, Ada,' Mme. Garlanda (1870–) Italian poet. **Fatality.**
Nepos, Cornelius (99–24 B.C.) Roman biographer. V. 104.
Nestor (*c.* 1056–1114) Russian monk and chronicler. III. 388.
Newman, John Henry, Cardinal (1801–90) English theologian. **Lyra Apostolica.**
Niccolini, Giovanni Battista (1782–1861) Italian dramatist. X. 81.
Niebuhr, Barthold Georg (1776–1831) German historian of ancient Rome.
Niemcewicz, Julian Ursin (1757–1841) Polish lyric poet. X. 362.
Nietzsche, Friedrich Wilhelm (1844–) German writer. **Thus Spake Zarathustra.**
Nizami (1113–1203) Persian romantic poet. **Khosru and Shireen.** IV. 162.
Nodier, Charles (1780–1844) French romance writer. **The Exiles.**
Nordau, Max Simon (1849–) German critic. **Degeneration.**
Nordhoff, Charles (1736–) American journalist and author. **Man-of-War Life.**
Norris, William E. (1847–) English novelist.
'North, Christopher,' John Wilson (1785–1854) Scotch essayist, poet and editor of **Blackwood's Magazine. Noctes Ambrosianæ.**
Norton, Caroline Elizabeth (1808–77) English poet.
'Novalis,' Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772–1801) German mystic. IX. 336.
'Nye, Bill,' Edgar Wilson Nye (1850–96) American journalist and humorist.

Ocana, Francisco (16th century) Spanish poet. VI. 152.
Oehlenschlager, Adam Gottlob (1779–1850) Danish poet. **Aladdin.** VIII. 174.
Oliphant, Margaret O. W. (1828–97) Scotch novelist. **Chronicles of Carlingford.**
Omar Khayyam (1051?–1123?) Persian poet and astronomer. **Rubaiyat.** II. 203.
Opitz, Martin (1597–1639) German poet of the Silesian School. VIII. 10.
Oppian (*fl.* 200) Greek poet. **Fishing.**
O'Reilly, John Boyle (1844–90) Irish-American poet and prose-writer.
Origen (185?–254?) Alexandrian Christian theologian, mystical interpreter of Scripture.
Osgood, Frances Sargent, Mrs. (1811–50) American poet.
Otway, Thomas (1651–85) English dramatist. **Venice Preserved.** VI. 334.
'Ouida,' Louisa de la Rame (1840–) English novelist, residing in Italy.
Ovid (48 B.C.–17 A.D.) Latin poet. **Metamorphoses; Art of Love.** IV. 140.

Pacuvius, Marcus (220–132 B.C.) Latin tragedian. III. 93.
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Peele, George (1558–97) English dramatist. **David and Bethsabe.**
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Sala, George Augustus (1828–96) English journalist.
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Schopenhauer, Arthur (1788–1860) German pessimistic philosopher.

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Smiles, Samuel (1816–) British miscellanist. **Self Help.**

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Smith, Francis Hopkinson (1838–) American author.

Smith, Goldwin (1823–) English essayist.

Smith, James (1775–1839) and Horace (1779–1849) English humorists.

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Spofford, Harriet Elizabeth Prescott (1835–) American novelist and poet.

Sprague, Charles (1791–1875) American poet.

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TOLSTOI, COUNT LYOF N. (1828–) Russian novelist. **Cossacks; War and Peace; Anna Karenins.** X. 46.

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TROLLOPE, THOMAS ADOLPHUS (1810–92) English novelist of Italian life.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND (1827–) American poet and novelist.

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TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR (1810–89) English poet. **Proverbial Philosophy.**

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Ware, William (1797–1852) American historical novelist. **Zenobia.**
Warner, Charles Dudley (1829–) American littérateur and novelist.
Warner, Susan (1819–85) American novelist. **Wide, Wide World; Queechy.**
Warren, Samuel (1807–77) English novelist. **Ten Thousand a Year.**
Warton, Joseph (1722–1800) English critic and editor.
Warton, Thomas (1728–90) English poet laureate (1785).
Watson, William (*fl.* 1880) English lyric poet.
Watts, Alaric Alexander (1799–1864) English poet and journalist.
Watts, Isaac, Rev. (1674–1748) English hymn-writer. **Psalms and Hymns.**
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Wessel (1742–85) Danish comic dramatist. viii. 165.
Weyman, Stanley John (1855–) English novelist.
Whipple, Edwin Percy (1819–86) American literary critic.
White, Gilbert (1720–93) English naturalist.
White, Henry Kirke, Rev. (1785–1806) English poet.
White, Richard Grant (1822–85) American journalist and critic.
Whitman, Walt (1819–92) American poet. **Leaves of Grass.** x. 334.

Whitney, Adelaide Dutton Train (1824–) American poet and novelist.
Whittier, John Greenleaf (1807–92) American poet. x. 306.
Whyte-Melville, George John (1821–78) English novelist.
Wiclif. John (1325?–84) English Reformer. Translated the Bible. iii. 309.
Wieland, Christopher Martin (1733–1813) German poet and prose-writer. viii. 46.
Wiffen, Jeremiah Holmes (1792–1836) English poet and translator.
Wigglesworth, Michael (1631–1705) American Calvinistic poet. ix. 18.
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler (1845–) American poet.
Wilkins, Mary Eleanor (1858) American novelist. **A New England Nun.**
William of Malmesbury (*c.* 1095–*c.* 1142) English Latin historian.
William of Poitiers (1071–1127) Provencal poet. i. 339.
Willis, Nathaniel Parker (1806–67) American poet and journalist.
Wilson, John (1785–1854) Scotch poet, novelist and essayist. **Noctes Ambrosianæ Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.**
Winckelmann, Johann Joachim (1617–68) German critic. viii. 11.
'Winter, John Strange,' Mrs. Stannard (1856–) English novelist.
Winter, William (1836–) American journalist and dramatic critic.
Winthrop, Theodore (1828–61) American poet, novelist.
Wister, Annis Lee [Furness] (1830–) American translator from German.
Wolfe, Charles (1791–1823) Irish poet. **Burial of Sir John Moore.**
Wolfram von Eschenbach (*fl.* 1250) German epic poet. **Parzival; Titurel.** i. 299.
Wood, George (1799–1870) American writer.
Woodworth, Samuel (1785–1843) American journalist, poet. **The Old Oaken Bucket.**
Woolman, John (1720–72) American Quaker. **Journal.**
Woolson, Constance Fenimore (1848–94) American novelist and poet.
Wordsworth, William (1770–1850) English poet. **Lyrical Ballads; The Excursion; The White Doe of Rylstone; The Prelude.** ix. 258.
Wotton, Henry, Sir (1568–1639) English poet, miscellanist.
Wyatt, Sir Thomas (1503–42) English lyric poet. iv. 301.
Wycherley, William (1640–1715) English dramatist. vi. 325.

Xenophon (*c.* 430 b.c.–*c.* 355) Greek historian. **Hellenics; Anabasis; Cyropædia.** iv. 48.
Xenophon of Ephesus (2nd century). Greek romancist.

Yates, Edmund Hodgson (1831–94) English journalist, novelist.
Yonge, Charlotte Mary (1823–) English novelist, miscellanist. **Heir of Redclyffe.**
Young, Edward (1674–1765) English poet. **Night Thoughts.** vii. 363.
Yriarte, Tomas de (1750–91) Spanish dramatist. **Literary Fables.** viii. 222.

Zacharia, Just Friedrich Wilhelm (1726–77) German satirical poet.
Zangwill, Israel (1864–) English-Jewish novelist. **Children of the Ghetto.**
Zedlitz, Joseph Christian von, Baron (1790–1862) Austrian lyric poet.
Zeise, Heinrich (1822–) German poet, translator.
Zeno (350–260 b.c.) Greek stoic philosopher. v. 73.
Zeno, Apostolo (1668–1750) Italian dramatist, historian, "The Father of Italian Opera."
Zhukovski, Vasilu Andreevich (1783–1852) Russian poet.
Zimmerman, Johann Georg (1728–95) German miscellanist. **On Solitude.**
Zohair (before 600) Arabian poet. i. 186.
Zola, Emile (1840–) French novelist. **The Fortunes of the Rougons; L'Assommoir; Nana; The Soil; The Dream; Lourdes; Rome; Paris.** x. 166.
Zschokke, Johann Heinrich Daniel (1771–1848) German novelist. ix. 344.

CHRONOLOGICAL VIEW

OF

THE LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS.

EGYPTIAN LITERATURE.

Year.		Vol.	Page
B.C. 4266	The Book of the Dead, oldest Chapter 130	I.	29
3580	Precepts of Ptah-Hotep (Prisse Papyrus, *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris)	I.	22
2800	Tales of the Magicians (Westcar Papyrus. *Berlin Museum*)	I.	33
2500	Festival Dirge of King Antef. (*British Museum*)	I.	38
2400	Adventures of Sanehat	I.	39
1326	Pentaur, royal poet of Rameses II.	I.	51
1300	Tale of the Two Brothers (D'Orbiney Papyrus. *British Museum*)	I.	55
195	Rosetta Stone erected in reign of Ptolemy V.	I.	18
A.D. 1822	J. F. Champollion deciphered the hieroglyphic alphabet		

ASSYRIAN LITERATURE.

Year.		Vol.	Page
B.C. 3800	King Sargon I., who reigned in Akkad, founded a library	I.	68
2500?	'Adventures of Izdubar (Nimrod?)'	I.	71
2245	Nineveh founded by Asshur	I.	68
2000?	'Descent of Ishtar (Venus) to Hades'	I.	73
650	Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus) founds the library in Nineveh	I.	69

CHINESE LITERATURE.

Year.		Vol.	Page
	The Five Classics	I.	135
B.C. 3320	Emperor Fu-hsi invented table of trigrams	I.	135
1140	'Yi-King,' the Classic of Changes	I.	135
	'Li-Ki,' the Book of Ceremonies	I.	135
720	'Shu-King,' the Classic of History, gives records from 2450 B.C. to 721	I.	135
	'Shi-King,' the Classic of National Songs	I.	136
550	Confucius (Kung-fu-tse), philosopher	I.	146
520	'Chun-Tsu,' "Annals of Lu," by Confucius	I.	136
500	Lao Tze (565–500) founder of Taoism	II.	39
300	Mencius (Meng Tzu), chief philosopher after Confucius	II.	45

INDIAN (SANSKRIT) LITERATURE.

Year.		Vol.	Page
B.C. 1500?	The Veda. Hymns to Varuna, Indra, Agni, and other gods	I.	80
1000?	The 'Brahmanas.' Commentary on the Veda	I.	92
800?	The 'Puranas.' Traditional explanation of the Veda	V.	36
600?	The 'Upanishads.' Philosophic dissertations	V.	37
500?	The Sanskrit Epics	I.	94
	'Ramayana.' Epic by Valmiki	I.	95
400?	'Mahabharata.' Epic by Vyasa	II.	9
A.D. 500?	'The Toy-Cart.' Earliest Hindu drama. By King Sudraka	III.	11
550	'Sakuntala.' Pastoral drama by Kalidasa	III.	15
	'The Cloud-Messenger.' Descriptive poem, by Kalidasa	III.	31
1200	'Gita-govinda.' Lyrical drama by Jayadeva	III.	35
1500	'The Laws of Manu (Menu).' Modernized version of the Brahman Code	V.	36

Year.		Vol.	Page
	The BUDDHIST LITERATURE. Pali dialect. 300 B.C.—900 A.D.	V.	9
B.C. 600	Siddhartha Gautama, the BUDDHA, prophet	V.	9
500–300	Life, sermons and miracles of Buddha, written	V.	11
250	Council of Asoka frames the Buddhist canon	V.	11
	'Buddhist Birth-Stories,' or 'Jatakas'	V.	18
A.D. 200	'Hitopadesa.' Book of Good Counsel (Sanskrit)	V.	27

PERSIAN LITERATURE.

B.C. 550	The AVESTA. ZARATHUSTRA (ZOROASTER) compiled the Gathas (hymns)	I.	108
A.D. 250	Sassanian Kings edited fragments of the Avesta	I.	109
655	The Moslem religion established in Persia	II.	169
900	Rudagi, father of modern Persian poetry	II.	172
950	Asadi (Essedi), lyric poet	II.	173
1000	FIRDAUSI, epic poet. 'Shahnameh' (Book of Kings)	II.	175
1100	OMAR KHAYYAM, astronomer-poet. 'Rubaiyat'	II.	203
1150	Anwari, eulogistic poet	IV.	160
1170	Khakani, lyric poet	IV.	161
1190	Nizami, romantic poet. 'Laili and Majnun'	IV.	162
1250	Jelaleddin Rumi, Sufic poet. 'Mesnavi'	IV.	167
1275	Sadi, poet. 'Gulistan' (Rose Garden); 'Bustan' (Fruit Garden)	IV.	173
1350	HAFIZ of Shiraz, lyric poet, Persian Anacreon	V.	181
1450	JAMI, last great poet. 'Yusuf and Zulaikha'	V.	186
1500	Hatifi, poet. 'Laili and Majnun'	V.	180

HEBREW LITERATURE.

(The dates are according to Archbishop Usher's chronology. Recent critics consider the historical books of the Old Testament to date from about 800 B.C., and the Psalms from 621 down to 100 B.C.)

B.C. 1490	MOSES. The Ten Commandments. Song of Moses	I.	118
1040	DAVID. Psalms. Lament for Saul	I.	122
1000	Solomon. Song of Songs	I.	125
710	ISAIAH. Prophecy	I.	128
570	Daniel	II.	53
165	The Maccabees	II.	60
100	The Great Synagogue preserved and expounded the Law	VII.	95
50	Hillel and Shammai, rabbis	VII.	101
A.D. 400	The Jerusalem Talmud	VII.	96
600?	Completion of Babylonian Talmud	VII.	96

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

A.D. 600	"The Mo'allakat," seven select poems of the Arabian Pleiades	I.	185
622	The Hejra, or Flight of Mohammed; the Mohammedan era	—	—
620–30	The KORAN published in 114 Suras or chapters	I.	189
660	Maisuna's Song—the Arabic 'Home, Sweet Home'	II.	165
750	Kalilah and Dimnah; Arabic version of Bidpai's Indian fables	V.	31
800	El Asmai composed 'The Romance of Antar'	II.	155
850	Ibn Alrumi, lyric poet	II.	166
940	Persian stories translated into Arabic	VII.	127
1450	Common version of "The Thousand and One Nights"	VII.	127
1708	"Arabian Nights," translated into French by Galland	VII.	128

GREEK LITERATURE.

B.C. 900	HOMER, epic poet. 'Iliad;' 'Odyssey'	I.	153
	The *Pseudo-Homeric Hymns*	II.	72
800	HESIOD, didactic poet. 'Works and Days'	II.	77
700	Archilochus, satirist, inventor of iambics	II.	87
680	Tyrtæus, composer of war-songs	II.	83
660	Simonides of Amorgos, satirist of women	II.	95
	Early Greek Philosophers	IV.	76
600	Mimnermus, Ionic elegiac poet	II.	86

Year.		Vol.	Page
B.C. 600	SAPPHO and Alcæus, Æolic lyric poets of Lesbos	II.	88
580	The Seven Wise Men	IV.	79
570	Æsop the fabulist. The extant fables are later	V.	67
530	PYTHAGORAS taught at Crotona in Italy	IV.	78
505	Parmenides of Elea, philosophic poet	IV.	77
500	Simonides of Ceos, lyric poet	II.	99
500	Anacreon of Teos, poet of love and wine	IV.	84
480	PINDAR of Thebes, greatest lyric poet	II.	101
470	ÆSCHYLUS, tragic poet. 7 tragedies extant	III.	46
450	Empedocles of Agrigentum, philosophic poet	IV.	78
450	SOPHOCLES, tragic poet. 7 tragedies extant	III.	66
420	EURIPIDES, tragic poet. 18 tragedies extant	III.	79
420	HERODOTUS, traveler. 'Father of History'	IV.	12
410	THUCYDIDES, general. 'Peloponnesian War'	IV.	25
410	SOCRATES, moral philosopher and reformer	V.	72
410	ARISTOPHANES, writer of comedies (public life), 11 extant	V.	43
380	PLATO, philosopher, founder of the Academy	V.	74
370	XENOPHON, general, historian	IV.	48
350	Isocrates, Athenian orator	VI.	11
345	ARISTOTLE the Stagirite, founder of the Peripatetics	V.	97
340	Æschines, rival of Demosthenes	VI.	16
330	DEMOSTHENES, greatest Athenian orator. 'On the Crown'	VI.	23
300	Menander and Philemon, writers of New Comedy (private life)	V.	57
300	The Alexandrian Library founded by Ptolemy Soter	VI.	33
280	THEOCRITUS, Sicilian pastoral poet	VI.	34
275	The Septuagint translation of the Hebrew Scriptures	VII.	9
250	Herondas, writer of mimes recently discovered	V.	62
250	Bion and Moschus, Sicilian pastoral poets	VI.	42
250	Cleanthes, Stoic philosopher and poet	VI.	60
240	Babrius, versifier of Æsop's Fables	V.	69
240	Callimachus, Alexandrian librarian, poet	VII.	48
235	Apollonius the Rhodian, epic poet, 'Argonautica'	VI.	51
150	Polybius, historian. 'Universal History'	VII.	10
50	Meleager compiled the 'Garland' or first 'Anthology'	VII.	36
A.D. 50–100	THE NEW TESTAMENT	VII.	13
80	Epictetus, Stoic philosopher	VII.	54
90	Flavius Josephus, Jewish historian	VII.	25
100	PLUTARCH, 'Parallel Lives of Greeks and Romans'	VII.	43
120?	'The Sayings of Jesus,' discovered in Egypt in 1897	VII.	22
150?	'The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles'	VII.	23
161	Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Emperor and Stoic philosopher	VII.	56
180	LUCIAN of Samosata, satirist	VII.	48
180	Clement of Alexandria wrote earliest Christian hymns	VII.	82
350	Heliodorus, afterwards bishop, wrote 'Æthiopica'	VII.	66
350	Ephraem the Syrian, hymn writer	VII.	92
360	Basil the Great, Church Father	VII.	84
364	Libanius, rhetorician. 'Eulogy of Julian'	VII.	75
380	Gregory Nazianzen, Church Father, theologian	VII.	87
400	John Chrysostom, Church Father, orator	VII.	90
400?	Achilles Tatius, romancer. 'Leucippe and Clitophen'	VII.	66
450	Longus, romancer. 'Daphnis and Chloe'	VII.	71

LATIN LITERATURE.

B.C. 190	Quintus Ennius, Father of Latin poetry. 'Annals'	II.	115
180	PLAUTUS, dramatist. 20 Comedies extant	II.	117
165	TERENCE translated Menander's Comedies	II.	145
70	LUCRETIUS, philosophic poet. 'De Rerum Natura'	III.	94
70	M. TULLIUS CICERO, statesman, orator, philosopher	III.	99
60	Catullus, lyric poet	III.	112
50	C. JULIUS CÆSAR, general and dictator. 'Gallic War'	IV.	101
45	Sallust, historian. 'Jugurthine War'; 'Conspiracy of Catiline'	IV.	95

Year.		Vol. Page
B.C. 30	Virgil, epic poet. ‘Eclogues’; ‘Georgics’; ‘Æneid’	IV. 113
30	Horace, lyric poet. Odes, Satires, Epistles	IV. 131
30	Tibullus and Propertius, amatory poets	IV. 155
25	Ovid, poet. ‘Heroides’; ‘Art of Love’; ‘Metamorphoses’	IV. 140
10	Livy, historian of Rome	V. 106
10	Phædrus translated Æsop’s fables	V. 132
A.D. 50	Lucan, epic poet. ‘Pharsalia’ on war of Cæsar and Pompey	V. 147
50	Petronius Arbiter, courtier of Nero. ‘Satiricon’	V. 155
60	Seneca, philosopher, dramatist	V. 138
60	Persius, satirist	V. 134
70	Pliny the Elder, encyclopædist. ‘Natural History’	V. 164
80	Juvenal, satirist	VI. 61
90	Martial, satirist and epigrammatist	V. 171
100	Pliny the Younger, lawyer and letter-writer	V. 175
110	Quintilian, rhetorician. ‘Oratory’	VI. 75
125	Suetonius, biographer. ‘Twelve Cæsars’	VI. 70
150	Lucius Apuleius, sophist. ‘The Golden Ass’	VI. 81
140	Aulus Gellius, compiler. ‘Attic Nights’	VI. 99
350	Ausonius, poet, lived in Gaul	VII. 106
380	St. Jerome, monk, translated the Bible into Latin (Vulgate)	VII. 121
400	Claudian, poet. ‘Rape of Proserpine’	VII. 108
400	Prudentius, first Christian poet	VII. 119
410	St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo. ‘Confessions’	VII. 121

CELTIC LITERATURE.

B.C. 50	Amergin, bard of the Milesians	V. 307
A.D. 200	Songs of Finn, or Fionn	I. 320
250	Oisin, or Ossian, Irish bard	I. 320; V. 315
450	St. Patrick’s Breastplate, earliest Christian ode	VIII. 283
550	Welsh bards, Aneurin, Taliessin, Llywarch Hen	I. 321
1170	Welsh bard, Gwalchmai. ‘Triumphs of Owen’	I. 327
1230	Irish bard, Gillabride Mac Conmide	VIII. 289
1275	The Mabinogion, Welsh prose romance	I. 328
1800	B. M. Meidre, Irish bard	VIII. 292

DUTCH LITERATURE.

1250	Willem the Minstrel sang ‘Reynard the Fox’ in Flemish	VI. 258
1270	Maerlant, first Dutch writer. ‘Mirror of History’	VI. 258
1350	Jan van Boendale versified history	VI. 258
1520	Desiderius Erasmus, humanist, wrote in Latin	VI. 261
1540	Anna Byns, the ‘Sappho of Brabant’	VI. 259
1610	Gerbrand A. Brederode, comic dramatist	VI. 284
1625	Hugo Grotius, jurist. Latin ‘De Jure Belli ac Pacis’	VI. 271
1630	Peter C. Hooft, poet, introduced tragedy	VI. 277
1640	Jacob Cats, fabulist and allegorist	VI. 278
1650	Joost van den Vondel, dramatic poet, wrote ‘Lucifer’s Tragedy’	VI. 278

FRENCH LITERATURE.

842	The Strasburg Oaths. Earliest written French	
1100	‘Chanson de Roland’ by Théroulde (Turoldus)	I. 199
1100–1250	Provençal Literature. The Troubadours	I. 337
1155	Master Wace. ‘Roman de Brut’; ‘Roman de Rou’	I. 205
1190	Chrestien de Troyes, poet	I. 281
1230	Thibaud of Champagne, King of Navarre	I. 209
1240	Marie de France. ‘Lais’	I. 212
1250?	‘Aucassin and Nicolete,’ chant-fable	I. 216
1260	Rutbœuf, vagabond poet	I. 231
1280	‘Romance of the Rose,’ by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung	II. 309
1350	‘Amis and Amile,’ prose romance	II. 312

Year		Vol.	Page
A.D. 1390	Jean Froissart, chronicler	II.	322
1410	Christine de Pisan, lyric poet	II.	332
1440	Charles of Orleans, captive poet	II.	334
1460	Francis Villon, rascal poet	II.	336
1530	King Francis I., poet and patron	IV.	243
	Queen Margaret of Navarre (Marguerite d'Angoulême), poet, wrote the 'Heptameron'	IV.	244
	Clement Marot, court poet	III.	202
1540	Francois Rabelais, satirist. 'Gargantua'	III.	176
1550	The Pléiade, seven poets, the chief being Ronsard, du Bellay and Belleau	IV.	250
1552	Etienne Jodelle's 'Cleopatra,' first French tragedy	V.	255
1570	Michael de Montaigne, essayist	III.	193
1590	Seigneur de Brantôme, memoir writer	IV.	260
1593	Satire Menippée	III.	205
1600	François de Malherbe, poet and critic, inaugurated classicism	IV.	266
1625	Hotel de Rambouillet, the first literary salon	V.	272
1635	French Academy founded	V.	254
1636	Pierre Corneille's tragedy, 'The Cid'	V.	259
1637	René Descartes, philosopher. 'Discourse on the Method of Reasoning.'	V.	255
1640	Blaise Pascal, philosopher. 'Provincial Letters'	V.	270
1650	Paul Scarron travestied Virgil	VI.	174
1660	Honoré D'Urfé's court pastoral, 'L'Astrée'	V.	255
1661–1715	Reign of Louis XIV., Augustan Age	VII.	195
1665	Jean de La Fontaine's 'Fables'	V.	287
1667	Mme. de Lafayette, novelist, 'The Princess of Cleves'	—	—
1669	J. P. B. Molière, comic dramatist. 'Tartuffe'	VI.	187
1670	Duc de La Rochefoucauld's 'Maxims'	VI.	173
1675	Madame de Sévigné, letter-writer	VI.	212
1680	Bishop J. B. Bossuet, orator and controversialist	VI.	216
1687	Jean de La Bruyère's 'Characters'	VI.	179
1691	Jean B. Racine's tragedy 'Athalie'	V.	301
1700	Archbishop Fénelon's 'Telemachus'	VI.	219
1705	Alain René Le Sage, novelist. 'Gil Blas'	VII.	199
1708	Antoine Galland, Orientalist. Translated the 'Arabian Nights'	VII.	128
1721	President Montesquieu, philosopher. 'Persian Letters'	VII.	248
1740	Abbé Prévost d'Exiles, novelist. 'Manon Lescaut'	VII.	208
1750	F. M. A. Voltaire, poet, critic, dramatist, skeptic. 'Candide'	VII.	220
1759	Jean Jacques Rousseau, prose-writer. 'Nouvelle Héloise'	VII.	256
1770	The Encyclopædists, Diderot, D'Alembert, etc.	VII.	248
1775	Caron de Beaumarchais, comic dramatist. 'The Barber of Seville'	VII.	273
1787	Bernardin de Saint Pierre, novelist. 'Paul and Virginia'	VIII.	232
1791	Count Volney's 'Ruins, or Revolutions of Empires'	VIII.	229
1792	Rouget de Lisle, poet. 'The Marseillaise'	VIII.	246
1793	André Chenier, lyric poet. 'The Young Captive'	VIII.	243
1800	Jean F. de la Harpe, literary historian	VIII.	241
1801	Vicomte de Chateaubriand, romanticist. 'Atala,' 'Genius of Christianity'	VIII.	258
1807	Madame de Stael-Holstein, descriptive writer. 'Corinne'	VIII.	249
1810	Count Joseph de Maistre, reactionary. 'Evenings at St. Petersburg'	VIII.	254
1820	Alphonse de Lamartine, poet and prose-writer. 'Meditations'	VIII.	271
1820	P. J. Béranger, song writer for the people	IX.	384
1825	X. B. Saintine, novelist. 'Picciola'	X.	125
1830	Alexandre Dumas, *père*, novelist. 'The Three Musketeers'	X.	97
1835	Alfred Victor, Comte de Vigny, historical novelist. 'Cinq Mars'	X.	95
1836	Alfred de Musset, lyric poet. 'Nights'	X.	132
1842	Honoré de Balzac, novelist. 'Comédie Humaine'	X.	109
1844	'George Sand,' Mme. Dudevant, novelist. 'Consuelo'	IX.	393
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1855	Théophile Gautier, novelist. 'La Morte Amoureuse'	X.	129
1858	Octave Feuillet, novelist. 'Romance of a Poor Young Man'	X.	136
1862	Victor Hugo, poet, dramotist, novelist, 'Les Misérables'	IX.	369
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1866	Erckmann-Chatrian, Alsatian novelists. 'The Conscript'	X.	147

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1880	Guy de Maupassant, short story writer. 'The Piece of String'	X.	161
1882	Ludovic Halévy, librettist, novelist. 'L'Abbé Constantin'	X.	174
1894	**EMILE ZOLA**, realistic novelist. 'Le Debâcle;' 'Lourdes'	X.	168

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380	Bishop Ulfilas translated the Bible into Gothic	I.	277
750	The Weissenbruner Prayer, oldest German writing	I.	287
800	The song of Hildebrand	I.	285
800	Charles the Great (Charlemagne)	I.	280
950	Roswitha, abbess of Gandersheim, wrote Latin plays	VI.	254
1000	The monk Ekkehard wrote in Latin "Walter Stronghand"	I.	287
1150-1250	The **MINNESINGERS**: Walther von der Vogelweide; Wolfram von Eschenbach; Hartmann von Aue	I.	294
1200	Reynard the Fox, Reineke Fuchs, appeared first in Latin	III.	283
1230	Stricker, Austrian satirist. 'Parson Amis'	III.	300
1250?	The **NIBELUNGENLIED** (Song of the Nibelungs)	II.	380
1260	The minstrel Tannhäuser	III.	273
1290	Hugo of Trimberg, didactic poet	III.	280
1300	Gudrun, folk-epic	II.	394
1350	Tyll Eulenspiegel (Owlglass), satire	III.	301
1450	The rise of the Mastersingers, poetic guild	III.	272
1494	Sebastian Brant's 'Ship of Fools'	VI.	232
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1520	Ulrichi von Hutten, poet laureate and satirist	VI.	235
1530	Thomas Murner, Roman Catholic satirist	VI.	237
1550	Hans Sachs of Nuremberg, shoemaker poet	III.	305
1570	Johann Fischart, burlesque writer	VI.	232
1587	'History of Dr. Faustus,' chap-book	VI.	232
1640	Simon Dach, poet in Low German	VI.	248
1660	Andreas Gryphius, dramatist	VI.	255
1668	C. von Grimmelshausen, novelist. 'Simplicissimus'	VI.	249
1700	Gottfried W. Leibnitz, philosopher, wrote Latin and French	VIII.	10
1720	Christian Wolf, philosopher	VIII.	11
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POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, JOHN SKELTON and EDMUND SPENSER, as recipients of royal favors rom Edward III., Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth respectively, have sometimes been called Poets Laureate, but they had no legal appointment as such. The position was established in 630, when Ben Jonson was appointed by King Charles I.

BEN JONSON (1573–1637), appointed 1630.
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1605-68).
OHN DRYDEN (1631–1700).
THOMAS SHADWELL (1640–92), appointed by William III., 1689.
NAHUM TATE (1652–1715).
NICHOLAS ROWE (1674-1718).
LAWRENCE EUSDEN (*d.* 1730).
COLLEY CIBBER (1671–1757).
WILLIAM WHITEHEAD (1715–85).
THOMAS WARTON (1728–90).
HENRY JAMES PYE (1745–1813).
ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774–1843).
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).
ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–92).
ALFRED AUSTIN (*b.* 1835), appointed 1895.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

The French Academy was formed at the suggestion of Cardinal Richelieu, and received letters patent from Louis XIII. in 1635. Its object was to regulate the usage of the language, and this was done by making a Dictionary, the first edition of which appeared in 1694, and the seventh in 1878. There are forty members, and, on the death of any one, the survivors choose his successor. Hence they are popularly called the Forty Immortals. There are five sections—(1) The Sciences, (2) French Language and Literature, (3) History and Ancient Literature, (4) Fine Arts, (5) Moral and Political Science. Each Academician receives annually 1500 francs, and wears a special dress on ceremonial occasions. The following are the members in 1898, arranged in the order of their election:

Ernest Wilfrid Legouvé (born 1807) dramatist.
Duc de Broglie (1821) historian.
Emile Ollivier (1825) orator.
Alfred Mezières (1826) critic, professor at the Sorbonne.
Gaston Boissier (1823) classical scholar.
Victorien Sardou (1831) dramatist.
Edmond Rousse (1816) jurist.
René Sully-Prudhomme (1839) poet.
Victor Cherbuliez (1829) novelist.
Adolphe Perraud (1828) cardinal, ecclesiastical biographer.
Edouard Pailleron (1834) dramatist.
Francois Coppée (1842) poet.
Joseph Bertrand (1822) mathematician.
Ludovic Halévy (1834) librettist, dramatist, novelist.
Edouard Hervé (1832) journalist.
Vallery Greard (1828) University leader.
Comte d'Haussonville (1843) sociologist.
Jules Claretie (1840) dramatist, novelist.
Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Voguë (1848) critic, essayist.
Charles de Freycinet (1828) statesman, engineer, author.
Louis M. Julien Viaud, 'Pierre Loti' (1850) naval officer, romancist.
Ernest Lavisse (1842) historian of Germany.
Vicomte Henri de Bornier (1825) novelist.
Paul Thureau Dangin (1837) historian.
Ferdinand Brunetière (1849) literary critic.
José Maria Herédia (1842) Creole sonneteer.
Albert Sorel (1842) historian.
Paul Bourget (1852) naturalistic novelist.
Henri Houssaye (1848) critic, historian, son of Arsène Houssaye.
Duc d'Audriffet Pasquier (1823) historian.
Gabriel Hanotaux (1840) historian, statesman, foreign minister.
Jules Lemaitre (1843) critic.
Comte Albert de Mun (1840) clerical deputy.
Gaston Paris (1839) literary historian, philologist.
Anatole France (1844) critic.
Costa de Beauregard (1835) historian.
Comte Albert de Vandal (1850) historian, novelist.
André Theuriet (1833) novelist.

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